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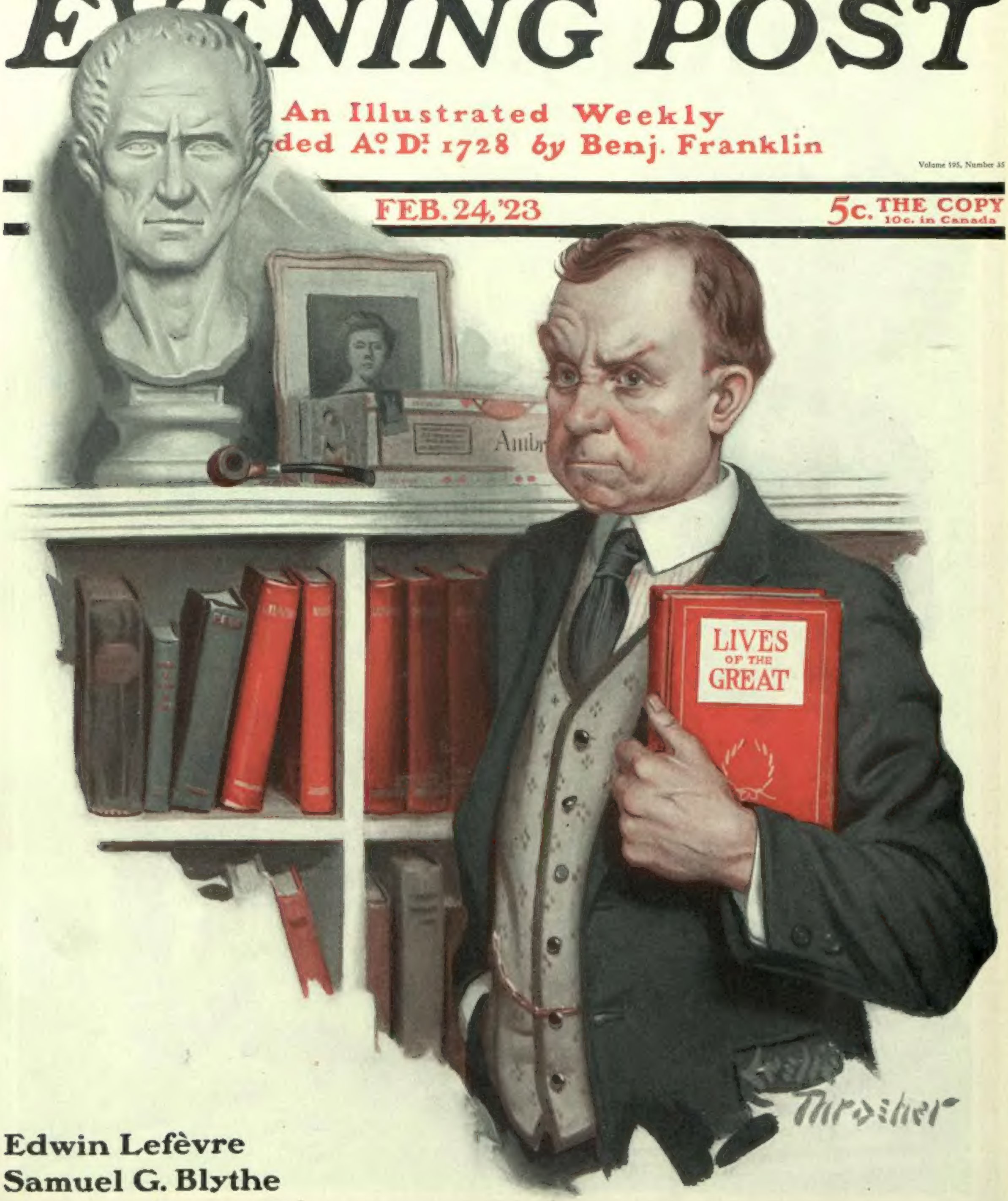

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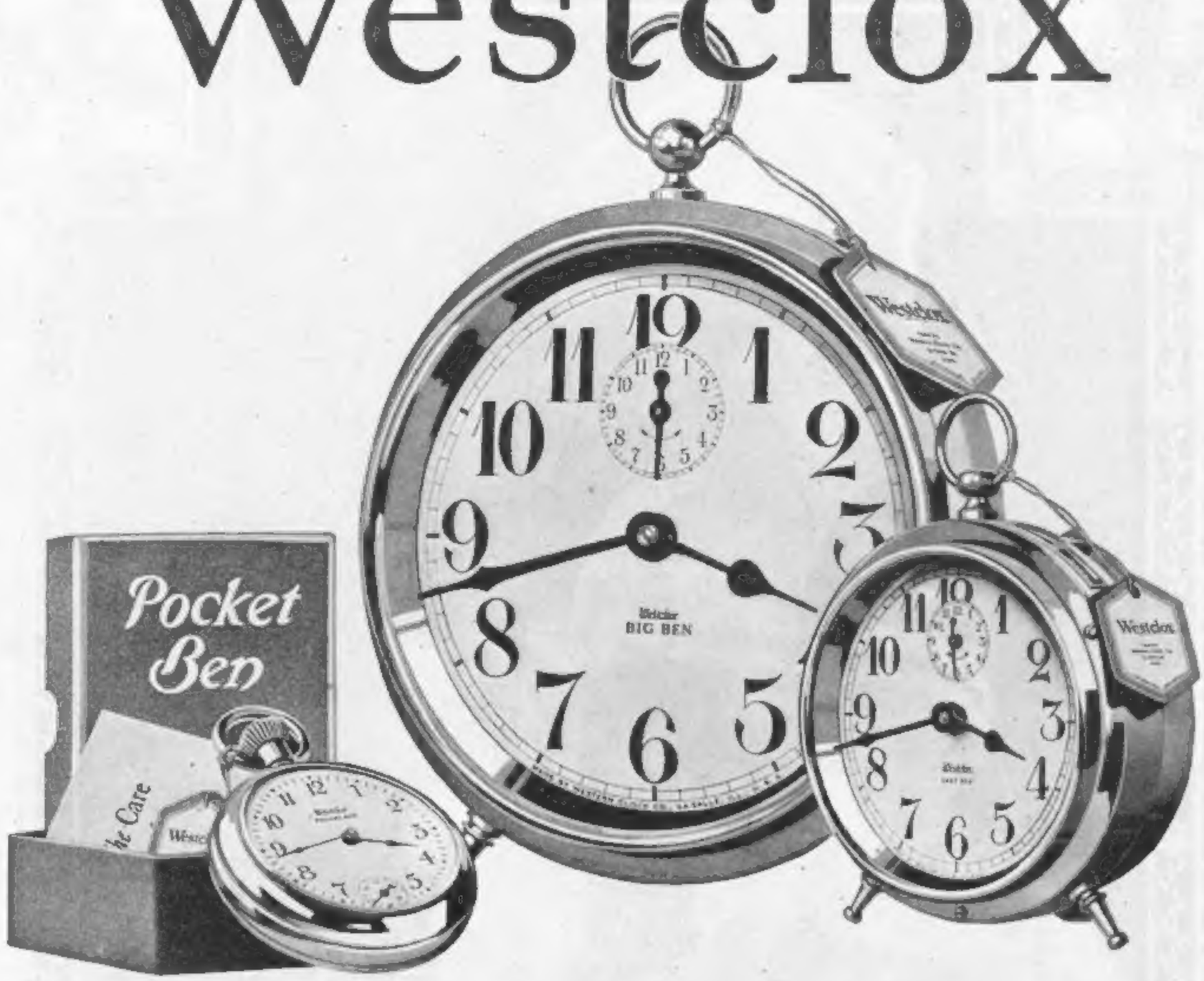

A good friend in the morning

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While their good nights are still ringing in your ears you begin to dread the good morning that will ring in your ears in all too short a time.

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ON SAVING EUROPE

By Garet Garrett

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

LIKE thistle in a wind the idea has run all over the place that what this country was unwilling to do for political reasons it will be bound to do for economic reasons. Not, as was once said, that it turned back from Jericho; but now for its own sake, for the sake of its prosperity, it must put forth its hand in Europe and save civilization again.

What is it that now threatens civilization? The enemy is prostrate. There is no Hun at the gate. There is only a state of mind—a state of the collective European mind. There is a quarrel over material things, like reparations, debts, advantages and guaranties. And in the attitude of being about to commit economic suicide the nations of Europe all with one voice call upon the United States to restrain them from the deed.

Why do they call? Is it because we are wise? They are contemptuous of our wisdom. Is it because we are just? Among themselves they call us Shylock. Then why? Because we are rich.

They cannot say this out loud, bluntly. So they say: "You think you can live in isolation over there in America. Well, you can't. You cannot prosper without us. We are your customers. If we sink we shall drag you down. Your prosperity will wither. There will be nobody to buy your goods. What will you do with them? Your factories will shut up. Your labor will be unemployed. Your standards of living will fall. Moreover, we can never pay our debts to you."

They have said this so incessantly, so plausibly, with so much hypnotic orchestration, and it has been so little challenged, that it is imposed upon our thought. We almost believe it. We are saying it ourselves, like a piece got by heart. Wall Street says it. The United States Chamber of Commerce says it. The Administration says it. The farm bloc says it. Senator Borah, most irreconcilable of those who fought the League of Nations on the ground that it might involve us in Europe's quarrels, proposes an international conference to solve the economic difficulties of the Old World lest, if we do not act, Europe will break up in war again; whereas, if we do act, peace may be rescued from the brink, Germany can be financed and the American farmer will have a better market for his grain. The harmony is international. It dwells upon coöperation, mutual effort, the fact of a common little world in which we all must work and live together, and the blessings of a free exchange of goods for everybody's higher welfare. But there are two distinct themes:

The American theme is foreign markets. The European theme is give, forgive and lend.

Europe knows precisely what it wants; it is never off the tune of its own purpose. On our side, among the interventionists, there is only a nebulous idea that there is something we could do, both happily to save Europe from itself and preserve our foreign

THE ONLY SONG THAT EUROPE CAN SING IN CLOSE HARMONY

markets. Senator Borah, taking him as a type of those who now think we should act for imperative economic reasons, is vague about how we should act or what we should do beyond sitting in at a round table, as we did once before, with people who had nothing of substance to trade and calmly proposed to divide up the raw materials of the world, especially ours, on an altruistic basis. Or take Senator Robinson, who just before the French began to occupy the Ruhr Valley moved by Senate resolution to get an American appointed on the reparations commission. He says:

"We are impelled by motives of common humanity to act. Would you stand idly by and see Europe destroy itself? Moreover, our farmers are suffering. While Europe is in this state it cannot buy our agricultural surplus. Therefore it is a practical matter. We must do something."

That is what so many people say. We must do something. What? Give, forgive and lend.

One would think that since the doors of the United States Treasury were closed to Europe we had done nothing. Well, then, here in this middle foreground let us raise some facts to view.

Everyone knows that on account of the war the American Government loaned to the Allied governments of Europe, on their I O U's, $10,000,000,000, which sum by now, with accretions and accrued interest, amounts to about $11,500,000,000. What everybody does not know is that since the war the American people have put abroad in the world, to help Europe directly or to take up her load, nine or ten billions more. This enormous additional sum is represented by:

Foreign loans floated in this country through Wall Street, $2,000,000,000; foreign currency sold in this country, of which almost worthless German marks alone have amounted to nearly $1,000,000,000; commercial credits; remittances of money and goods direct to Europe by Old World people and their descendants; privately financed works of relief apart from that paid for by the United States Treasury, say, $350,000,000; investments of private capital abroad; and unpaid interest on the Allied debts to this country—interest which the American people are taxed to pay. This item will be explained later.

Things We Are Not Told

IF THE figures worry you look away. Behold it in the shape of goods. All this giving, forgiving and lending in terms of money was simply to enable foreign peoples to buy American goods. In the four years since the end of the war our exports of goods have exceeded our imports by more than $10,000,000,000. That is to say, foreign peoples have received from us $10,000,000,000 worth of merchandise more than we have received from them.

The Comptroller of the Currency, D. R. Crissinger, in reply to those who "persist that this country has not done and is not doing its full part," recently made the calculation that from August 14, 1914—soon after the war began—to the end of 1922, our contributions of credit and things to the world first and last had been nearly $22,000,000,000. And our total national wealth in 1914 was estimated at about $200,000,000,000. Imagine it! Take a full minute! In eight years we have given, forgiven and loaned away an aggregate of things equal to one-tenth of what our total estimated wealth was when we started.

Yet we are wrung by propaganda. We must do something for Europe. We are almost persuaded that we owe her something on account of civilization, and that if we do not recognize this moral obligation we shall lose our foreign markets. And we are in danger of being quite persuaded that what Europe owes us is beyond her power and means; that although this country, with $200,000,000,000 of national wealth, could and did in eight years give, forgive and lend away more than $20,000,000,000 worth of things, the United Kingdom, France and Italy, with a combined national wealth estimated in 1920 by Edgar Crammond before the London Bankers' Institute at $248,000,000,000, cannot in twenty-five years pay the $10,000,000,000 they owe to the Treasury of the United States.

Well, that is because we have not been thinking our own thoughts. We have been thinking the thoughts of Europe. We have been too willing in the international chorus.

One speaks lightly of propaganda in order not to become too serious about it. It is a kind of twentieth-century sorcery in which a few are extremely skilled, or it is a systematic delusion, like fifteenth-century witchcraft, concerning which one is liable to be absurdly mistaken.

You are talking to a senator in his private chamber. You happen to say propaganda; not with any emphasis at all, just naturally in a certain place. He makes a sudden startled gesture.

"You need not tell me anything about propaganda," he says. "Don't I know? They ——"

There he stops. The gesture is abandoned. After a moment of silence the conversation moves on. Who are they? He does not know. If you ask him he says he doesn't. But that gesture was involuntary. You think he is excited, perhaps, or morbidly suspicious, as statesmen often are. Still this same thing may happen four or five times in one day, with senators of different habits, and then with a member of the Cabinet.

It is an Old World art. That we know. It is assiduously practiced upon us. That we know also. How much of it is spontaneous, how much of it organized, how much of it we naïvely do to ourselves through a press that is wide open to foreign news in the foreign viewpoint, more than the press of any other country, we do not know. And if we knew, what could we do about it?

In four years we have used up a forest to print the basic European formula with its endless variations. The formula is: "Every day, in every respect, our condition gets worse and worse."

You might suppose they were hysterical and believed it themselves, except for the fact that it is greatly to their advantage to make us believe it. Purposeful hysteria, possibly. We are mesmerized. We do not even wonder if it is true. We take it for granted. Facts in support of it receive constant publicity. Facts in contradiction receive much less, not being fanned by the breath of propaganda. If you question it voices are raised around you. What? Do you deny that there is malnutrition in Europe, that infant life is suffering, that the American Embassy in Berlin finds it very difficult to procure milk for its own babies? No! That is all true. Only, there is another side to the picture.

While committing intentional financial bankruptcy, and while selling worthless marks by the bale all over the world, Germany has been building new factories, though none had been destroyed in the war, until now her industrial equipment is greater than before. She has restored her railroads to perfect condition. She has erected public buildings. She has made prodigious work of reconstructing her merchant marine. It is officially reported that forty German ships were built in the last quarter of 1922; that German ships now ply on every sea route where there was a German ship before the war; and that Germany is the principal buyer of old English tonnage. Recently the Department of Commerce at Washington received word in a routine manner of a shortage of pianos in East Prussia. It was startled and asked for confirmation. Its agent reported yes, it was true. The farmers were putting their money into pianos and fine furniture. In the same way the Department of Commerce hears from its agents abroad that Germans in their flight from the mark are spending their money as fast as they get it for things they can keep and hoard. It hears of Germans buying eight or ten overcoats apiece, just to get rid of their money.

Cash Converted Into Things

WHAT does this mean? The explanation is obvious when you get it. Pursuing a career in deliberate bankruptcy, the German Government has printed and circulated 1,000,000,000,000 paper marks in order to sink without trace its own credit. The world saw and disbelieved. The world actually bought those marks, unable to imagine that the German Government would do this thing, and every cent the world has invested in marks is utterly lost. But the Germans knew what their government was doing, and why, and that each day the mark would be worth less and less until its value was extinct. Therefore all this time the German people have had but one sovereign thought among them, which was to exchange marks for things as fast as possible—for physical, tangible things the use and pleasure value of which would survive no matter what else happened. At the same time the German Government, to keep peace in the cities, did what it could to restrain the price of food, so that food did not rise in price as much as other things. For that reason, of course, the farmers on selling their crops put their money also into things like pianos and furniture and clothes, instead of putting it back into the soil. Thus all Germany has been buying and hoarding things; building factories, houses, ships and railways, to escape the consequences of the mark's fall and keep up the ghastly joke on the outlander. Agriculture at the same time has been stinted. Hence evidence of malnutrition and at the same time an accumulation of wealth in things, and all the while a propaganda going out to America for a food loan.

In some degree this has been going on in all countries where currency is debased by inflation and people are unwilling to tax themselves to make their budgets balance.

As for Great Britain, it is well known to all readers of the trade and technical papers that the British industrial equipment is much greater than it was before the war.

Do these facts sound strange, even weird? If they do, that is so not only because they contradict the suggestion imposed by the European formula—"Every day, in every respect, our condition gets worse and worse"—but

(Continued on Page 122)

"WHY DON'T YOU REFORM FIRST?"

A BED ON THE BOULEVARD

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"I Wish I Could Find a Place in New York Where They're Demonstrating Liver and Onions or Scrambled Eggs"

IN THE year 1946 such of our children and grandchildren as are able to read and care to be informed will, I have no doubt, take down Volume Epp to Finn in the American Dictionary of Biography and discover this all-too-truthful statement:

"Findon, Marjorie, actress. Born in Nyapak, Ohio, July 6, 1899, of Patrick J. and Mary L. Findon, she was left an orphan at sixteen. Although required by circumstances to support herself, the young girl never relinquished her ambitions for the stage. At the age of eighteen we hear of her as a school-teacher, leading in local amateur theatricals, studying important rôles and saving a portion of her small salary.

"Theatrical bills of 1921 show her cast as The Nurse in Romeo and Juliet, which was played for a short season by the Ethel McCalkins Stock Company, of Newark, New Jersey. At the disbanding of this troupe the young actress followed her star to New York where, according to contemporary data, she passed many months in obscurity and want. According to the confessions in her published letters many of her troubles were of her own making. She combined a wastefulness peculiar, unfortunately, to the artistic temperament, with a country girl's shyness and reserve. False promises of theatrical managers encouraged her to squander her little savings on unnecessary articles of dress and needlessly luxurious hotels.

"In the early winter of 1922 her fortunes reached their lowest ebb. At that period she had made no friends to whom she could go, in the easy camaraderie of her profession, with appeals for temporary assistance. Her finery in pawn, she lacked even the sum required to pay for the humblest lodgings. According to the statement of Dade in Our Stage; an Enigma, Marjorie Findon was at one time homeless and hungry on the streets of New York."

At "homeless and hungry on the streets of New York" I snatch away the biographic pen in order to tell the story in my own sweet way, just as I heard it, and no thanks to any cyclopedia.

In the first place, Marjorie, when she found herself at low tide, stranded among human clamshells, was mired pretty deep because she had fallen, to enrich my metaphor, from a rather high horse. Her purse contained a two-dollar bill, lying flat and insignificant under a healthy pack of pawn tickets. She wasn't sufficiently theatricalized to know that two-dollar bills are unlucky; all they meant to her was a little more life and another puny chance to snatch at destiny.

That was on Wednesday morning of her worst week, so far; and because soldiers fight best on a full stomach, Marjorie squandered sixty cents on a breakfast of griddle cakes and country sausage. She had before her another day of seeking among those professional employment bureaus which once, for euphony, were called exchanges and later softened their titles still more and became "theatrical libraries." Libraries indeed, since they hold the book of fate for so many wandering souls! Marjorie Findon knew all the libraries by heart.

That morning, purely by chance, she chose Mumm's Theatrical Library—one was as good as another. A pretty wistful little figure in a green coat, a lock of chestnut hair showing under her round felt hat, she went up into that ancient firetrap where Mumm's does business with genius. Several men, variously overdressed, stood gloomily around the elevator and eyed her critically as she passed up. Their looks as much as said "No hope!" The waiting room was thronged with jobless men and women; some of them had been there for hours; Marjorie knew that by experience. The few chairs were occupied. Most of the applicants lolled against the wall or stood in groups; some of them were quite old. Among the number she recognized the familiar faces of actors who had appeared on Broadway, season after season, in respectable parts. It was, indeed, a winter of discontent, theatrically speaking.

Behind a counter at the end of the room a small door marked Office was tightly closed. Brave or discouraged, every face in the room would turn occasionally to stare at this fateful sign; for from the door the omnipotent Mumm was wont to issue forth to choose the sheep from the goats.

That Wednesday morning the door was late in opening. And when it did swing out it was only a crack through which unseen eyes were peering—peering across the room.

Somebody whispered, "Who was that?"

"It's not Mumm," said another, and through the soft-voiced conjectures the names of celebrated managers were bandied back and forth.

At a quarter after twelve a little bald man with a beak nose and terrible plate-glass spectacles sidled halfway through the door, stood an instant glaring at his captives, then sidled back again, clicking the catch after him. His appearance threw a hush over the room. An old fellow who had been standing by the door turned quietly and shuffled out. It was as though he had read his verdict in Mr. Mumm's unfriendly glance.

The employer's second appearance was more candid and straightforward. He walked rapidly up to the counter and addressed the audience in brief:

"Nothing for you today!"

His words were conclusive. The crowd dispersed and Marjorie turned to follow the disheartened army. Scenes like this she had witnessed too often to feel their drama. She had almost reached the door, among the last to leave, when she paused at the sound of an acid voice, calling her name. "Hey, Findon!"

"Did you want me, Mr. Mumm," she asked, coming back, all too eager to be seen.

"Stop bunching your hair over your ears and you'll hear better, maybe," he remarked with humorous intent.

Some quaint change had come over Mr. Mumm. The girl gazed shyly into the little pin points behind his thick glasses. His face had flushed and his thin lips writhed curiously. Mr. Mumm was trying to smile at her.

"Come in here!" he commanded, sourishly jovial as he lifted a flap of the counter and gestured toward his office.

She had been in there once before, and on this, her second entrance, she recognized the flyspecked photographs of eminent Victorian actors and the steel-framed files and the pimply stenographer and the half-eaten apple on the desk. Mr. Mumm hitched himself into a swivel chair and then, as if on second thought, commanded her to sit down.

"Still sore on musical shows?" he began.

"I'd take almost anything," she admitted.

"This ain't a musical show, and you ought to like it. Take off your hat."

"My ——"

"Hat."

The request, though unexpected, was not unreasonable; and at that instant Marjorie would have eaten that hat had he asked it. Her head bared, she showed her pretty chestnut hair, nicely matching warm, brown eyes.

"Is that it, Mr. Marbridge?" shrilled Mr. Mumm over his shoulder; and she realized then that someone had been watching her from an inside office.

A middle-aged man with a tired droop to his shoulders and a narrow Yankee face came slouching into the room and examined her critically, as though she had been a sample of dress goods.

"You're Miss Findon," he informed her. "I saw you act at Newark once—fantastic, wasn't it?"

His air became less impersonal, more kind.

"You couldn't learn much from that McCalkins woman. Your coloring's just what we need; but, of course, it's easier to get a wig than an actress. What's your salary?"

"I—I ——"

Had she been more experienced she would not have hesitated on that point.

"Fifty a week?"

"Oh, that's too much!" she fairly gasped.

"Holy cats!" roared Mr. Marbridge. "I've heard 'em say everything but that line!" Then, more seriously, "It's a nurse-girl part in Three Bugs; new farce translated from the German. Some of the plot's about your complexion."

"Do you think I'd do?" She choked on the question.

"Rehearsal tomorrow at the Depew. Come around and read the part. Let's see what you've got."

"At what time, Mr. Marbridge?" she asked, impersonating an experienced actress on the eve of a successful engagement.

"Eleven. Well, so long, Sam." This last to Mr. Mumm. "Let me know about that other thing, will you?"

This was the interview which meant so much to little Marjorie Findon. In a haze, she saw herself a surpassingly comic nursemaid drawing down a salary which, to her inflamed imagination, looked larger than our national debt. On air she walked out of the theatrical exchange and tried to look unconscious as she passed the group of disappointed actors around the elevator below. Her cheeks burned with their envious glances, poor reward for the sympathy which was welling in her heart.

To him who is expecting an inheritance on the morrow immediate cash is a matter of minor importance. Marjorie Findon left Mumm's with a dollar and forty cents in her purse. A part of this she squandered on a night letter to Jaclyn Fitzheu, who had gone out with the despised musical comedy and was prospering in Chicago. Jaclyn had shared a room with Marjorie for a while during these hard-luck months.

It seemed less indelicate to ask a favor of her than of others whom she half knew and half suspected. Therefore, to her fifty-word statement of reviving fortune she added a line requesting a loan of twenty-five dollars until her salary began.

She spent the afternoon at the harmless game known as window shopping—New York's only inexpensive amusement. Sauntering along Fifth Avenue, already she enjoyed the wealthy glow which this street imparts to the prosperous *boulevardier*. She specialized on furriers' displays and picked out Russian sables for herself. One fine cloak of beautifully matched skins suited her to the queen's taste. On the wings of imagination she wore it away, tight clasped around her pretty body. Distinctly she saw herself stepping in and out of a great glassy car—her own—while crowds stood by to admire every graceful movement of the celebrity who had charmed Broadway for three successive seasons.

Another window rivaled the furrier's. Below its plutocratic plate glass it wore a polished sheet of brass, cunningly etched: Kilpool & Deems, Antiques, Museum Pieces. And what a charming stage set for a queenly comedy! The window, which had been boxed in to resemble a royal sleeping apartment, was hung with Flemish tapestries. At the corners huge silver sconces dripped with crystal fruit. All this the setting of a bed—and such a bed! Above a golden carpet it rested on a velvet dais; its four slender posts covered with old-rose velours stood like knightly lances to support a richly embroidered canopy. Its heavy curtains had been drawn back to reveal a coverlid stiff with gold.

That was romance to Marjorie, a picture to fill her beauty-loving eye. She promised herself a bedroom suite like this; only the bed must be equipped with modern springs and a fine hair mattress—she hated her bed at Mrs. McQuade's boarding house. But the rosy royal couch, destined for the palace of some pampered millionaire, filled her mind with pictures of broad gardens and smooth driveways. For, since a wish has no limitations, it's no harm to include the moon or the enchanted realm of Kubla Khan.

Finally, when she had tired of the game, she wandered back toward Broadway, where she knew a chain drug store that served ice-cream soda and lettuce sandwiches at popular prices. She had intended to dine cheerlessly at Mrs. McQuade's, but the day's success had turned her against the cabbage-laden atmosphere. Possibly her study of Kilpool & Deems' imperial window had sickened her of Spartan living. If so, it was Marjorie's own fault—"a wastefulness peculiar, unfortunately, to the artistic temperament," to quote from the learned biography of 1946.

But by going home promptly she might have saved herself a little—not much. As it was, she spent a delightful evening at one of those motion-picture shows that reveal the Oriental luxury of our sinful rich. It was about half past ten when she returned to Mrs. McQuade's shabby brownstone. Her entrance was stealthy, almost burglarious—people on Mrs. McQuade's blacklist never slammed doors or went bounding up the stairs.

This time Mrs. McQuade caught her on the first landing.

"You can't get in there!"

The solid woman bared her false teeth and blocked the way to Marjorie's room.

"What's the matter now, Mrs. McQuade?" asked the girl, trying to be light, although her heart was in her boots.

"You know fast enough," announced the lady's splendid barytone. "I'm holdin' yer trunk for two weeks' board and extras. Don't try to git in there, you won't find anythin'. Gimme that key!" With the savage dexterity of a she-bear Mrs. McQuade struck out and snatched the key from its possessor. "Now walk outa here, young lady! When you fetch the money you can have the trunk."

Marjorie's temper had now arisen to the killing point, yet she spoke with extreme coolness.

"Mrs. McQuade, I think you'll trust me a little longer if you know. I begin rehearsal tomorrow with Mr. Marbridge's Three Bugs. He's offered me a splendid salary."

"Where's yer contract?"

In the gaslit twilight of the dirty hall Mrs. McQuade loomed like a cliff.

"Well, you see, he's asked me to go through the part tomorrow, and after that ——"

"Bull! I know that old stuff. Marbridge's had three shows blow up in his face already this season. You'll rehearse two weeks, then fade away like all the other amachewers."

"I don't think you know anything about it," retorted Marjorie, more hurt by this last prediction than by any thought of starving on the streets.

"Maybe. But I ain't keepin' any rest cure for bums."

"If you'll open my traveling bag," said the girl, "you'll find a piece of old lace in a package on top. It's valuable, and I think you can sell it."

On the Wings of Imagination She Wore it Away, Tight Clasped Around Her Pretty Body

"Huh!" was all Mrs. McQuade allowed for that. But her eyes gave a calculating squint, and unexpectedly she floundered away to open a small door under the stairs. In the dimness she found the weather-worn black bag, opened it and took out the familiar parcel.

"This?" She unwound three yards of cobweb.

"It's something my mother had," explained Miss Findon. "It's over two hundred years old."

"I'll say it is!" Mrs. McQuade bunched the lace into an untidy ball and tossed it into Marjorie's hand. "I ain't got no use for any secondhand stuff. I got more trash now than I can handle. Last week one o' them vaudeville people left me her canary bird."

"You'll never lose any money through me, Mrs. McQuade." This was said haughtily.

"If I've heard that line once I've heard it a million times!"

And with this benediction she sent New York's most hopeful actress out into the cold river breezes of West Forty-ninth Street. To fortify her against the world she had a strip of lace and eighty-seven cents. If she had only been a little foresighted! If she had only thought a month ahead and protected herself against just such a crisis as this! Or, as the saying goes, if the dog hadn't stopped for the bone he would have caught the rabbit.

II

THE usual afternoon crowd was surging through the grocery department of Bloombury's, that celebrated establishment which for over thirty years has offered a daily bargain on every floor. Bloombury's always gives a great deal for nothing, and on this occasion a phonograph was shouting out Tosti's Good-bye under a pyramid of canned salmon while bargain hunters milled along the aisles, obliviously carrying with them a smallish girl with soft brown eyes and a green coat.

Marjorie Findon had attended her rehearsal after a worse than sleepless night. She had breakfasted for a dime at a soda fountain, and because the rehearsal had decided nothing for her she was in a frame of mind not to be envied by anybody. Her cash on hand being just fifty-three cents, she had wandered over to Bloombury's with the fantastic idea of getting food for nothing. The plan had occurred to her once before—it had seemed comic then.

"Sigel's One Minute Dessert in twelve different delicious flavors—won't you try some?"

From behind a barricade of yellow pasteboard boxes bearing Sigel's well-known label came the parrot note of a professional demonstrator. The girl in the green coat glanced around, then let her eyes rest hungrily on a row of cut-glass dishes, each holding a thimble-shaped portion of colored gelatin. It was food freely offered in the name of legitimate advertising; therefore she held out her hand and said politely, "Thank you."

The demonstrator, whose face was as smooth, soft and rosy as the stuff she gave away, poured a dash of cream over one of her samples, skillfully provided a spoon and handed the dish to her new client. During all this she went right on:

"Delicious, appetizing and highly nutritious. Every flavor made from fresh fruit," sifting a spoonful of raw Sigel's into an earthenware bowl. "To every half cupful add two of boiling water," turning the snout of a teakettle into the bowl and stirring ostentatiously. "Stir gently and set in an open window or ice-box."

Marjorie had been making an attempt to eat slowly and give the effect of a casual taster; but she paused in mid-mouthful at sight of a new applicant who came slouching toward the counter. He was tall and, at first glance, elegant; but his overcoat, of a dashing cut and pattern, had lost two buttons; the edge of a sleeve was frayed. What had he under the soiled wool muffler around his throat?

"You must have liked the first sample," began the plump demonstrator, showing kindly dimples.

"It went down so fast I couldn't taste it," he explained, and the critic liked his smile. His greenish eyes, too, had a sparkle that attracted Marjorie just as it must have attracted the demonstrator, for she said, "Well, which one do you prefer this time?"

"That pink stuff looks good. Let's have a try at it."

Marjorie, whose ravenous appetite tempted her to swallow the gelatin lump in one uncouth mouthful, managed to linger over her dish. The man had come to the counter quite obviously on a mission similar to hers—free food. He, too, was defying the world.

"Delicious, appetizing and highly nutritious," chanted the demonstrator professionally.

"I'd cut out that 'appetizing' if I were you," suggested the amiable stranger. "It's all too appetizing—the more I eat of it the hungrier I get."

"Oh, go on with you!" giggled the demonstrator, and continued her chant, addressing a new group: "Delicious, appetizing and highly nutritious ——"

The press of customers had brought Marjorie rather closer to the jaunty young tramp. She glanced shyly up at him and discovered that he needed a shave, that he was good-looking, that his eyebrows were black and bold, his nose aquiline. She had an uncomfortably personal feeling about him. It caused her to laugh inwardly with the idea, "Two minds with but a single thought." She wondered if he dared ask for a third helping of the dessert. Would she?

He cocked his lop-brimmed gray hat a trifle to one side and raised the last spoonful toward his mouth. Then suddenly he seemed to become aware of her, for he turned quite familiarly and said:

"That's one of the worst things about prohibition, d'you know it? In the old days it wasn't so hard to slip into the side door and pull a piece of Bologna off the free-lunch stand. I wish I could find a place in New York where they're demonstrating liver and onions or scrambled eggs."

Marjorie Findon should have been more careful, but she was surprised at her own boldness when she looked up and laughed. "You take rather a heavy tea, don't you?"

"I ate cat meat once in China," he explained.

"Horrors!" Marjorie set down her dish.

"But they're delicious when you catch them young. Can't I get you another helping of this pudding stuff?"

"No, thank you."

"Oh, come on! I think I've got a pull with the demonstrator, and if I tip her the wink ——"

"Please don't," she begged, for the dessert she had eaten was lying cold and heavy on an empty stomach. The tall young man beamed on her like a morning sun.

"You don't come here very often, do you?" he persevered. "How'd you ever think of this way to eat?"

"Necessity," she replied, and struggled to smile.

"Necessity! Edison's grandma!" He looked her over for an instant, settled something in his mind and said, "See here! I don't believe you know the ropes."

"The ropes?"

"If you had you wouldn't have started in at the east entrance. The thing to do here, if you want a cold-weather feed, is to come in from the west end. There's a booth over there where they're giving away samples of malted-milk chocolate, hotter than mustard. This jelly stuff here is darned good in its place. But it belongs on the top of a meal instead of at the bottom. D'you mind my leading you to the first course?"

He exercised a hypnotic influence, this elegant tramp with the clever greenish eyes. He paused an instant to smile over to the jelly demonstrator with the remark, "Thanks, Sadie. I'll make you famous some day."

Then he began boring his way through the crowd. Marjorie followed meekly.

In her weakened state she could have cried. Somebody in New York was sufficiently human not to want her to die melodramatically of hunger and sleeplessness out on the streets. What though the man looked a little queer? He was willing to share his poor pickings with a companion in misfortune; and that, after all, is the test of true comradeship.

Although the booth in the west end gave forth a tempting smell, its demonstrator showed a forbidding face, hard and narrow. But the tall young man proved more than a match for her.

"I just can't keep away from you," he began, and under the sunbeam of his smile she began to thaw. She congealed rapidly, however, and resumed her singsong:

"Sweeny's Instant Malted-Milk Chocolate, hot or cold, d'licious for breakfast, invalids and young children. Served with ice makes a d'lightful summer drink."

"Violet," said Marjorie's guide, leaning familiarly on the counter, "if I were you I'd change that ballyhoo."

She eyed him haughtily, struggling to remain cool.

"What'd you do?" she whined, but smiled a little.

"I'd stand this young lady up with a cup of chocolate and call the crowd to witness what Sweeny's brew does for the complexion. You'd have 'em standing in line."

"Oh, we don't have any trouble giving it away," she drawled.

"Good!" said the stranger heartily. "Then if it's no trouble, hand us out a cup, will you? No, thanks, not for me. But I'm sure this young lady would like to try a sample. It's really excellent," he informed Miss Findon solemnly.

"Hot or cold?" tittered the demonstrator.

"Oh, hot!" sighed Marjorie.

Thick, steaming chocolate in a paper cup—the giver looked almost benevolent. Indeed, had Mr. Sweeny's press agent possessed genius to describe the glow of joy created by his patent chocolate as it slipped down Marjorie's throat immortality would have been his.

"You approve?" asked her guide, cocking his head whimsically to one side.

"It's perfect!" Then seeing that the comedy must be played to its end, "I shall order some—later."

"Order right here, madam," suggested the demonstrator. "Thirty-five cents a can, four dollars the dozen."

"Oh, that would be too many." She could feel two quarters rubbing against the pawn tickets in her purse. Then a wild thought came to her. She might buy a can. In an extremity she could eat it raw. But the young man's diplomacy saved her from that madness.

"You shouldn't lay in supplies yet," he said reproachfully. "Wait till you're back from the country."

"Of course!" Marjorie pretended to be considering a large future order. "I shall surely get some later. It's the most delightful drink I have ever tasted."

When he had thanked the chocolate demonstrator the young man sauntered away at Marjorie's side. She was torn between two inclinations. She loved the companionship of this amiable, light-hearted vagabond; but she had no wish to fall into one of the sudden, dangerous intimacies of the town. He never stopped talking as they wove their way through the crowd, out of the west door, along the arcade and into the tropic foliage of Bloombury's florist department. They paused under a giant rubber plant, drawn perhaps by that instinct which caused our early ancestors to nestle under trees for mutual confidences. A row of potted primroses on a counter just behind them added scent and color. A canary was singing rapturously.

"Seven dollars and ninety-two cents today only," said he, glancing through the leaves. "If you don't believe it, see the tag on the bird cage."

"Gee!" she sighed. "If I had seven dollars and ninety-two cents for today only ——"

"What would you do?" His face had become eager.

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"Your Coloring's Just What We Need: But, of Course, It's Easier to Get a Wig Than an Actress. What's Your Salary?"

The Confessions of an American Prince Consort

IF I COULD sign my name to this confession you'd be a lot more curious about reading it. The chances are that you'd smile and automatically murmur, "Oh, is there a Mr. So-and-so?"—for my name is well known simply because my wife's social and philanthropic activities are so well advertised. Theodora has the best press agent in the business a rather impertinent young woman who I understand, left college in her junior year because of incivility toward her dean. Frankly I've always felt since Theodora employed her that I'd enjoy a bit of flirtation with Miss V——, only that I'm not at all certain but what she would tell Theodora. And though Theodora is rather more used to the idea of my occasional philanderings than she used to be, she can still be disagreeable enough so that I feel I can't afford to take chances so near home.

Theodora has long since ceased threatening to divorce me; she did that the day, about three years ago, when I calmly called her bluff and told her to go ahead. It would be a pretty difficult thing for her to do really, partly because she is as dependent upon me as I am upon her, and partly because, I suspect, down in her heart Theodora knows I have never really been in love with any of the women with whom I have sometimes amused myself. She is unexpectedly astute at times, Theodora is, and her little smile the other day when she thanked me for some narcissus I had sent her was positively cryptic. "Your favorite flower?" she asked.

I think another reason that Theodora is more tolerant of my love affairs than she used to be is that she realizes I am always more devoted to her at such times. I don't know just why, it isn't actually remorse, but I've noticed most men are usually more solicitous of their wives under such conditions; it seems to throw stupid women off guard, and it doesn't actually displease the clever ones. And the religious, conscientious type of woman revels in forgiving the poor dear sinner when the affair has run its normal length. Theodora made a three-act drama out of forgiving me the first time she discovered that other women than herself interested me. I had been so tactless as to indulge in what I meant for a bit of fun with a cousin of hers. It turned out to be vastly annoying when I discovered that both my wife and her cousin were taking the affair very seriously.

Philandering

BECAUSE of this very frank admission on my part you must not suppose that life is a perpetual flirtation with me. I frequently jog along for two or three years without any amusement of that sort, and I dare say that because of my unemotional exterior there aren't half a dozen persons in the whole circle of my acquaintances who know how susceptible I am to a really interesting woman.

I find a curiously exhilarating mental stimulation in association with women that I have never experienced with any men. When I try to analyze it I can't, except that perhaps their charmingly illogical point of view gives me a pleasant sense of superiority that is lacking when man converses with men.

I have never deliberately sought this stimulation, nor have I ever deliberately avoided it. I simply know that from time to time in my life when the future has stretched out flat, stale and unprofitable, almost invariably some delightful feminine enigma has presented herself for my solution and renewed my interest in the whole universe. At forty-one I'm afraid that even if I have any moral scruples about it I haven't the strength of mind to combat with this rather boyish propensity of mine. It's the sort of thing that doesn't die in most men until they have found the one woman in the world who can satisfy them; I sometimes wonder if the spirit of sentimental adventure ever does die in any man or any woman.

Whenever I Looked at My Colorless Fiancée I Had a Compassionate Feeling for Myself—I Was Keeping a Loveless Bargain

My father was a minister who eloped with the daughter of his wealthiest parishioner in his first charge. My mother's father never forgave the elopers, and though my father was a really brilliant pulpit orator he was not what is known as an efficient pastor, and he never, even in his most successful days, held a charge more than three years or earned more than two thousand dollars a year. There were four children of us, including a pretty sister who died the year my father was taken ill. My mother had been brought up at a time when it was considered a disgrace for a young woman of means to know how to keep house, and the result was that we were constantly involved in a pitiful maelstrom of petty debts. Mother had to borrow enough money to bury my father, and though her father took her back into his home he would not allow her to have us with her very much of the time. He paid our school bills at a cheap semireligious prep school; but I think he always hated us because we looked so much like our handsome but incompetent father.

It was a great bit of stratagem that she was able to prevail upon him to send us to college. What he actually did was to promise us a certain income for four years, each of us to choose our own institution, the bills to be paid so long as we, as he gruffly expressed it, behaved decently; and he announced flatly that that was all we should ever expect from him.

My older brother decided on a theological seminary; he had already won a scholarship that would materially reduce his expenses and he hoped to be able to save a reasonable amount of his endowed fund, as we jokingly called it. I decided upon the university at which I matriculated not because I cared at all about the courses but because I believed that the most important side of any college education was the friendships one was able to form that would be useful in after-life. I had heard a prominent man voice this opinion and it sounded delightfully feasible to a young man who had no very definite aim in life. My younger brother, the only one of us for whom we had any pretense of affection in our family, selected a little coeducational college in the middle of the state. He was rather delicate, very lame from a bad tumble he had when a baby, and had literary ambitions.

Without any conceit I may as well say that of the three I was by far the best looking, I had the strongest physique and was very much the cleverest. I was rather too precocious, always had been.

My predominating characteristics were a large streak of the fascinating laziness of my pretty little mother—repose, her friends had called her manner—and a very substantial inheritance of my maternal grandfather's appreciation of the importance of the material side of life for bodily comforts.

Engaged

AT NINETEEN I was utterly disgusted with polite poverty. I was tired of being an also ran. I was not in the least industrious, and I had already decided that perhaps the best solution of my particular problem would be my father's solution—that is, to marry a wealthy woman. But I intended to be very much more careful about it than he had, and that I would do so with the full consent and approval of her family. I ingenuously decided that I had better arrange it that she should do the proposing—a thing that I actually accomplished, despicable as it may seem. It was perilously easy.

My chum at college had a sister who fulfilled all the requirements. She was traveling abroad at the time I met Rob, but long before I had seen Theodora I knew that unless she was hopelessly impossible I should try to marry her. Rob took me home for Thanksgiving recess of our junior year. We were quarantined, Rob, Theodora and I, for about ten days with the most unsentimental illness imaginable—mumps! Yet at the end of the week Theodora and I were engaged. Actually engaged. Not only that, her energetic mother had planned to announce the engagement during the Christmas holidays, and wonderful plans for opening the Adirondack lodge for a midwinter carnival were immediately begun.

It had all been so absurdly easy that I could scarcely believe it was true. Theodora was twenty, she looked a good bit older, indeed I can't imagine that she ever had a youthful air. She was rather pretty in a colorless way, perfectly self-possessed, and she wore her clothes with a foreign smartness that I found very gratifying after my years of watching the dumpy, dowdy women who had filled my father's pews.

Frankly I was hopelessly in debt. Grandfather's idea of a suitable allowance served very well for the theological seminary, and was more than sufficient for the little lame duck, but my situation was very different from theirs.

I had needed well-tailored clothes, I had deemed it necessary to belong to a smart eating club, and though I had tried repeatedly to make grandfather see my point of view it had been in vain. Mother would have helped me if

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The Crime Wave and How to Deal With It

By Sir Basil Thomson

Former Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, London

A CRIME wave may exist or it may be a figment of the newspapers. In England, immediately after the Armistice, the newspapers assumed that some millions of young men who had for four years devoted all their energies to killing Germans would carry violent methods of settling their grievances into civil life. It was a perfectly reasonable assumption; but, as our politicians discovered long ago, humanity in the mass has a way of falsifying reasonable assumptions.

It happened that two or three sensational murders were committed within a few weeks. The newspapers fastened upon them as proofs of the crime wave that they had been predicting, and for some weeks the trials were reported under the general heading of The Crime Wave. But as a matter of statistics there was no crime wave at all. Indeed, the number of crimes committed was so much below the total of 1913 that it was possible to close no less than sixteen prisons.

The prediction of the newspapers had not been lost upon the police, who had long desired to persuade the government to bring in legislation against the carrying of pistols, and here was an opportunity for pressing home their views. The Pistol Bill was as comprehensive a measure as the most timid could desire. Not only was it to be made an offense to be in possession of a pistol without a license from the police, but any pawnbroker, shopkeeper or gunsmith who sold a pistol or ammunition to an unlicensed person was to be liable to a criminal prosecution and even to imprisonment.

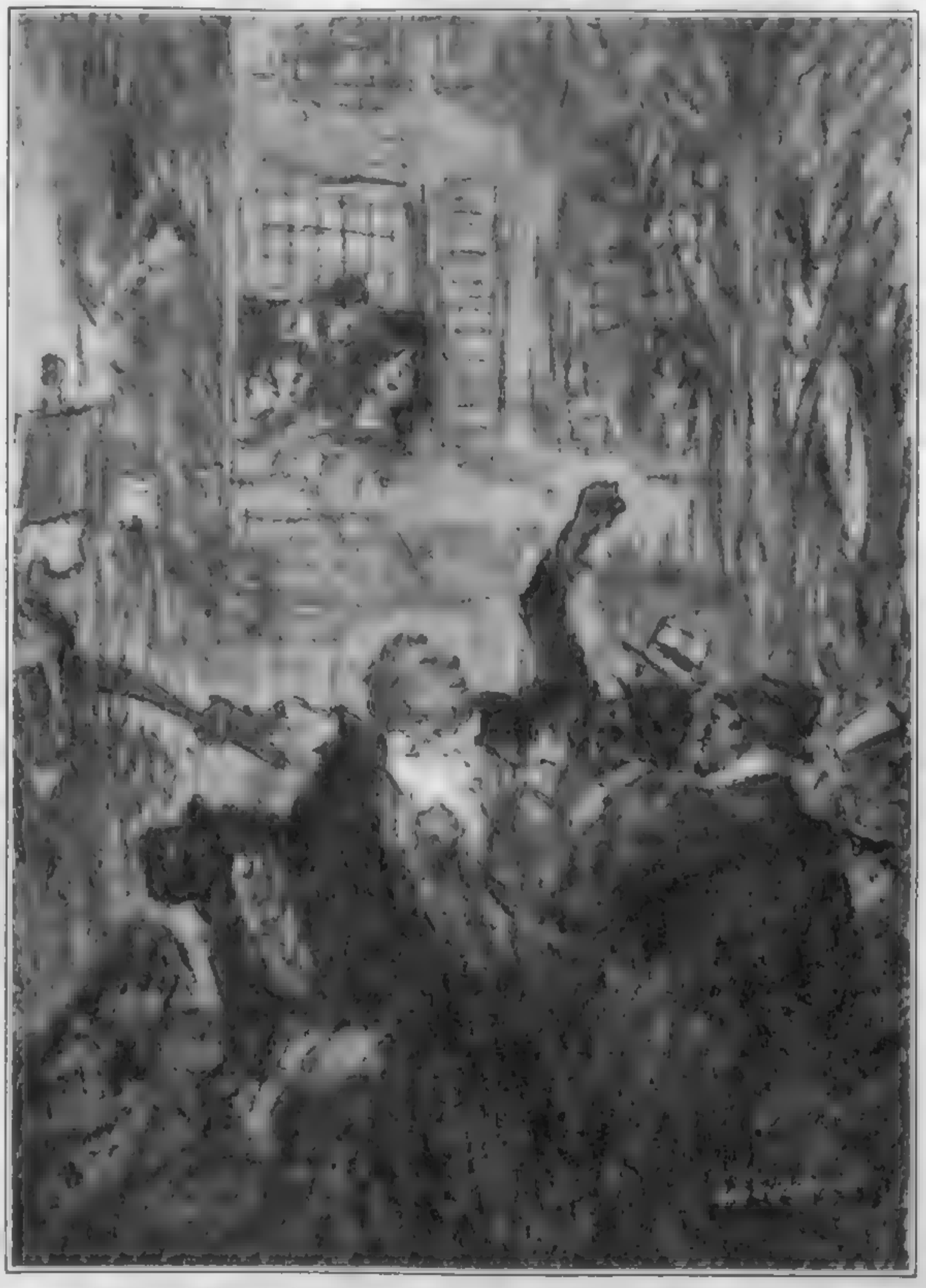
It was never the general practice for criminals in England to go armed; and for that matter it was not the custom in a large part of the United States before 1890, and therefore the criticism that the Pistol Act disarmed the wrong people had no general application. The new law achieved the great object in depriving the young beginner in crime of a means of acquiring firearms. In laws of this kind Great Britain has an advantage over the United States; its frontier is the ocean and the frontier line to be guarded is short. The mail order, which is much used in America, is not resorted to, because no gunsmith would dare to advertise such wares; and the customs would examine any parcel coming from abroad, and confiscate it if it infringed the law.

Homicide

WHETHER there is really a crime wave in America can be determined by some very interesting figures issued by the American Bar Association on the authority of the special committee appointed to report upon the better enforcement of the law. According to this report, no less than one out of every 12,000 people in the United States is the victim of a murder and one out of every 12,000 is a murderer. In Great Britain the proportion works out at one in 634,635. The average of murders in Great Britain during the last three years works out at seventy-four murders a year, and out of these only five in each year remain undiscovered. In 1921 the actual number of murders was sixty-three. Persons were arrested in connection with fifty-six; in fact, fifty-nine persons were arrested and brought to trial.

There remained seven murders which the police failed to solve. It was these seven cases that were the basis of a newspaper attack upon the inefficiency of the police. There is probably as much talk of a crime wave in the British press as there is in the American, though probably every police force in the United States would take credit to itself if it could show that it had brought to justice 88.9 per cent of its murderers.

The American figures are perhaps not quite so accurate as those compiled for Great Britain, because in that country elaborate criminal statistics have been compiled and published since the year 1873; but if the American figures err at all it is on the side of understating rather than overstating the number of culpable homicides. The turning point in crimes of violence in America appears to have been reached about 1890. From that year onward there has been a progressive increase. In the last ten years burglaries have increased no less than 1200 per cent, while in the same period 85,000 American citizens have perished by poison, by the pistol or the knife. And yet these figures show that the Americans as a people are cleaner and honester than those of any other civilized country. Disgraceful moral crimes and petty forms of dishonesty are far less rife in this country than in many countries in Europe. It is in the bolder forms of crime, carefully planned, with the object of robbery but too often culminating in murder, that the United States is preëminent.



Pursued by Civilians the Assassins Ran Into the Next Street and Were There Brought to Bay

Indications of Social Ill Health

LEST it should be thought that climatic influences are at work we must turn to Canada. The population of Canada is about 9,000,000, and the population of Chicago about 2,700,000. In 1921 the prisoners in all the penitentiaries in Canada numbered exactly the same as the prisoners of a single penitentiary in Illinois—namely, 1930. The burglaries in Chicago were rather more than double what they were in all Canada, and the robberies in Chicago were 2594 in 1921 as against 605 for the whole of Canada, including all cases of larceny from the person. In Cook County, Illinois, there were 212 murders as against 57 in Canada. Therefore the high figures in the United States are not to be ascribed to climatic conditions. Nor are they racial. If the Canadians as a people were naturally more law-abiding than the Americans one would expect to find that when they settled in the United States they would find no place in the criminal statistics. The Canadian-born population of the United States was shown in the census of 1910 to be 1,196,070, and out of the natives of seventeen countries living here these Canadian-born people ranked sixth in lawlessness. There is the further fact that the natives of certain European countries which have the best record for observance of the law, when settled in the United States, tend to become the most lawless of all.

These facts seem to dispose of the suggestion that foreigners are more law-abiding in their own countries because they are constituted that way, and that crime is in a way a morbid condition akin to mental disease. If this second theory were true there would be the *reductio ad absurdum* that the American nation is mentally inferior to all others. Dr. Herman Adler, with a number of assistant psychologists, spent more than a year in investigating the mentality of the inmates of Joliet Penitentiary. They arrived at the same conclusion as that of Doctor Goring in England—namely, that the intelligence of the average prisoner equals that of the average enlisted soldier in the national armies.

There are other indications of social ill health in the United States. The suicide rate has jumped in the past year from 12.4 per 100,000 of the population to 15.7; the figure in England being only 9. There were fewer lynchings last year; but the number, 57, is still disquieting. Judge Lynch steps in only

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SON OF A SLOGANEER

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MR. BOWSER thumbed a buzzer. His secretary popped into his office. All his staff popped when Mr. Bowser buzzed. "Minktakmemo," commanded that high-powered executive. Translated this meant, "Mink, take memo." Mr. Bowser avoided the use of useless words such as "a" and "the"; he had calculated that they waste from twenty-one to twenty-seven minutes of a busy man's time per month. To get into the habit of eliminating these words might have proved difficult for an ordinary man, but not for J. Sanford Bowser. He was not ordinary, and he was, distinctly, a doer. There was a doing air about him from hair tonic to rubber heels

"Get-There Men have the Get-Things-Done Habit," he liked to say. As president of The Bowsers, Inc., publicity engineers, "Let The Bowsers Put You on the Map!"—slogans leaped from his lips as naturally as rabbits have children, and with even less effort. He was passionately devoted to the science of slogan making: to coin a striking trade name for a new can opener, and couple with it some pregnant selling epigram that, to Mr. Bowser, was almost the apex of human achievement. His mind, by long training, plucked from the air pithy punch phrases—his own expression—as swiftly and subconsciously as a man tottering on the brink of a sneeze reaches for his handkerchief.

"Minktakmemo."

Miss Mink poised her silver-plated pencil—it was a Bowser-advertised product—a Rite-Riter, "The Pencil That Does Everything But Think"—over her book. Mr. Bowser cleared his throat.

"Memo to Mrs Bowser," he dictated staccatoly, "*in re* teething ring for baby. I have personally tried all advertised brands of teething rings. My tests show most scientific ring to be Cohnco Ring, Toy Efficient for Teething Tots. (N. B. Pretty good slogan). Cohnco Rings are (a) less rubbery in taste, (b) more durable, and (c) fit well in the mouth. If you check with me on Cohnco Rings I'll order one gross sent to our house at once.

"(Signed) J. SANFORD BOWSER, *President*."

"Memo to Mrs. Bowser," He Dictated Staccatoly, "In re Teething Ring for Baby. I Have Personally Tried All Advertised Brands of Teething Rings"

Mr. Bowser lit a Marlborough-Somerset, "Each Puff Has a Pedigree," smoothed his straw-colored hair, and swooped down on a pile of mail.

"Minktakletter."

Miss Mink prepared to take a letter.

"Woonsocket Kumfee-Fit Undervest Co., Woonsocket, R. I. Attention Mr. Snedecker ——"

And, thus launched, Mr. Bowser whizzed through his correspondence like a buzz saw through a ladyfinger, ejecting punch-laden sentences even as a machine gun ejects used cartridges.

A person unfamiliar with the principles of high-speed efficiency on which Mr. Bowser conducted his life, business and domestic, might have thought that Mrs. Bowser was in Fiji or Lapland or some equally remote spot. As a matter of fact the surveyed distance between Mr. Bowser and Mrs. Bowser at that precise moment was twelve feet, for she occupied the office next to his, and, as his partner and associate publicity engineer, herself daily coined Slogans That Sell and mothered Phrases That Put Products on the Map.

She would have been the first to reject with scorn the suggestion that he should stick his head through the doorway that connected their offices, and tell her, verbally, about the teething rings.

"The Secret of our Success," she would have said—for she, too, talked like a twenty-four-sheet poster—"is Organization. Nothing is Too Small to be Organized. In our country home, Caslon Farm, we have a model kitchen and by motion study we have cut down the motions our cook uses in making rice pudding from forty-three to seven, or, with raisins, eight. Organization! It used to take our nurse twenty-six minutes by stop watch to bathe our baby; now she does it in fourteen; we saved seven minutes just by using blotters instead of towels. Yes, Henry T. Organization is first vice president of Success, Progress & Co."

Mr. Bowser's memo *in re* teething rings reached Mrs. Bowser's desk within an hour. Mrs. Bowser—she had been Pandora Irene Kunkle, of Dingman, Tinney & Kunkle, "Advertising in All Its Arteries," until a mutual devotion to slogans had brought her and Mr. Bowser into partnership, commercial and matrimonial—was a well-developed, copper-haired woman, hovering around thirty-five. She had a sharp chin and wore a stiff linen collar.

"Gussing, take a memo," she directed.

Miss Gussing also wore a stiff collar and had a light blond mustache, but at heart she was a woman. The Bowsers always called the women of their company by their last names; Mrs. Bowser was an ardent feminist and felt that to call the female slogan makers Ruth or Hattie or Olivia was too feminine, and to call them Miss not in keeping with the spirit of camaraderie which prevailed about the Bowser office except during one short painful period each year when increases in salaries were being discussed. Mrs. Bowser stared thoughtfully from the window of the lofty Bowser Building—"Built—like the Himalayas—for the Ages," and her gray-green eyes roved over the kaleidoscope of New York's roofs—red, green, brown, purple.

"Memo to Mr. Bowser," she said, "*in re* teething ring for baby. Cohnco Rings may be O.K. scientifically, but our Mr. Hencastle reports that he is soliciting the account of the Ess-Bee-Dee people who make Kiddie-Kutter Rings. I therefore think it wise to choose Kiddie-Kutter Rings for our son because of the effect on the trade. I do not check with your suggestion that we get a gross. One ring will be enough. This proves my contention that no man understands children or the Feminine Appeal in Advertising Copy. "(Signed) P. I. BOWSER, *Associate President*."

Having discharged this wood-pulp arrow at her spouse, Mrs. Bowser tapped her front teeth with her pencil for three seconds; then, briskly: "Gussing, take another memo."

"Yes, Bowser," said Miss Gussing, who had a bass voice. Mrs. Bowser herself insisted on this method of address; it gave her a hearty man-to-man feeling with Miss Gussing. With Mr. Bowser the case was somewhat different; his male hired help with salaries of more than five thousand dollars a year called him J. S. B. as more intimate than Mister and not so presumptuous as Sanford. Lesser employes called him Chief, and still lesser ones Mistered him.

"Memo," dictated Mrs. Bowser, "to Mr. Bowser."

"Shall I incorporate it with the first one?" asked Miss Gussing.

Mrs. Bowser gave her a look fraught more with pain than anger.

"Gussing," she said, the sweetness of patience struggling with the vinegar of reproof, "must I remind you that the rule of The Bowsers, Inc., is: One subject to one memo? Simplicity, Gussing, is one of the First Flowers in the Garden of Organization. M-m-m-m-m not bad, that. Take that down, Gussing. I may be able to use that phrase in the Bedfello the Hot Water Bottle Beautiful—campaign. Now take a memo—a separate one if you please, to Mr. Bowser."

The chastened Gussing suspended her pencil over a virgin sheet.

"*In re* name for new cleaning powder," said Mrs. Bowser. "I have noted with care list of names for new cleaning powder suggested by you. I do not check with any of them.

"'Garfinkle's Pride of the Bathroom' has a high-class appeal but is too long.

"'Krassic-Kleener—Out darned spot'—is good and would permit a tie-up with Shakspere in the ads, but the profanity might offend some possible buyers.

"'Tub-Pup—Just Sic it on the Dirt'—is snappy but hardly serious enough for a product that retails at one dollar a can. Humor has no place in business.

"'Rose-Dust—The Powder That Perfumes as it Cleans'—is the best on your list because it suggests quality and also Hammers Home" (caps, Gussing) "the one distinctive point about the new powder—i.e., the fact that it has a pleasant smell. It is rather more like fresh pine shavings than roses, I think. In the name and slogan we must put across the punch idea that this good-smelling powder is also a cleaning agent with a kick. I attach list of names I have developed.

"Please let me have your reactions to these names very soon as Peabody Garfinkle called up today to ask when he can go ahead and order cans and labels for the new powder. He wants to get it on the dealers' shelves in time for spring house cleaning. Action please. "(Signed) P. I. BOWSER, *Associate President*."

Mrs. Bowser skimmed with agile eye her list headed "Things To Get Done This Day," then dictated:

"Memo to Mr. Bowser. *In re* christening baby. Please note that baby will be one year old tomorrow. He should be christened then. It is not intelligent to continue to call him Baby and Junior indefinitely. I suggest that you send me without delay list of names you consider suitable for him. I will give them my careful attention and I hope we can reach an agreement today on this subject.

"(Signed) P. I. BOWSER, *Associate President*."

Mrs. Bowser tapped her teeth for two seconds, glanced at her watch—a Krafty-Kronometer, "The Personality Timepiece with the Different Tick" (her own slogan)—and then became all animation.

"Gussing," she shot out, "get the Chicago and Salt Lake City offices on the long distance, send Meldrum, O'Grady and Kitchell to me at once, and order a taxi to be here in fifteen minutes to take me to a conference with Miss Switzer of the I-Say-Ma-Ma Mechanical Doll Company at the Jill Club."

Miss Gussing bustled out and Mrs. Bowser tore into her work like a tornado through a picnic of paper dolls.

When Mrs. Bowser returned from her luncheon conference glowing with triumph over the fact that she had sold Miss Switzer the idea of making some of the dolls say "Pa-pa," she found on her broad, plate-glass-topped, thoroughly organized desk two memos on the bright orange paper Mr. Bowser used so that memos emanating

from the presidential office might not be confused with the pallid blue and punchless pink of lesser memoranda. She read them.

"*In re* slogan for new cleaning powder. I do not like any names you have suggested.

"'LILY-LAVA—Makes Your Bathroom a Conservatory' has possibilities, but my opinion is that many housewives do not know what a conservatory is."

Mrs. Bowser, as a fighting feminist, frowned at this slight on the vocabulary of her sex, and read on:

"'Garfinko Nostinko—Easy on the Nostrils but Hard on the Dirt'—is the best, but it just misses hitting me hard enough. Somehow it lacks dignity; I FEEL this lack. I shall concentrate on this problem tonight after dinner and see if I can evolve a Clarion Phrase That Will Shout Its Message from the Shelves. I will let you know my final choice tomorrow.

"(Signed) J. SANFORD BOWSER, *President*."

Mrs. Bowser emitted a sound resembling humph.

"His final choice!" she remarked, frowning at the buzzer buttons on her desk, of which there were enough to make a vest. "His final choice! As if I personally did not sell Peabody Garfinkle the Bowsers' Big Idea—Words That Hit Buyers in the Pocketbook! As if I myself didn't get his signature on a three-hundred-thousand-dollar contract Now Bowser acts as if it were his product. Humph! Just like a man. Garfinko Nostinko does not lack dignity. Printed in orange-red on a deep purple background it would Hit Any Housewife in the Buying Eye. I'm going to fight for it. He is getting too bossy lately, anyhow."

She was in a decidedly truculent frame of mind as she picked up the second orange memo from her spouse:

"To Mrs. Bowser. *In re* christening baby. Have given this matter much thought. Have decided that the following points must be considered in choosing name:

"*A*. Our baby is no ordinary baby. An Unusual Child should have an Unusual Name.

"*B*. Obviously, ordinary names, such as Robert, Henry and Thomas, will not do; they are for ordinary infants.

"*C*. Our baby will be much in the public eye. As the son of The Bowsers, Inc., he will receive much publicity. Later when he is head of the company his name will be a household word. His name must be one that leaps out of a printed page and has strong memory value.

"*D*. To get a really distinctive name for him we must COIN ONE! We must use just as much scientific care in coining it as if it were the name of a product for which we were trying to create a National Market.

"*E*. Therefore, in considering names for baby, ask yourself these questions:

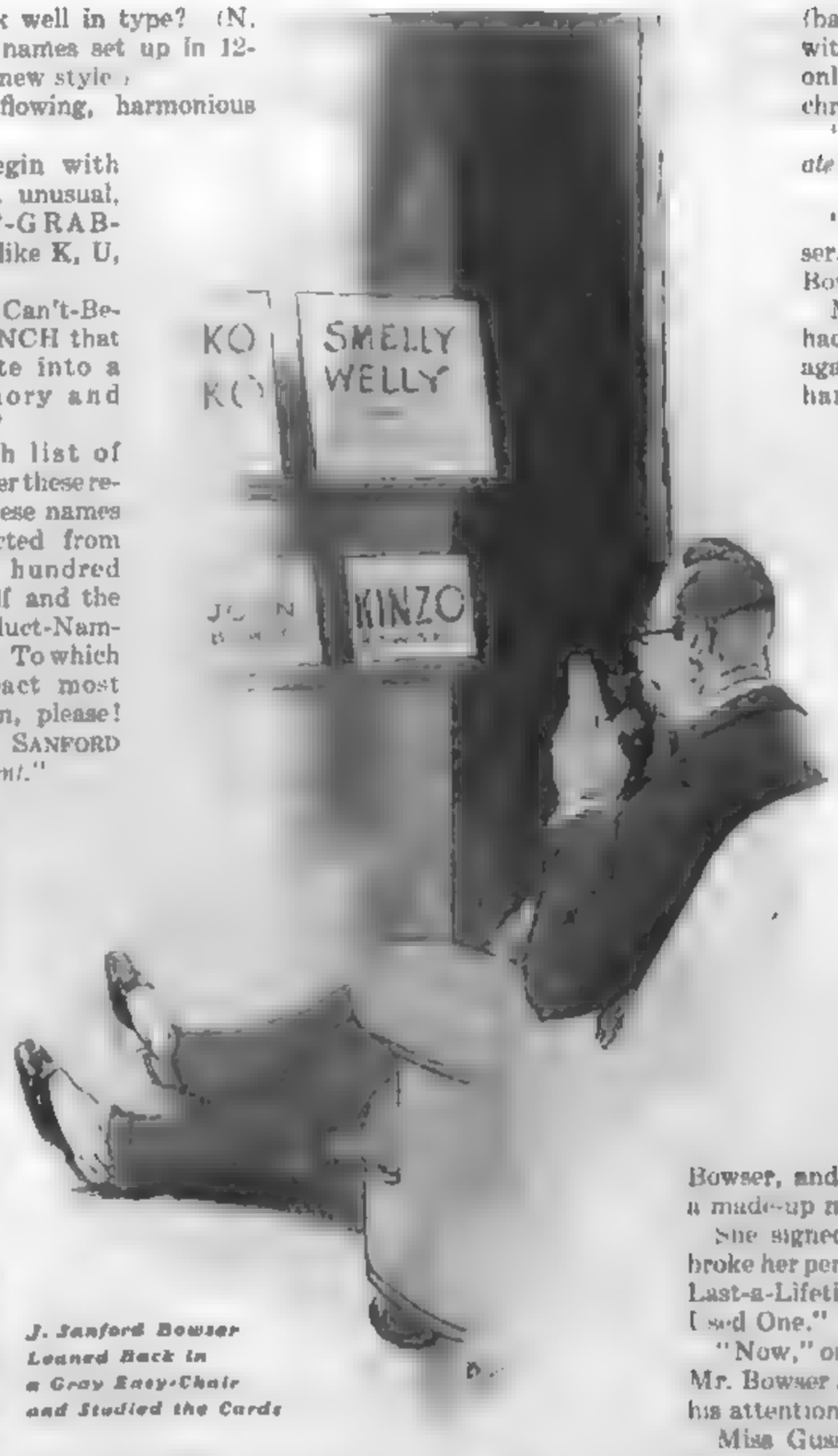
"1 Does it express baby's personality?
"2 Is it distinctively individual?
"3 Is it easy to spell?
"4 Is it easy to say?
"5. Is it easy to get over the telephone?
"6. Does it look well in type? (N. B. Have all names set up in 12-point Caslon, new style.)
"7. Has it a flowing, harmonious sound?
"8. Does it begin with some incisive, unusual, INTEREST-GRABBING letter, like K, U, Y, V or Z?
"9. Has it that Can't-Be-Forgotten PUNCH that makes it Bite into a Man's Memory and STICK there?

"*F*. I attach list of names that answer these requirements. These names have been selected from more than six hundred coined by myself and the staff of the Product-Naming Department. To which one do you react most strongly? Action, please!

"(Signed) J. SANFORD BOWSER, *President*."

Mrs. Bowser, with frosty eye scrutinized the list, then tossed it on her desk with unmistakable petulance. She had read:

"NAMES FOR BABY:
"Ugobono Bowser
"Veekar Bowser
"Zail Bowser
"Zazzar Bowser
"Zerric Bowser
"Yondo Bowser
"Vindo Bowser
"Yubar Bowser
"Kinzo Bowser"



J. Sanford Bowser Leaned Back in a Gray Easy-Chair and Studied the Cards

If it is possible for a lady, a sloganeer and a college graduate, to snort, Mrs. Bowser, at that moment, snorted. She pronged at one of the buzzer buttons with an outraged finger. Miss Gussing shot in as if from a pneumatic tube.

"Gussing, take a memo. To Mr. Bowser. *In re* christening baby. I have noted with care your lists of names (baby). I emphatically do not check with you on any of them. There is only one name I want to have baby christened. It is not on your list.

"(Signed) P. I. BOWSER, *Associate President*.

"Gussing," snapped Mrs. Bowser, "please deliver this memo to Mr Bowser personally."

Miss Gussing vanished as if she had seen a boojum, but reappeared again after a brief interval, in her hand one of the sacred orange memos. Mrs. Bowser examined it.

"Memo to Mrs. Bowser. *In re* christening baby. I am always open to GOOD suggestions. What is yours?

"(Signed) J. SANFORD BOWSER, *President*."

Mrs. Bowser's eyes sparkled with determination.

"Gussing, take a memo," she said in a crossing-the-Rubicon voice. "Memo to Mr. Bowser. *In re* christening baby.

"JOHN

"(Signed) P. I. BOWSER, *Associate President*."

Miss Gussing regarded her chief blankly.

"John?" queried Miss Gussing. "John what?"

"Nothing. Just 'JOHN.' All caps, Gussing," said Mrs. Bowser, and her protruded chin symbolized a made-up mind.

She signed the memo so fiercely that she broke her pen—a Bowser-sold Product—"The Last-a-Lifetime Pen—Shakspere Would Have Used One."

"Now," ordered Mrs. Bowser, "take this to Mr. Bowser at once and see that it is called to his attention."

Miss Gussing bounded from the room on her rubber heels—they were "Spine-Pals Your Backbone's Best Buddy." Soon she bounded back. She carried reverently an orange memo which she placed on the desk. Mrs. Bowser plucked it up, read it, scowled.

"Memo to Mrs. Bowser. *In re* christening baby. I cannot permit my son to be named John. Suggest conference

(Continued on Page 105)

There Was Indeed Somebody at the Door; the Bowsers Heard a Crackling Noise. "Look! What's That?"

ABISHAG

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

He Said, "You Tried to Get Run Over!"

"D-didn't!"

"Tell Your Grandmother's Cat!"

"That's Polite! Yes, That's Awful Polite," the Girl Said, Struggling With Hairpins

ALL the women screamed and rushed back from the wall of blue cobbles in a flapping of skirts, although Laban called, "Hey, ladies! It don't bite!" as he pulled the switch. The horseless carriage stopped, shivering, and snorted.

The snort terrified Laban; it was a new noise. In two days the machine had not made such a sound. The women ran under low trees, to safety behind a house of bowlders, and Laban got down to stare uncomfortably at his treasure. It shivered and the bicycle lamps of its dashboard jingled evilly. The smell of oil seemed very strong. Mightn't it be going to explode? He fanned his neck and gazed until a bearded long male swung over the wall and held a double-barreled shotgun toward Laban,. saying, "What do you think you're doin', mister?"

"I'm doin' nothin'! The ladies got scared of this here. It's just a horseless carriage. What I wanted to ask is ——"

The male swung back over the wall and bawled at the cottage, "You kin come look at it, girls!" Then he leaned his gun against a tree and came stalking to tell Laban, "They was surprised, mister."

"They acted so. I've surprised several, coming down from Harrisburg. What I want to know is, which of these roads'll take me to Buford?"

He got no answer. The women had huddled to the boundary once more, and questions began to flutter over the ditch. Where was the fire in it? Why did it smell of oil? The man was poking tires with a yellow thumb, and Laban knew that he would be given directions when the proud, shy curiosity of the hills was a little dulled.

An ancient woman stood on the wall and droned, "It's agin Nature—wuss'n a steam engine."

The horseless carriage snorted and she got down for shelter among the younger women.

Laban said, "Ma'am, I saw a preacher ridin' in one at New York. They ——"

The male broke in, "Your name might be King?"

"I'm Laban King."

They knew all about him now.

The old woman said, squinting, "It's Mister King's oldest—him by the first wife, girls, that went out to Oregon state," and the male accepted a cigar.

More questions fluttered. Had he come home from Oregon to see his pa married? He hadn't got married again after his wife died off on him out in Oregon state? Was he going back to Oregon after he had seen his pa married?

"No; I've sold my place out there."

The male, cutting the cigar in two with a jackknife, said, "Your brother Jess was by a week last Monday on a hoss with another boy. We talked at him some. This other boy was your son, guess. A yeller-headed boy."

Something warmed in Laban. He flushed and said, "That's my Dave that I sent home for pa to raise when my wife died off."

"Him that Jess went out to Oregon state and fetched home? He favors you some. To git to Buford is down the right road. Your pa'll be married tomorrow."

"So I hear," said Laban, getting into the red seat. "Now, ladies, watch me be blown ——"

The old woman rose on the wall and droned, "Young man, it's a sin and a shame that your pa's gittin' married to a young woman at his time o' day, when he's got two in the buryin' ground already and ought to be thinkin' of his ontocome!"

Laban laughed, "Ma'am, pa ain't but sixty-six and he's always been married ever since I knew him. Jess' ma's been dead a year. Now watch me get blown to flinders, ladies."

He pulled the switch named "controlling lever" in his book of directions and waited an explosion; but the red machine calmly rolled downhill, and he dared to look back at the mountain family, even to wave his new straw hat. Then he turned the curved handle and the horseless carriage passed into the right-hand lane, aiming at Buford. It snorted no more, and Laban settled on the hot cushions as woods inclosed his progress.

His neck cooled after the violence of sun on the hills, and his blue, round eyes followed this bronze gash between birches and brush. The fat tires made a whirring note on the clay, and Laban yawned, lulled. He could roll clear to the level turnpike above his father's gates, even if the machine stopped working. All was well. The battle of two days ended in victory, and little David would be the first boy in Buford to ride down Summer Street in a horseless carriage before boys less exalted. Laban had telegraphed from Harrisburg that he had bought this novelty and David would be haunting the roads on a horse. The warmth circled out in Laban's body and he beamed at a copperhead that wriggled, alone, on a log beneath a blasted cedar, thinking that the red car would make a vivid blot among the carriages lined along the white rail before the Buford Presbyterian Church on Sunday. There would be room for wiry Jesse beside David and himself in the front seat. His father and his father's next wife would fill the rear. She was a big woman, in David's letter. His father always married big women. Her name was Annie Pollard and it seemed a good sort of name. David liked her; she came out to read Scripture to Mr. King, whose eyes declined fine print. Laban chuckled, hot with pleasure, as the lane joined a highway and he saw West Hill.

But they had painted the old hotel on the crest green and that was stupid! Neither Jesse nor young David had written of that change, and Laban scowled at the spread of grass-colored buildings. The Buford Springs Hotel had always been white! Yet the water showering down over gray rocks at Skunk Falls danced still in an emerald ribbon against the cliff, and some lad was a rosy point at the pool below. Laban grinned across a meadow that should be shorn into tons of hay.

Then the horseless carriage sniffed, whinnied and was noiseless. Its heart had stopped. The tires rolled with less speed and sweat exploded on Laban's brow. He gulped; he said, "Well, hell an' hereafter!" Then the whole fabric quivered and the engine panted on. The creamy tires rolled once more. He was safe.

He was not safe! It was playing yesterday's trick again. The lamps on the dashboard tinkled vehemently and Laban's hat shifted down to rub an eyebrow. The nameless box beyond the dashboard sent up a coughing, disgusted noise. The horseless carriage ran with sudden force and Laban bounced on the seat, scurrying by the Miller farm and the old smithy filled with brush at the roadside. The card stating "1900 Model" fell from under the cushions and a strange chanting began. Laban shyly pressed a flat piece of iron with his heel and the machine cavorted right and left, slowing. He thought that it bent behind him and took his foot from the brake. It was certainly running off with him! He would dash past his father's gates, hurtle through Buford and die against the brick station. A bit of glass snapped from the left-hand lamp and the lamp followed it after a jerk. The muscles hardened in Laban's long thighs and his breath came up searing from his lungs. This had cost two thousand dollars! This! The low wall of his father's north meadow went up and down at the right, and alders flickered along a ditch at the left. There was the clump of sassafras at his father's gate. If he could swing the gateposts and—he howled. A woman ran from the alders and her dark gown sprawled across the road. Laban smashed a lever to the right and the horseless carriage charged, slanting; there was no jolt; the machine rushed into a thicket and stopped against leaves that chattered immensely; Laban opened his eyes.

She still lay on the dust and blinked up at him with her hair in black serpents and a red silk petticoat dripping below the dull gown's skirt. She fingered a frill above her heart and said, "Well, when you're through staring at me!" crossly, while her body trembled on the colorless clay.

"What the hell did you ——"

"You needn't swear!"

Laban admired her. She was rather like his dead wife, but taller, and her hair had no waves in its heavy length as she sat slinging it around her head with hands that shook.

He said, "You tried to get run over!"

"D-didn't!"

"Tell your grandmother's cat!"

"That's polite! Yes, that's awful polite," the girl said, struggling with hairpins. She arose and brushed dust from her skirt, observing, "You've no business to run so fast, anyhow!"

"Ain't a day passes that some damn' girl don't lay down in front of me and try to get run over," said Laban, enjoying this, since she was angry and not tearful. "It'd spoil pa's wedding some if I had to go to your funeral first, and ——"

"You're Laban King!"

"I am, thanks."

After a breath, she walked away and picked up a hat from the ditch. Laban admired her figure. This was fun, of a kind. Women tried to kill themselves in odd fashions, for small reasons.

A neighbor's wife in Oregon had swallowed soap the day before he left because her little daughter called her a fool. Women were women, miraculous and illogical.

He asked, "If there's anything I could do for you, ma'am?"

"You can let me alone!"

"Certainly! That's easy!"

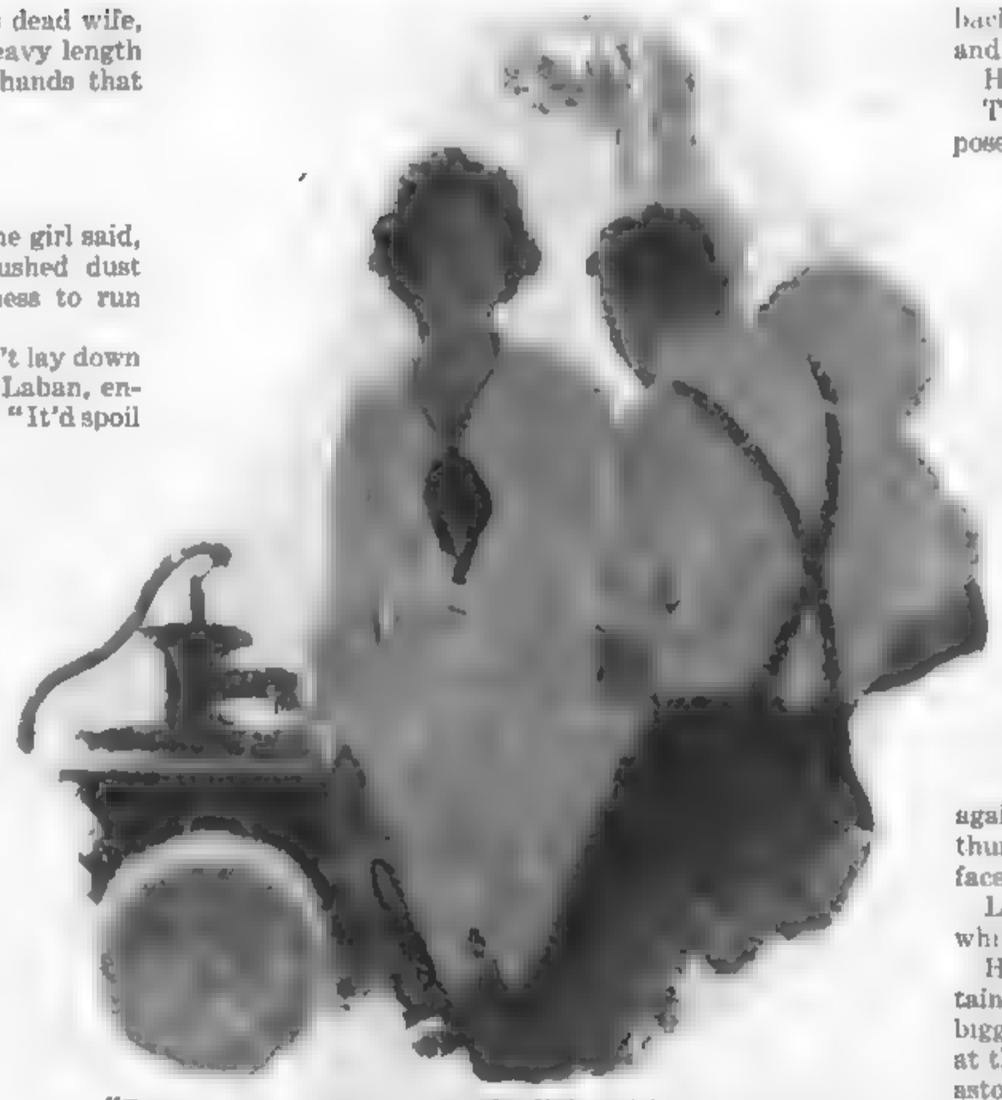
He strolled back to stand beside the horseless carriage and all interest in this girl went blowing in a burst of woe. Here was an end! The front of his pride was nettled among alder stems and the wheels sagged in the ditch with their spokes wreathed in clover. He wouldn't come swaggering into the dooryard and hear young David squeal. The horseless carriage was damned. It would take horses to stir it.

Laban slapped the cushions and said "Oh!" gathering breath for a yell.

"You'll have to wind it up," said the girl.

"Wind it! What good'll that do? Look at ——"

"I'll back it out. Help me in, please."



"The Monkey Wrench Was on the Sink and I'd Just Picked It Up When He Tried to Kiss Me"

Her elbow shook on his palm. She scowled at levers and pushed things with her shabby feet.

Then she commanded, "Get the crank and wind it, will you?" in her deep, annoyed voice.

Laban fought through alders and found the little crank under the nose of the machine. He tugged it hopelessly. At once the horseless carriage tried to get at him, then backed and heaved itself out of the ditch. Laban whooped and tore his coat, jamming himself after the creature.

He panted, "Well, thank you!"

The girl got down and said, "That's all right. I suppose ——"

"Listen, sister!" Laban grinned. "I can keep my mouth shut, I ——"

There was a pale shirt racing over the meadow straight from the grove of elms that hid completely his father's stone farmhouse. Laban forgot every other thing in the valley; forgot this scowling woman and the red car. Here was someone who ran knee deep in high grass that the sun made purple in the wake of the ripping legs. The world found its true center in this racing head. Yellow. Too tall for David. Not Jesse, either. Jesse was darker. Well, some man had seen him from the tall barns of green stone or from the gardens. The warm, circling thrill became a heat in Laban. He said "Twelve years," aloud. Then he coughed and told the girl, "He's a good runner."

The girl was a good runner. Her skirt floated and showed the red petticoat twenty yards down the road. He must find out who she was from Jesse or David. Laban looked back at the racer, who neared the blue wall and came with arms swinging against a faded shirt. He jumped the wall and big feet thumped the ditch. Then he lurched toward Laban, his face writhing, wailed "Oh, dad!" and began to cry.

Laban stood looking at the golden back of the boy's neck while David nuzzled his shoulder.

He said, "You've certainly grown. Yes, you're certainly damn big for sixteen, Dave. Yes, I bet there ain't a bigger kid for sixteen in Buford. Well ——" and marveled at this emotion held in his arms. The boy sobbed with an astonishing violence; faint, yellow curls spread and closed as the neck swelled in great gasps for breath. Laban scuffled the dust, stammering "Oh, now! Now, son!"

The boy dragged his head back and his face hardened.

He said, "Dad, grandpa, he – "

"Sure! Come and get in the buggy here. We'll give the old gentleman the sight of ——"

"Grandpa died, right now, on the porch," said David, and jabbered out "readin'" before he sobbed again.

(Continued on Page 66)

"Jesse Only Said, 'Ain't She Pretty Young, Pa?' and Didn't Even Look at Me"

WINNIE AND THE CAT LADY

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

"Oh, Poor Mr. Hallis! If It Had Not Been for Your Good Fortune With the Diamonds It Would Have Been Heartbreaking"

IT WAS something of a surprise to that bewitching little gold digger Miss Winnie O'Wynn to hear from the lips of gentle Mr. George H. Jay, her agent—and his own—when calling at his office one morning to clear up some business point, that three days previously she had refused an offer of straight, undiluted marriage from one of the richest men in Buckinghamshire.

The facts of the offer and refusal were naturally no news to her, for it was even as Mr. Jay said—Mr. Hugo Hallis, of White Court, known to the more flippant as the gloomy millionaire, had proposed to the blue-eyed little lady during the progress of a garden party at White Court; but what surprised Winnie was that Mr. Jay or anyone else knew of it.

Rejected millionaires do not normally make widely public the news of their rejection, and Winnie, as usual, had kept her own counsel.

"Oh, you are wonderful, dear Mr. Jay!" she declared softly. "I don't think I should be very comfortable if I tried to keep things secret from you. It is quite true that Mr. Hugo Hallis proposed to me last week; but I can't guess how you knew it."

It pleased the gentle one to be humorous.

"A little bird told me—ha-ha! There's lots of things he knows, old George Sherlock Jay; always on the lookout; always got his ears at half cock—on behalf of his clients," he declared, his hard eyes rather prominent, his laugh resonant like the rolling of a large metal tank downhill.

But his laugh soon died out. He really was not much amused at anything, though for a few moments he tried to keep up a facetious spirit.

"Funny to think, my dear Miss Winnie, that if only by chance Mr. Hallis had happened to please you, to appeal to you, I should have had shortly a millionairess client. It sounds like a sort of beautiful dream. Er—you didn't care for him—in—um—a—so to speak—matrimonial way, Miss Winnie?"

The blue eyes darkened. "I sometimes think that I shall not care for anyone ever any more in that way, dear Mr. Jay," she said in a low, wistful voice. "I can't forget the past, you see. But I like Mr. Hallis very much; very much, indeed. If he were younger, and not so grave and silent and reserved, perhaps I could like him even more. Only—not to marry."

It was Mr. Jay's turn to sigh, so he sighed gustily.

"Ah, well, a crust of bread where love is is better than half a loaf where love isn't, as Shakspere tells us," he said rather hazily. "And if a lady doesn't happen to like even a millionaire well enough to marry him, why—er—what's the use? If you can stand it, Miss Winnie, surely I can. I'll confess honestly to you that when I first got the news I felt kind of blue, for it's an ambition of mine to see you queen of one of these stately homes of England and president of a stately rent roll, with a first-class agent managing it for you. But an agent isn't worthy of the title if there isn't a thick streak of the philosopher in his make-up. I have one, and now I don't mind confessing that the thought of that million going up into the air leaves me as unconcerned as if it was only a covey of partridges flying over the hedge into the next field. After all, you kind of know where they are if you want them later on."

"Oh, yes, indeed," breathed Winnie, bright-eyed again. "But please tell me, Mr. Jay—how did you know that Mr. Hallis was interested in me?"

She had been watching the gentle one rather closely and her quick instinct had warned her that Mr. Jay had not raised the matter of the gloomy millionaire wholly as a bit of idle gossip.

There was, under the natural, glassy hardness of his greenish eyes, an old familiar look; not exactly hungry, but certainly appetiteful.

"Dear Mr. Jay wants something; all this is only just his way of leading up to some proposal, I think," she told herself, dreamy eyes on his.

George H. laughed.

"I'll tell you that, Miss Winnie, with pleasure. No mystery—certainly not. I got it from another client of mine; a lady—a Mrs. Mallandane. You may know her."

Winnie shook her graceful head.

"No, I don't think I know her."

"Exactly how Mrs. Mallandane—a very charming lady in her way—learned I can't quite tell you. But I suspect that she herself has rather an interest in Mr. Hallis."

Winnie's eyes widened.

"Nuh, nuh!" said Mr. Jay hastily.

"Not a matrimonial interest. I meant a—well, a reminiscent interest," he continued. "What I mean, I kind of gathered that she was an old sweetheart of Mr. Hallis, in the days before he made his great wealth. Boy and girl together, you understand, Miss Winnie."

"Oh, yes, I see. How interesting!"

Mr. Jay was rather obviously pleased at Winnie's interest. He beamed.

"Yes, yes; so it is, Miss Winnie. She is rather a sentimental lady, I judge, and in conversation it cropped up that she had treated Mr. Hallis rather badly years ago; jilted him in fact. She is older and wiser now, and what she did then rather preys upon her. Not on account of Mr. Hallis' money—nuh, nuh; she's not a mercenary-minded lady—but because her own married life has not been very happy, I understand."

He paused, looking a little anxiously at the lovely little lady who was listening so raptly to his story.

"But how sad!" she cooed.

"Yes, that's what I thought—sad, very sad," he agreed. "She is anxious to meet Mr. Hallis again, but fears that he will never receive her; that he has only bitter thoughts of her, as probably he has. That's natural enough of course. Yet she is a woman of great personal charm and marked beauty, and she feels that if she could once get in touch with Mr. Hallis she could win him to friendliness again, and so get a little more peace of mind. To you and me, Miss Winnie, people with well-balanced emotions, that might seem hardly worth all the bother. It's all past and done with; why worry about it? Hard thoughts don't hurt at a distance. But Mrs. Mallandane is high-strung, nervy, even neurotic, and for some reason—unimportant to normal folk—she is desperately anxious to make friends with Mr. Hallis again—to ease her mind, were her own words."

Winnie nodded.

"But surely that could be managed for her, could it not, please?" she asked.

Mr. Jay beamed more than ever. His large face was ruddy, like an autumn moon.

"That's pre-cisely what I told this poor lady. 'There should be no difficulty,' I said, 'in finding some kind, sweet soul who is good friends with Mr. Hallis and is generous enough to help you, to kind of mediate—pave the way to a reconciliation.' She saw that; but, as she said, she had nobody able to do that for her—no mutual friend."

Mr. Jay took a turn up and down his office, glancing at Winnie.

"No friend with any influence at all over Mr. Hallis," he repeated anxiously.

Winnie's lips quivered. Her eyes were dancing.

"But how sad," she said again. "Were you able to suggest anyone, dear Mr. Jay?"

The agent stopped short, flushing slightly. He had caught, as Winnie meant him to catch, the faint, sweet twinkle of gentle mockery in her voice.

"Miss Winnie, you've found me out! I might have known you would. Easy—I'm easy to you. I know it. You can read me like a circus bill. Miss Winnie, I've been trying to screw my nerve up to ask you to take this poor lady under your wing on a trip down to White Court. It means a lot to her."

Winnie's eyes, clear and almost disconcertingly candid, were fixed very straightly upon those of her agent.

"And to you, dear Mr. Jay?" she said almost in a whisper.

"I was coming to that, Miss Winnie. I'll be frank about it. Nothing like being frank—my father's name was Frank, ha-ha! This lady offered me five hundred pounds cold cash if I could enlist your sympathy for her to the extent of your being willing to take her down to White Court one afternoon and help her bury the hatchet with Mr. Hallis. Five hundred, Miss Winnie! It's a lot of money in these times, and it will cost you—what?—a smile, a look and a word! If this man Mr. Hallis has a heart I'll say that a word from you—a word, a smile and a look—will wipe out his bitter feelings enough to make him civil to this poor, neurotic, overemotional lady. Which is all she asks—a little civility, a kind word. Even a gloomy millionaire can afford that, eh, Miss Winnie? Kind words are inexpensive enough, unless you subscribe for one of these modern dictionaries—ha-ha!"

Winnie reflected. She saw the gentle Mr. Jay's point of view with translucent clarity. He wanted her to influence Mr. Hugo Hallis to forgive the highly strung and extremely repentant Mrs. Mallandane, not because he cared in the slightest whether the poor lady's sensitive heart was eased but because he stood to claw a rotund five hundred out of it. Winnie had no doubt at all that she could persuade Mr. Hallis to be kind to the lady, and she was perfectly ready to steer a neat five hundred towards the agency if the matter finished there. But would it? It was a steep figure for a lady to pay for a little heartsease; too steep, Winnie thought. She temporized.

"I expect you will think to yourself that I am a very grudging person not to say at once that I will very gladly take poor Mrs. Mallandane down to White Court to pay an afternoon call; but, please, I would like to think it over first."

Mr. Jay's face fell. Winnie let it stay so. She liked Mr. Jay very well and he had been tremendously useful to her in the past, but on the whole the child's faith in his judgment was by no means blind or complete. She was well aware—for he never tried to conceal it from her—that the

agent business was suffering temporarily from an ingrowing dry rot, and she felt that the gentle George H. was in a mood to rush in with open jaws at the five hundred, where she herself would hesitate to venture without careful thought

Mrs. Mallandane was anxious to pay five hundred to become a remade friend of the gloomy millionaire. "Why?" asked Winnie's common sense of Winnie's experience and instinct. For sake of heartsease? Winnie smiled a tiny, tiny smile, shaking a golden head. It was the wrong figure for heartsease, even though that is a commodity of such fluctuating value that sometimes it costs no more than a kiss or a curse, a tear or a smile.

"I know about heartsease," she whispered to herself. "Oh, but I ought to know about heartsease." Her breath caught as her mind flashed for an instant back to certain golden days with the man she had loved. "And this proposal does not sound quite like a proposal from the heart It is more like a proposal from the pocket, I think."

She smiled to the intently watching Mr. Jay

"Perhaps if I could meet Mrs. Mallandane first and talk a little about her sorrow it would help. Could you arrange for that, please, do you think, Mr. Jay?"

The gentle one glanced at the clock, brightening up a little.

"In ten minutes, Miss Winnie," he declared. "Mrs. Mallandane is calling at eleven o'clock."

Winnie sighed like one immensely relieved.

"Oh, that is splendid!" she cried softly.

Mr. Jay looked kind of uncertain, as he was trying to remember just exactly what "splendid" meant.

"Yes, yes, splendid—ha-ha! Exactly!" he said without any conviction in his voice. There was in his hard eyes the remote, absent look of one studying something a long way off—an aëroplane, a swift bird, five hundred pounds, any little old, outward-bound thing like that.

Winnie's delicate finger tips rested for an instant on his sleeve. "Please don't think me cold and hard and suspicious, dear Mr. Jay. I—I will do my very best for us all," she said softly.

Mr. Jay's face cleared instantly.

"Oh, if you feel like taking the thing over I'm satisfied, Miss Winnie," he stated with decision. "Yes, I'm amply satisfied to leave it to you. After all, what's five hundred?"

His laugh was normal again, and as natural as the sound of an empty petrol can being thrown at a dog on the curb.

II

THERE were, on the fair cheek of Mrs. Mallandane, who arrived promptly on time, no signs of the remorse which Mr. Jay had claimed to be gnawing at her heart; nor were there visible any symptoms of the highly strung, neurotic tendencies for which the agent had invited Winnie's compassion.

On the contrary, Mrs. Mallandane was notable for an extremely well-preserved and minutely cherished prettiness, a very soft, velvety, beautifully modulated voice and great brown eyes with delicate curved brows. Her manner was soft and mossy. Few men would have noticed the faint suspicion of hardness about the small, brilliant lips, or the extreme art and skill by which the too straight line of the upper lip had been touched up into a Cupid's-bow effect.

Winnie saw it—and other things. The lady was well dressed; only about twenty-four hours behind the fashion; and on the whole gave off apparently without much difficulty an impression that she would have no serious trouble in completing a reconciliation even with a gloomy millionaire, once she could get the process started

She was just as sweet as honey to Winnie. She permitted a wistful admiration to shine openly in her brown eyes as she greeted the girl. Winnie saw that too. It was one of her own specialties—wistful admiration.

Mr. Jay effected an introduction with a slightly overdone air of general benevolence, and waited for Winnie to take the lead in the matter of a call at White Court. But what that demure little lady took, after a few minutes' interchange of gentle, smiling civilities and veiled flatteries, was her departure.

"I will let you know in a day or two about the matter we were discussing, dear Mr. Jay," she gentled as she rose. "I don't think there need be any difficulty, you know. Good-by, Mrs. Mallandane. It is so nice to meet another of Mr. Jay's clients. If they are all like you I shall try to persuade him to introduce me to every one of them, I think."

She spared them one of her most charming smiles, noting the tiny, tiny frown that came and went, shadowlike, on the brow of the velvet-mannered lady at this indication that Winnie was not intending to discuss Mr. Hugo Hallis that morning; received the same from the sweetly bowed lips of the seeker after heartsease, and so tripped out to the taxi awaiting her.

"I don't think I care for Mrs. Mallandane very well," she told herself. "I think she is hard and steely under that soft, purry, pussycat manner." She nodded affectionately to the angelic face in the strip of mirror before her. "And she is not a bit like a woman who would pay five hundred pounds unless she were quite sure of getting it back again. She is stalking Mr. Hallis for some purpose."

She leaned back, thinking, concentrating on the problem of why Mrs. Mallandane was stalking the wealthy owner of White Court, and was so confident of success that she was willing to risk five hundred pounds to get her obscure campaign started. It was not an easy problem, and when presently the taxi drew up at the antique dealer's shop in Bond Street to which Winnie had directed the driver she was no nearer the solution than when she left Mr. Jay's office.

But that occasioned her no grief. She had plenty of time. Velvety Mrs. Mallandane by no means was the first optimist who had endeavored to use Winnie as a cat's-paw It was, indeed, so little of a novelty to Winnie that she found it extremely simple to dismiss the whole thing temporarily from her mind and brace herself mentally for the impending combat with the antique sharp's eyes—already watching her from his lair—for the possession at a human price of a little Ise-Banko tea set she had noted a few days before in a dark corner of the shop

But she was too late. The tea set had been sold not five minutes before.

"To that gentleman, madam," volunteered the dealer softly, waving a discreet hand.

Winnie and "that gentleman" turned at the same moment. He was Mr. Hugo Hallis—delighted to see the child, if only to announce that he had managed to secure for her the little tea set she had chanced to speak of when at White Court.

"Oh, but please, that was wrong. I—I must not accept tea sets from you, dear Mr. Hallis. Besides"—the sweet mouth quivered a little and the wide wonderful eyes were misty—"I was just going to try to buy it myself."

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Her Wits Were All for the Cat Lady, Who Drew in Her Breath With a Sharp Gasp of Amusement

Stock-Market Manipulation

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"I MYSELF never spoke to any of the great stock manipulators that the Street still talks about," continued Lawrence Livingston. "I don't mean leaders; I mean manipulators. They were all before my time, although when I first came to New York, James R. Keene, greatest of them all, was in his prime. But I was a mere youngster then, exclusively concerned with duplicating, in a reputable broker's office, the success I had enjoyed in the bucket shops of my native city. And then, too, at the time Keene was busy with the U. S. Steel stocks—his manipulative masterpiece—I had no experience with manipulation, no real knowledge of it or of its value or meaning, and, for that matter, no great need of such knowledge. If I thought about it at all I suppose I must have regarded it as a well-dressed form of thimblerigging, of which the lowbrow form was such tricks as had been tried on me in the bucket shops. Such talk as I since have heard on the subject has consisted in great part of surmises and suspicions; of guesses rather than intelligent analyses.

"From all I can gather, Keene was a mining-stock broker in San Francisco before he came East with a fortune and a reputation. He never was a member of the New York Stock Exchange. He probably discovered that he did not have to be, and, indeed, that it was better not to be one. I never had occasion to speak with him about the technic of his manipulation. He wasn't the man to take kindly to questioning of any sort, and least of all about his personal business. His career was picturesque, but all his successes were earned; and so, I may add, were his failures. More than one man who knew him well has told me that Keene was the boldest and most brilliant operator that ever worked in Wall Street. That is saying a great deal, for there have been some great traders. Their names are now all but forgotten, but nevertheless they were kings in their day—for a day! They were pulled up out of obscurity into the sunlight of financial fame by the ticker tape—and the little paper ribbon didn't prove strong enough to keep them there long enough for them to become historical fixtures. At all events Keene was by all odds the best manipulator of his day—and it was a long and exciting day."

It's a Good Trick, Even If He Misses

Keene's Great Campaigns

"HE CAPITALIZED his knowledge of the game, his experience as an operator and his talents when he sold his services to the Havemeyer brothers, who wanted him to develop a market for the Sugar stocks. He was broke at the time or he would have continued to trade on his own hook; and he was some plunger! He was successful with Sugar; made the shares trading favorites, and that made them easily vendible. After that, he was asked time and again to take charge of pools. I am told that in these pool operations he never asked or accepted a fee, but paid for his share like the other members of the pool. The market conduct of the stock, of course, was exclusively in his charge. Often there was talk of treachery—on both sides. His feud with the Whitney-Ryan clique arose from such accusations. It is not difficult for a manipulator to be misunderstood by his associates. They don't see his needs as he himself does. I know this from my own experience.

"It is a matter of regret that Keene did not leave an accurate record of his greatest exploit—the successful manipulation of the U. S. Steel shares in the spring of 1901. As I understand it, Keene never had an interview with J. P. Morgan about it. Morgan's firm dealt with or through Talbot J. Taylor & Co., at whose office Keene made his headquarters. Talbot Taylor was Keene's son-in-law. I am assured that Keene's fee for his work consisted of the pleasure he derived from the work. That he made millions trading in the market he helped to put up that spring is well known. He told a friend of mine that in the course of a few weeks he sold in the open market for the underwriters' syndicate more than seven hundred and fifty thousand shares. Not bad when you consider two things: That they were new and untried stocks of a corporation whose capitalization was greater than the entire debt of the United States at that time; and second, that men like D. G. Reid, W. B. Leeds, the Moore brothers, Henry Phipps, H. C. Frick and the other Steel magnates also sold hundreds of thousands of shares to the public at the same time in the same market that Keene helped to create.

"Of course general conditions favored him. Not only actual business but sentiment and his unlimited financial backing made possible his success. What we had was not merely a big bull market but a boom and a state of mind not likely to be seen again. The undigested-securities panic came later, when Steel common, which Keene had marked up to 55 in 1901, sold at 10 in 1903 and at 8⅞ in 1904.

"You can't analyze Keene's manipulative campaigns, because we have no maps and no knowledge of the movement of his troops. His books are not available; the adequately detailed record is nonexistent. For example, it would be interesting to see how he worked in Amalgamated Copper. H. H. Rogers and William Rockefeller had tried to dispose of their surplus stock in the market and had failed. Finally they asked Keene to market their line, and he agreed. Bear in mind that H. H. Rogers was one of the ablest business men of his day in Wall Street and that William Rockefeller was the boldest speculator of the entire Standard Oil coterie. They had practically unlimited resources and vast prestige as well as years of experience in the stock-market game. And yet they had to go to Keene. I mention this to show you that there are some tasks which it requires a specialist to perform. Here was a widely touted stock, sponsored by America's greatest capitalists, that could not be sold except at a great sacrifice of money and prestige. Rogers and Rockefeller were intelligent enough to decide that Keene alone might help them.

"Keene began to work at once. He had a bull market to work in and sold two hundred and twenty thousand shares of Amalgamated at around par. After he disposed of the insiders' line the public kept on buying and the price went ten points higher. Indeed the insiders got bullish on the stock they had sold when they saw how eagerly the public was taking it. There was a story that Rogers actually advised Keene to go long of Amalgamated. It is scarcely credible that Rogers meant to unload on Keene. He was too shrewd a man not to know that Keene was no bleating lamb. Keene worked as he always did—that is, doing his big selling on the way down after the big rise. Of course his tactical moves were directed by his needs and by the minor currents that changed from day to day. In the stock market, as in warfare, it is well to keep in mind the difference between strategy and tactics."

Gratitude

"ONE of Keene's confidential men—he is the best fly fisherman I know—told me only the other day that during the Amalgamated campaign Keene would find himself almost out of stock one day—that is, out of the stock he had been forced to take in marking up the price—and on the next day he would buy back thousands of shares. On the day after that, he would sell on balance. Then he would leave the market absolutely alone, to see how it would take care of itself and also to accustom it to do so. When it came to the actual marketing of the line he did what I told you: he sold it on the way down. The trading public is always looking for a rally, and, besides, there is the covering by the shorts. There is an account in W. P. Hamilton's book, the Stock Market Barometer, of Keene's Amalgamated campaign. But he does not, of course, give the details of Keene's work, though he does of the results and reasons.

"I heard a story from the man who was closest to Keene during that deal. He says that after Keene sold the Rogers-Rockefeller line for something like twenty or twenty-five million dollars in cash Rogers sent him a check for two hundred thousand. This reminds you of the millionaire's wife who gave the Metropolitan Opera House scrubwoman fifty cents reward for finding the one-hundred-thousand-dollar pearl necklace. Keene sent the check back with a polite note saying he was not a stock broker and that he was glad to have been of some service to them. They kept the check and they wrote him that they would be glad to work with him again. Shortly after that it was that H. H. Rogers gave Keene the friendly tip to buy Amalgamated at around 130!

"A brilliant operator, James R. Keene! His private secretary told me that when the market was going his way Mr. Keene was irascible; and those who knew him say his irascibility was expressed in sardonic phrases that lingered long in the memory of his hearers. But when he was losing he was in the best of humor, a polished man of the world, agreeable, epigrammatic, interesting.

"He had in superlative degree the qualities of mind that are associated with successful speculators anywhere. That he did not argue with the tape is plain. He was utterly

fearless, but never reckless. He could turn in a twinkling if he found he was wrong He made a killing, I have heard, the day after Cleveland's Venezuela message was published. He was heavily long of stocks, but was the first to realize what the effect of the message would be in England, and not only sold out his long stock but went short sixty thousand shares. The next day, as he had foreseen, we had the Venezuela panic.

"I heard a story about him that pleased me because it bore out what I have always claimed. The late Edward D. Jones, one of the founders of Dow, Jones & Co and of the Wall Street Journal, was a man of brilliant mind, amazingly quick perceptions and much experience in Wall Street. Jones retired from Dow, Jones & Co. to associate himself with Talbot J. Taylor & Co., through whom Keene chiefly traded. Jones and an expert studied the Atchison's annual report with a view to eventual market operations in the stock. Their conclusion was that Atchison common was worth about five dollars a share. It was then selling at 46. They showed Keene their figures, and he, having faith in their analysis, as in their integrity, promptly put out a short line in Atchison. He sold twenty-five thousand shares before he stopped; and the reason he stopped then was that he did not like the way the stock acted. He couldn't quite reconcile its behavior with the facts disclosed by the report. He had faith in the analysts, but there was the tape's failure to corroborate them."

Checking Up the Experts

"HE SENT for the expert and asked him whether he was sure of his figures. The expert replied that he'd answer for them with his life; and also that Mr. Jones, of whom Keene was very fond, agreed with his deductions.

"'Well,' said Keene, 'Jones may be right, but the tape doesn't show it.'

"'But Mr. Jones checked up the figures,' insisted the expert.

"'Jones may have checked up your figures, but he isn't my cashier,' said Keene. 'And when the ticker here presents a bill to me for immediate payment it isn't Ed Jones who pays it out of his own pocket. Let me see those figures again.'

"The expert handed Keene the sheets with the figures he had prepared. Keene studied them carefully, and sent for the Atchison annual report and studied that. The man who told me the story was in the room when Keene was poring over the statistics. He says that all of a sudden the old man looked up from the reports and yelled 'Why, that stock is worth par!' and he then and there covered the twenty-five thousand shares he was short of. His buying started up the price, but he didn't wait for a reaction to buy cheap, but kept on buying and didn't quit till he was long forty thousand shares. That line he sold out at 85. Keene's experience and skill as a trader and his ability to study general conditions as well as individual properties made him a great manipulator."

Pioneer's Pay

"SINCE his day there have been so many changes in Stock Exchange rules and so much more rigorous enforcement of old rules, so many new taxes on stock sales and profits, and so on, that the game seems different. Devices that Keene could use with skill and profit can no longer be utilized. Also, we are assured, the business morality of Wall Street is on a higher plane. Nevertheless it is fair to say that in any period of our financial history Keene would have been a great manipulator, because he was a great stock operator and knew the game of speculation from the ground up. He achieved what he did because conditions at the time permitted him to do so. He would have been as successful in his undertakings in 1922 as he was in 1901 or in 1877, when he first came to New York from California and made nine million dollars in two years. There are men whose gait is far quicker than the mob's. They are bound to lead —no matter how much the mob changes.

"As a matter of fact the change is by no means as radical as you'd imagine. The rewards are not so great, for it is no longer pioneer work and therefore it is not pioneer's pay. But in certain respects manipulation is easier than it was; in other ways much harder than in Keene's day

"There is no question that advertising is an art, and manipulation is the art of advertising through the medium of the tape," continued Larry Livingston. "The tape

(Continued on Page 138

"Oh, Doctor, You Simply Must Put Him on His Feet!"

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER VII

THE five-o'clock train, having given itself a spasmodic jerk, began to move slowly out of Paddington Station. The platform past which it was gliding was crowded with a number of the fauna always to be seen at railway stations at such moments, but in their ranks there was no sign of Mr. Ralston McTodd; and Psmith, as he sat opposite Lord Emsworth in a corner seat of a first-class compartment, felt that genial glow of satisfaction which comes to the man who has successfully taken a chance. Until now he had been half afraid that McTodd, having changed his mind, might suddenly appear with bag and baggage—an event which must necessarily have caused confusion and discomfort. His mind was now tranquil. Concerning the future he declined to worry. It would, no doubt, contain its little difficulties, but he was prepared to meet them in the right spirit; and his only trouble in the world now was the difficulty which he was experiencing in avoiding his lordship's legs, which showed a disposition to pervade the compartment like the tentacles of an octopus. Lord Emsworth rather ran to leg, and his practice of reclining when at ease on the base of his spine was causing him to straddle, like Apollyon in Pilgrim's Progress, right across the way.

It became manifest that in a journey lasting several hours his society was likely to prove irksome. For the time being, however, he endured it, and listened with polite attention to his host's remarks on the subject of the Blandings gardens. Lord Emsworth, in a train moving in the direction of home, was behaving like a horse heading for his stable. He snorted eagerly, and spoke at length and with emotion of roses and herbaceous borders.

She Clasped Psmith's Hand, and in a Soft Voice, Like Thick Cream Made Audible, Uttered One Reverent Word: "Maître!" "I Beg Your Pardon?" Said Psmith

"It will be dark, I suppose, by the time we arrive," he said regretfully; "but the first thing tomorrow, my dear fellow, I must take you round and show you my gardens."

"I shall look forward to it keenly," said Psmith. "They are, I can readily imagine, distinctly oojah-cum-spiff."

"I beg your pardon?" said Lord Emsworth with a start.

"Not at all," said Psmith graciously.

"Er—what did you say?" asked his lordship after a slight pause.

"I was saying that, from all reports, you must have a very nifty display of garden produce at your rural seat."

"Oh, yes! Oh, most!" said his lordship, looking puzzled. He examined Psmith across the compartment with something of the peering curiosity which he would have bestowed upon a new and unclassified shrub. "Most extraordinary!" he murmured. "I trust, my dear fellow, you will not think me personal, but do you know nobody would imagine that you were a poet. You don't look like a poet, and, dash it, you don't talk like a poet!"

"How should a poet talk?"

"Well"—Lord Emsworth considered the point—"well, Miss Peavey—but of course you don't know Miss Peavey—Miss Peavey is a poetess, and she waylaid me the other morning while I was having a most important conference with McAllister on the subject of bulbs and asked me if I didn't think that it was fairies' tear-drops that made the dew. Did you ever hear such dashed nonsense?"

"Evidently an aggravated case. Is Miss Peavey staying at the castle?"

"Is she? You couldn't shift her with blasting powder. Really, this craze of my sister Constance for filling the house with these infernal literary people is getting on my nerves. I can't stand these poets and what not. Never could."

"We must always remember, however," said Psmith gravely, "that poets are also God's creatures."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his lordship, aghast. "I had forgotten that you were one. What will you think of me, my dear fellow? But of course, as I said a moment ago, you are different. I admit that when Constance told me that she had invited you to the house I was not cheered, but now that I have had the pleasure of meeting you ——"

The conversation had worked round to the very point to which Psmith had been wishing to direct it. He was keenly desirous of finding out why Mr. McTodd had been invited to Blandings, and—a still more vital matter—of ascertaining whether, on his arrival there as Mr. McTodd's understudy, he was going to meet people who knew the poet by sight. On this latter point, it seemed to him, hung the question of whether he was about to enjoy a delightful visit to a historic country house in the society of Eve Halliday—or leave the train at the next stop and omit to return to it.

"It was extremely kind of Lady Constance," he hazarded, "to invite a perfect stranger to Blandings."

"Oh, she's always doing that sort of thing," said his lordship. "It didn't matter to her that she'd never seen you in her life. She had read your books, you know, and liked them; and when she heard that you were coming to England she wrote to you."

"I see," said Psmith, relieved.

"Of course it is all right as it has turned out," said Lord Emsworth handsomely. "As I say, you're different. And how you came to write that—that——"

"Bilge?" suggested Psmith.

"The very word I was about to employ, my dear fellow. No, no, I don't mean that! I—I capital stuff, no doubt, capital stuff; but——"

"I understand."

"Constance tried to make me read the things, but I couldn't. I fell asleep over them."

"I hope you rested well."

"I—er—the fact is, I suppose they were beyond me. I couldn't see what it was all about."

"If you would care to have another pop at them," said Psmith agreeably, "I have a complete set in my bag."

"No, no, my dear fellow! Thank you very much, thank you a thousand times! I—er—find that reading in the train tries my eyes."

"Ah, you would prefer that I read them aloud?"

"No, no!" A look of hunted alarm came into his lordship's speaking countenance at the suggestion. "As a matter of fact, I generally take a short nap at the beginning of a railway journey. I find it refreshing and—er—in short, refreshing. You will excuse me?"

"If you think you can get to sleep all right without the aid of my poems, certainly."

"You won't think me rude?"

"Not at all, not at all. By the way, am I likely to meet any old friends at Blandings?"

"Eh? Oh, no! There will be nobody but ourselves. Except my sister and Miss Peavey, of course. You said you had not met Miss Peavey, I think?"

"I have not had that pleasure. I am, of course, looking forward to it with the utmost keenness."

Lord Emsworth eyed him for a moment, astonished; then concluded the conversation by closing his eyes defensively. Psmith was left to his reflections, which a few minutes later were interrupted by a smart kick on the shin, as Lord Emsworth, a jumpy sleeper, began to throw his long legs about. Psmith moved to the other end of the seat, and taking his bag down from the rack extracted a slim volume bound in squashy mauve. After gazing at this in an unfriendly manner for a moment, he opened it at random and began to read. His first move on leaving Lord Emsworth at the florist's had been to spend a portion of his slender capital on the works of Ralston McTodd in order not to be taken at a disadvantage in the event of questions about them at Blandings; but he speedily realized, as he dipped into the poems, that anything in the nature of a prolonged study of them was likely to spoil his little holiday. They were not light summer reading.

Across the pale parabola of joy ——

A gurgling snort from the other end of the compartment abruptly detached his mind from its struggle with this mystic line. He perceived that his host had slipped even farther down onto his spine and was now lying with open mouth in an attitude suggestive of dislocation. And as he looked there was a whistling sound, and from the back of his lordship's throat there proceeded another snore.

Psmith rose and took his book of poems out into the corridor with the purpose of roaming along the train until he should find an empty compartment in which to read in peace. With the two adjoining compartments he had no luck. One was occupied by an elderly man with a retriever, while the presence of a baby in the other ruled it out of

consideration. The third, however, looked more promising. It was not actually empty, but there was only one occupant, and he was asleep. He was lying back in the far corner with a large silk handkerchief draped over his face and his feet propped up on the seat opposite. His society did not seem likely to act as a bar to the study of Mr. McTodd's masterpieces. Psmith sat down and resumed his reading.

Across the pale parabola of joy ——

Psmith knitted his brow. It was just the sort of line which was likely to have puzzled his patroness, Lady Constance, and he anticipated that she would come to him directly he arrived and ask for an explanation. It would obviously be a poor start for his visit to confess that he had no theory as to its meaning himself. He read it again and tried to evolve one.

Across the pale parabola of joy ——

A sound like two or three pigs feeding rather noisily in the middle of a thunderstorm interrupted his meditations. Psmith laid his book down and gazed in a pained way across the compartment. The silk handkerchief was heaving gently like seaweed on a ground swell. He felt aggrieved, and there came to him a sense of being unfairly put upon, as towards the end of his troubles it might have come upon Job. This, he felt, was too much. He was being harried.

The man in the corner went on snoring.

There is always a way. Almost immediately Psmith saw what Napoleon would have done in this crisis. On the seat beside the sleeper was lying a compact little suitcase with hard, sharp edges. Rising softly, Psmith edged along the compartment and secured this. Then, having balanced it carefully on the rack above the sleeper's stomach, he returned to his seat to await developments.

These were not long in coming. The train, now flying at its best speed through open country, was shaking itself at intervals in a vigorous way as it raced along. A few seconds later it apparently passed over some points and shivered briskly down its whole length. The suitcase wabbled insecurely, hesitated, and fell chunkily in the exact middle of its owner's waistcoat. There was a smothered gulp beneath the handkerchief. The sleeper sat up with a jerk. The handkerchief fell off. And there was revealed to Psmith's interested gaze the face of the Hon. Freddie Threepwood.

II

"GOO!" observed Freddie. He removed the bag from his midriff and began to massage the stricken spot. Then, suddenly perceiving that he was not alone, he looked up and saw Psmith.

"Goo!" said Freddie, and sat staring wildly.

Nobody is more alive than we are to the fact that the dialogue of Freddie Threepwood, recorded above, is not bright. Nevertheless, those were his opening remarks, and the excuse must be that he had passed through a trying time and had just received two shocks, one after the other. From the first of these, the physical impact of the suitcase, he was recovering; but the second had simply paralyzed him. When, the mists of sleep having cleared away, he saw sitting but a few feet away from him on the train that was carrying him home the very man with whom he had plotted in the lobby of the Piccadilly Palace Hotel, a cold fear gripped Freddie's very vitals.

Freddie's troubles had begun when he just missed the 12:50 train. This disaster had perturbed him greatly, for he could not forget his father's stern injunctions on the subject. But what had really upset him was the fact that he had come within an ace of missing the five o'clock train as well. He had spent the afternoon in a motion-picture palace, and the fascination of the film had caused him to lose all sense of time, so that only the slow fade-out on the embrace and the words "The End" reminded him to look at his watch. A mad rush had got him to Paddington just as the five-o'clock express was leaving the station. Exhausted, he had fallen into a troubled sleep, from which he had been aroused by a violent blow in the waistcoat and the nightmare vision of Psmith in the seat across the compartment. One cannot wonder in these circumstances that Freddie did not immediately soar to the heights of eloquence.

The picture which the Hon. Frederick Threepwood had selected for his patronage that afternoon was the well-known super-superfilm Fangs of the Past, featuring Bertha Blevitch and Maurice Heddlestone, which, as everybody knows, is all about blackmail. Green-walled by primeval hills, bathed in the golden sunshine of peace and happiness, the village of Honeydean slumbered in the clear morning air. But off the train from the city stepped a stranger [The Stranger, Maxwell Bannister]. He inquired of a passing rustic—[The Passing Rustic, Claude Hepworth]—the way to the great house where Myrtle Dale, the Lady Bountiful of the village—well, anyway, it is all about blackmail and it had affected Freddie profoundly. It still colored his imagination, and the conclusion to which he came the moment he saw Psmith was that the latter had shadowed him and was following him home with the purpose of extracting hush money. And as the vision of Lady Constance rose before his eyes, and he remembered how he had asked this man before him to steal her necklace, damp perspiration beaded Freddie's forehead and he strove in vain for speech. While he was still gurgling wordlessly, Psmith opened the conversation.

"A delightful and unexpected encounter, Comrade Threepwood. I thought you had left the metropolis some hours since."

Freddie looked like a cornered dormouse. The mention of his name had confirmed his worst fears.

"I was sure, when I saw you at the hotel, that we had met before; but it was only later that I managed to place you. The solution of the mystery is a pleasing and joyful one. We were at Eton together, Comrade Threepwood. Not intimates, alas, for you were some years my junior, and the charm of your personality, now so marked, had not then developed. Still, it is possible that you may remember me."

At this moment a voice from the corridor spoke.

"Ah, there you are, my dear fellow!"

Lord Emsworth was beaming in the doorway. His slumbers, like those of Freddie, had not lasted long. He had been aroused only a few minutes after Psmith's departure by the arrival of the retriever from the next compartment which, bored by the society of its owner, had strolled off on a tour of investigation, and finding next door an old acquaintance in the person of his lordship had jumped on the seat and licked his face with such hearty good will that further sleep was out of the question. Being awake, Lord Emsworth, as always when he was awake, had begun to potter. When he saw Freddie his amiability suffered a shock.

"Frederick! I thought I told you to be sure to return on the 12:50 train!"

"Missed it, guv'nor," mumbled Freddie thickly. "Not my fault."

"H'mph!" His father seemed about to pursue the subject, but the fact that a stranger, and one who was his guest, was present apparently decided him to avoid anything in the shape of family wrangles. He peered from Freddie to Psmith and back again. "Do you two know each other?" he said.

"Not yet," said Psmith quickly. "We only met a moment ago."

"My son Frederick," said Lord Emsworth, rather in the voice with which he would have called attention to the presence of a slug among his flowers. "Frederick, this is Mr. McTodd, the poet, who is coming to stay at Blandings."

Freddie started, and his mouth opened. But, meeting Psmith's friendly gaze, he closed the orifice again without speaking. He licked his lips in an overwrought way.

"You'll find me next door if you want

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The Hon. Frederick Threepwood Was Embracing a Young Woman in the Dress of a Housemaid

THE GROWING GOLF GERM

By Bozeman Bulger

THERE was a golf tournament in Pittsburgh not so many months ago, and the medalist the player to make the low score of the qualifying round—was a railroad fireman. He took another man's engine run the night before so as to get in his golf round with the first flight of entries in the morning. When it came down to match play—the elimination contests the finalists were a bank clerk and a city policeman. The cop, I believe, won the cup.

There we have a pretty fair picture of what golf has done to this country within the past ten years; how it has taken class distinction by the nape of the neck and shaken it to pieces. Golf is no joking matter now.

I say ten years, because it was just eleven years ago that three of us attempted to write and produce a little farce-comedy sketch for vaudeville. We had an Englishman in the piece, but found difficulty in making him funny; in fixing him definitely as the silly-ass type so that the audience would laugh just at the sight of him.

"Cinch," decided the director, after many failures. "Put a bag of golf sticks over his shoulder and call him Van Cortlandt Parks."

It was so ordered. That bag of golf clubs was good for at least three laughs in every theater in the country. To follow up the comedy point, we had the contrasting character, a messenger boy, filch Pete Dailey's old line in which he described the game of golf as a sport "where a lot of old men in their second childhood got out in a cow pasture and walloped a little white ball. The man who found the ball was the winner."

Now see what has happened! Historians and statisticians of the old Scotch game estimate that there are 2750 golf courses in the United States, and that there are 850,000 members. There are more than this. It is impossible to tab the number of people who play on the public courses of the many cities. As this is being written, those who compile the golf guidebooks are in a hopeless tangle of figures. New courses are being built so rapidly, many in remote rural districts, that the listing experts and the printers cannot possibly keep up.

A golfer's mind naturally runs to figures, and it is no trouble to get statistics, provided you are good at mathematics and are not too careless with your zeros. For instance, the editor of one golf guide furnishes the information that the average amount of dues paid by a club member is $100 a year. That makes $85,000,000 in dues alone.

There are barrels of statistics at hand. Just one more: This authority has boiled the figures down to where he knows there are 1,577,400 golfers in the world who pay club dues. He adds to this about 200,000 casuals, as he calls them, who play on public links, bringing the grand total up to 1,777,400 men and women who spend their days walloping the little pill and trying to find it.

Pleasures of the Home-Made Course

THAT you may appreciate the ease and grace with which a golfer drops into statistics, I quote a leading authority who has just balanced his books for the fall:

"It is only a step to count the golf costs of the various nations. Taking as a base the extra railway fares—yearly, extra equipment, caddie fees, dues and initiation fees, we reach a total of $340,510,000. Of this the United States pays $165,000,000. The United Kingdom, with lower fees and less traveling distances, spends $66,090,000."

He adds that France spends $3,780,000, but dismisses that as trivial.

"Does that include the cost of the courses or links?" I inquired, somewhat bewildered.

"Oh, not at all," he replied, smiling indulgently. "The average cost of constructing a regular eighteen-hole course is around $45,000."

"Which takes in the cost of the land, of course?"

"It is not a matter to joke about," he pleasantly rebuked me. "Certainly not. The cost of the land is entirely another matter, and is not figured in the outlay. Good land can be got for from twenty dollars to $500 an acre, and it takes from 110 to 120 acres for an eighteen-hole course. Now that you have those facts, it is simple enough to run up the figures, and you'll arrive at an accurate total."

Away from that man, we tried it several times. The answer is that there are millions and millions of dollars invested in golf courses, and they are spending it faster than we can add. Out of the jumble we did arrive at the conclusion that in the United States 330,000 acres of land have been converted into golf links. To estimate the value or cost of this land would be a hopeless waste of time. In the rural sections it is quite common for neighboring farmers to chip in a strip of land so as to have a golf course for the general good of the community.

"Does Take Some Science to Do That, Doesn't It?" He Commented. "How Far Do You Reck'n That One Went?"

A well-known economist was out in Iowa attempting to get some idea as to how much land had been withdrawn from its productive function and devoted to golf.

"It's still producing," an elderly farmer explained to him. "Golf's added more to my life than corn and wheat would ever have done. As George Ade said, 'Golf is the only thing that ever gave a retired farmer anything to live for.'"

The particular golf course that evoked this discussion is located near three small towns and is more than forty miles from a city. Practically every farmer in the section is a member. They built it themselves, and to suit themselves, without the aid of a golf architect or an expert.

"If," the farmer explained to the economist, "we had built it under the direction of a man who knew his business we wouldn't have had so much fun changing it. We're not going to change it more, though. I did the course in ninety-two last week, and that figure's got to stand for a while."

While the enthusiasm for golf has grown without the slightest cessation among all classes of people in the big cities, it is in the farming sections where the game has taken a surprising hold. About ten years ago the links at Savannah, Georgia, for instance, formed the only course in Southeast Georgia. Last year there was a tournament down there for the championship of a league of small-town courses. Nine clubs were represented, very few of these being in towns of more than 5000 inhabitants.

In addition to giving the men and women in rural sections a game to play in the daytime and talk about at night, these country clubs have proved doubly attractive in furnishing social-gathering centers. Every little town now has, or soon will have, a place to entertain visitors.

The athletic girl in tweeds or other sport clothes is almost as familiar a figure around the farms nowadays as around the summer resorts.

The more enthusiastic of our golfing population insist that within a very few years the game will have done more than any other one thing toward killing the movement from the farms to the cities; that people will get back to the old idea that the real place for social life is the country, as in England.

Aside from its aid to health and the spice it gives to declining years, they claim that the attractiveness that golf adds to rural life is its great value to society in general.

But for an early prejudice against a game that serious-minded citizens used to refer to scornfully as hillside pool or cow-pasture billiards, it is likely that the country would now be dotted with golf courses from one coast to the other. The wealth of space in the United States and the comparative cheapness of land make it the natural golf center of the world.

Patience Rewarded

OUR pioneer golfers found it impossible to overcome this prejudice by argument. The only way was to implant the germ and let the disease take its natural spread. It is of record that no man who has played golf has ever attempted to dissuade another from starting. It is also of record that no golf course has ever fallen into disuse except when the club members wanted to build a better one. Right there is the secret of the amazing growth. People who thought golf a sort of fad have found it to be really an incurable, delightful disease.

In our town there is an old gentleman, seventy years old, who used to drive his buggy by a near-by golf course and sniff with a sort of mean satisfaction when he saw men in knickerbockers searching around for a lost ball.

"If I ever raised a boy up to act like that well, huh!"

One day, I assure you this is not fiction, this old gentleman was standing on the other side of a rail fence from the links when a ball fell near him.

"Say, won't you knock that over here?" called out one of the players, a man he knew, and tossed him a wooden driver.

Our golf hater examined the queer-looking instrument for a moment and then swung it disgustedly at the ball. By luck, sense of direction or what not, he hit it squarely on the nose, the ball going over a hundred yards on a line. His eyes lighted. He had been stung by the virus.

"Let's see that thing again," he asked of one of the younger men, climbing the rail fence. They winked at each other and teed up a ball for him. Again he gave it a good clout.

"Does take some science to do that, doesn't it?" he commented. "How far do you reck'n that one went?"

Any golfer knows the rest.

Never since has that old gentleman made two such drives, but he will go to his grave trying.

The first ambition a golfer gets is to make a hole in one, as it is called—drive the ball into the distant cup with but one stroke from the tee. In our town they have a custom of giving a finely made club as a trophy to any golfer who makes a hole in one. This last summer our elderly friend not only claimed it but brought a delegation of supporting witnesses with him. Also, he had news of the event telephoned to the sporting editor of the paper.

"Yes," he said, explaining it for the hundredth time to all who would listen, "I knew I'd do it if I kept trying. I've kept my score cards for every game I've played since I started—and I made my hole in one on my twenty-three thousand three hundred and ninety-sixth stroke."

We have one citizen who gained lasting prominence by making a hole in one the first game he ever played.

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A Happy Day in the Wide-Open Spaces

By Katharine Dayton

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IT SEEMS almost superfluous to remark here that these United—as one so often hears them called—States were not nearly so much so before the introduction of the automobile. Indeed, I think we are all agreed that there was a time well within the memory of the majority of my readers—let me see your hands, please, if I am mistaken—when a journey beyond the confines of one's native state necessitated the purchase of red-glass mugs inscribed in white initials with Atlantic City, N. J., Peapack, N. J., and the like; or a couple of very small and perfectly useless spoons or papercutters with Mt. Pocono, Pa., enameled on them, for the stay-at-homes.

But all this has been changed. Today, thanks to the automobile, anyone can go anywhere at any time—but particularly on Sunday.

Take the Ed Grows, for instance. They have a five-passenger Midge; but, my goodness, they'd never think of starting out of a Sunday with less than six or eight people in it! There's always Ed himself, and Mrs. Ed, and the two children, and Ed's mother, who lives with them, and Mrs. Ed's sister and her husband—well, you see they have a good-sized crowd right there without going outside the family, though they very often throw in the next-door neighbors' little boy just for good measure, because everyone agrees that the car rides much easier if it's well weighted down.

Remembers She Forgot to Tell Helga to Empty the Water From the Ice Chest

Yes, almost any Sunday morning you can see the Grows packing themselves and their lunch into the Midge preparatory to spending the day in the open spaces, which we used to call the country. Mr. Grow has for years made no secret of the fact that, to him, Nature—not suburbs, you understand, but regular, straight, honest-to-goodness Nature, with farms and fields and rocks and brooks and everything—has always seemed kinda quiet; while Mrs. Grow, on the other hand, has held to the philosophy that in this life you must just take your good time with you. The latter's sound theory the five-passenger Midge has at last made practicable.

The Ice Chest as a Leitmotif

FOR this is exactly what the Grows do. They take their good time with them, into the depths of primeval woods whose cool jade cloisters of old never echoed to a barber-shop chord; into the gentle, resting fields and quiet lanes where Lo, the poor Indian, has been superseded by Moe, the ice-cream-cone vender; into lakes whose sparkling blue-and-silver breasts only a few years ago first felt the stab of a condensed-milk tin, for at last the open spaces are wide open!

Yes, practically every Sunday you may see Mr. Grow getting her—meaning the Midge—ready. And three doors farther down Juniper Street his brother, Mr. Will Grow, is doing the same thing to his snappy little four-cylinder Pudge. For the two families are wont to combine forces, not to say foodstuffs, on these expeditions, in the unshakable conviction that, as Mrs. Grow puts it, the more the merrier.

In the Midge will go the party referred to earlier in this article, and in the Pudge will be Mr. and Mrs. Will Grow; their daughter, Minette; her girl friend, Ella Schmaltz; Minette's boy friend, Milt Wallace, and a friend of Milt's who is known formally as Mr. Fish and informally as Snippy—just enough to have a good time, you see. The start is to be at nine o'clock—only theoretically, that is, for anyone knows that it's impossible to get off a party like that before ten at the earliest.

Everyone Agrees That the Car Rides Much Easier if it's Well Weighted Down

Such preparations as are going on in those two houses! Although it has been known right along that this is the week the Ed Grows bring roast-beef sandwiches and the Will Grows lettuce, and that the Ed Grows' vacuum bottle will harbor coffee while the Will Grows supply tea, there are a hundred and one little things to be seen to at the last minute. And even when everybody and everything has been scientifically stowed away where he, she or it, as the case may be, will do not necessarily the most good but the least harm, there are bound to be anywhere from three to five false starts. Someone must be extricated from the human pyramid to run back and tell Helga to be sure to lock the back door when she goes out; it goes without saying that Grandma Grow's glasses are forgotten, and someone must look for them in the right-hand corner of the upper left-hand bureau drawer under the handkerchief case, only to return panting and unsuccessful to the car to find that grandma had them in her bag all the time; and what more natural than that the hitherto overlooked salt for the hard-boiled eggs should be recollected at the very last moment by Mrs. Ed Grow's sister, who forgot it the week before? All of which takes time and forces Mr. Grow to scorch, as he used to say when he courted Mrs. Grow on a bicycle, in order to make Lake Lappadocia by one o'clock.

One would imagine that a period of rest and relaxation would follow the tension of the start, but not so. Hardly are they bowling smoothly along the turnpike car tracks—just far enough from home so it's too late to turn around and just near enough to make it aggravating—when Mrs. Ed Grow remembers that she forgot to tell Helga to empty the water from the ice chest. Condensing the agitated twenty-minute monologue by Mrs. Grow which follows, it appears that Helga's chief fault, among a glittering galaxy, is that she has absolutely no head, and in consequence everybody's day will be not at all what it ought to have been, owing to the dripping-ice-chest leitmotif, which will run through all Mrs. Grow's thoughts and conversation.

Another thing that contributes to the general atmosphere of unrest which permeates the Ed Grows' car is the community spirit in which it is driven. Though Mr. Grow is nominally in charge of the wheel, everyone really helps; and not alone with suggestions as to the route, and so forth.

Aboard the Midge

WHEN Mr. Grow decides to take a chance and pass one of those big clumsy limousines that are always taking up the whole road and that the Grows wouldn't own for a thousand dollars, his passengers are behind him to a man; when a collision is avoided by a hairbreadth the imprecations hurled at the other fellow are unanimous; and when Mr. Grow wishes to turn a corner or stop in traffic, not only his hand and the little mechanical hand on the back of the car—the Grows' car has just about everything you ever heard of in the way of cute devices—but the hand of every one of the car's occupants shoots out in no matter what direction, the slightly confusing effect of the Midge from the rear being rather like that of a snowball bush in full bloom.

The Youngest Grow Child is Stung by a Bee

Mr. Grow, as we have mentioned before, gets little opportunity for the practice of driving except Saturdays and Sundays, and he makes no pretense to expertness; but he does admit to a certain natural-born flair for mechanics that enables him to get the very best out of the Midge in ways quite original with him. It is a matter of record that once when she refused to go, and everyone had taken turns peering into the radiator and offering advice, he simply lifted her by the rear wheels and shook her—and off she started! The case was never satisfactorily diagnosed, although Grandma Grow has always contended that it must have been the mainspring.

But we must get on or we shall never reach the open spaces, not to mention lunch, which is to be the high peak of the day. The question of where lunch shall be eaten has been on the tapis, as the French so quaintly put it, in both cars almost since the beginning, the Grow children having introduced it less than half an hour after leaving home.

By the way, from our constant references to the Ed Grows you may accuse us of neglecting the Will Grows party. Such, we assure you, is not in the least the case. It is simply that in the Ed Grows' car the

There to Hurl Cans Into Nature's Own Garbage Can

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THE POOR OLD NINCOMPOOP

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

SINCE James Montgomery Mitchell had gone there to work five years before he had been variously spoken of by members of the advertising department at the Wingfield Optical Company as a quiet fellow, a kind of a retiring chap, a man without much get-up-and-get to him, a stand-offer and a perfect clam.

The things that the Wingfield advertising department called him, however, were as nothing in comparison with the things that James Montgomery Mitchell called himself. He used to stand in front of his mirror when he came home at five o'clock and mention to his reflection that he was an unmitigated ass and a blithering idiot and a lowdown doormat and a good-for-nothing dishrag and a nerveless pup and a poor old pie-eyed nincompoop. James was rather clever in the way of thinking of things to call himself. He was rather clever anyway, only it was not generally known, because James had never found it out himself and told other people. In five years the nearest that he had come to recognition was to have Old Arkwright, the advertising manager, when there was a foursome waiting at the links, O. K. his copy without reading it—and even that James never knew.

James Montgomery Mitchell was a tall young man with a small apologetic stoop. He had pale, rather startled looking hair that stood up straight from a high forehead, and pale, rather startled looking eyes that rested habitually on the floor or the ground or whatever lay in that direction. But he had also a well-cut mouth and rather a nice firm chin, which no one knew much about because he was accustomed to keep them hidden under a nervous hand. James Montgomery Mitchell was the kind of young man whose first name was never shortened into Jim, or whose middle name was never shortened into Monty, or whose last name was never shortened into Mitch.

The worst thing about James Montgomery Mitchell was that he was shy. But he was not merely shy. His shyness took the particular form of dreading the sound of his own voice.

"One-Two-Three-Four-Five," He Murmured. "Good Morning, Miss Lee. May I Carry Your Umbrella?"

On the two hundred and seventh working day in the fifth year of his service with the Wingfield Optical Company, James Montgomery Mitchell reached the office at ten minutes of nine, as was his custom, and seated himself at his desk. No one else was there. He turned over some proofs that had come in the night before and began to go through them. Presently Old Arkwright arrived

"Hello!" he roared with the good humor left over from a good breakfast. "Been right here all night?"

James Montgomery Mitchell looked up; then he looked down; then he swallowed once or twice. He tried to make some appropriately facetious reply; then he tried to make any reply at all. He tried to say yes, he had. He tried to say no, he hadn't. And finally what he did say was "Good morning."

Old Arkwright slammed into the glass box in one corner of the department which was his semiprivate office, and slammed himself into his chair. As far as he thought about James at all, he thought that he was a good worker who never would get anywhere because he did not have any get-up-and-get to him. James bent lower over his proofs and hid himself away behind the post that stood conveniently at the corner of his desk.

Other members of the department began to come in. Kitty Bellew, Arkwright's secretary, came in sweetly beaming. Kitty Bellew had an intense personal interest in all the people on earth except the women and children and girls and James Montgomery Mitchell. Tom Beecher, the veteran copy writer, came. McFadden, the circulation agent, came. His two assistants, Mary and Rose, came Joe, the bundle boy, Lennox, who did the trade-paper layouts, Butler, the dealer-helps man, came. To each of them in turn James muttered a half-audible good morning

At nine o'clock exactly the door opened and in came Miss Sylvia Lee. Miss Lee was the idol of the department It seemed almost incredible to every man in it that such a little perfect thing as she should be earning her living in the big rough business world. James, peering round the post, saw her coming and tried to make ready for her approach. He tried to look up and smile at her as she passed; tried to clear the huskiness from his voice so that he could greet her. And then at the critical moment he gave way to panic, dashed a box of paper clips to the floor and plunged headforemost into the hole under his desk in pursuit of them. Sylvia Lee tripped past, casting bright nods about her as she went. James saw her Oxfords hurry past close to his degraded nose.

It was quite ten minutes later that the door burst open for the last time—"burst" is exactly the word—and Carter Fairbanks dashed in—"dashed" is again the word. If anyone had stopped to think of it, it would have seemed almost miraculous that Carter Fairbanks could have subdued all that energy long enough to be late anywhere. But he not only managed that almost every morning, but he managed to take everyone's breath away sufficiently so that it was little noted.

"Well, cheer-o, everybody!" he called out to the department in general. And then, "Hello Mr. Arkwright! Good morning! Glad to see you here on time!"

And having thus forestalled official reprimand, he swung across the room, giving a resounding slap to James' post as he went, and dropped down at the desk beside Sylvia Lee. Sylvia Lee was Carter Fairbanks' assistant on the Wingfield Eye, the magazine issued by the company for its trade.

"Good morning, Miss Lee," James could hear him saying. "Got my day's work done?"

James craned at them over his shoulder. He could see Sylvia Lee looking up with the demure twinkle that was characteristic of her

"Well, almost," she said. "There are just two or three little things I saved for you There's that next issue to plan Now, I thought ——"

They drew their chairs closer together and bent their heads over the same piece of paper.

That night James Montgomery Mitchell stood in front of his mirror and said to his reflection that he was a poor old pie-eyed nincompoop. Then he made an addition to his favorite name for himself. He said that he was a poor old shy-eyed, pie-eyed, dyed-in-the-wool nincompoop. Then he went down to the cafeteria for dinner and hid himself behind a newspaper while he ate so that the person on the other side of the table would not speak to him.

When he had finished reading the front page and the sporting page and the financial page and the editorials and the jokes James came at last upon that useful column labeled How to Succeed. James read it through. He had often read it before, but its suggestions had always seemed oddly ill adapted to his needs.

"Be modest," had been yesterday's text. "Show deference to your superiors"; and the day before "Efface yourself. Remember that your work is more important than you are." James Montgomery Mitchell could not have effaced himself further without disappearing. But today the subheading was of a different flavor. "Tell the world about yourself," it commanded.

James glanced on down the column. "It may be," he read, "that you alone of all the people on earth know how bright you really are."

He grinned—James Montgomery Mitchell was not without a sense of humor. Then he read on. He learned that if he had hidden his talent in the earth he ought to dig it out and put it in the show case. He ought not to shrink into himself, but to expand until he filled his position in life to bursting, and was automatically shot out of it into a higher sphere.

"It is the impulses that count," the paper said. "Cast off your outer shell of crabbed shyness and give way to the instincts and impulses that make up the spontaneous you yourself. If at first you find difficulty in doing this it may prove helpful to follow some mechanical device for forcing yourself to be impulsive. You might resolve, for instance, at half-hour intervals to follow out exactly the impulse of the moment. You might ——"

"Oh, bunk!" said James aloud, and cast his paper to the floor and rose.

"Did you speak to me?" said a voice at his elbow—a calm, sweet, familiar, terrifying voice that made James think for one bewildered instant that he was back in the advertising department at the Wingfield Optical Company.

He looked wildly round. At the next table, her dark eyes brimming with merriment, sat Sylvia Lee. She was laughing at him. So much James knew in a glance; for all practical purposes he knew nothing more.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I'm sorry . . . I didn't mean to disturb you. . . . I —— "

Then he gathered up his hat and his check and stumbled from her presence—out of the restaurant, up the street, up the stairs and into his own room. Then he sat down in the chair by the window and cursed himself for a poor old shy-eyed, pie-eyed, dyed-in-the-wool nincompoop, who didn't have sense enough to shake hands with Opportunity when Opportunity not only knocked but opened the door and extended the right hand of fellowship through the crack.

It was quite half an hour before it occurred to him that to cry out "Oh, bunk!" in the middle of the rush hour at a restaurant and to dash one's paper on the floor and spring to one's feet is rather an impulsive way in which to act. He was amazed that he had it in him to be impulsive. Finally he said to himself that, of course, all this impulse stuff was the worst kind of tommyrot; but all the same he ought to talk more. Perhaps if he did —— Tomorrow, he decided, he would begin to talk more. Every time he thought of something to say he would count five and then say it. James Montgomery Mitchell grinned sheepishly at his own decision.

The next morning it rained. James, with his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down, strode along oblivious of the weather, repeating to the rhythm of his footsteps, "One-two-three-four-five; one-two-three-four-five; one-two-three-four-five." And so it was that without knowing that he was going to, he overtook Sylvia Lee. In the moment of realization James hesitated—stopped—strode on again.

A tall young man cannot stand stock-still in the midst of a pouring May-day rain without being remarked as odd. Besides, Sylvia Lee was turning—had turned. Their eyes met. In the eyes of Sylvia Lee, James could read a laughing recollection of their last meeting. James swallowed hard.

"One-two-three-four-five," he murmured. "Good morning, Miss Lee. It's very wet, isn't it? May I carry your umbrella? You look as sunshiny as if there were no such thing as rain."

James gasped at the very magnificence of his effort. Close to the corner of Sylvia Lee's mouth a small-sized dimple appeared.

"One-two-three-four-five," she answered promptly. "Good morning, Mr. Mitchell. Yes, it is very wet. Thank you for taking my umbrella. It's very kind of you to notice how I look on such a rainy day."

James Montgomery Mitchell grew slowly and completely crimson. A nervous hand hovered round his chin

"I didn't know——" he began, and stopped.

"You didn't know that you said it loud enough for me to hear," Sylvia Lee interpreted.

And then while he hesitated, groping for words, she went on. "Aside from that, though," she said, "it was a very nice impulse, and you did it very well."

James gasped in sheer unbelief.

"Are you a mind reader?" he blurted

Sylvia Lee laughed deliciously.

"Yes," she said. "I'm a witch, and I brew my charms in a magic kettle as big as the moon on the edge of the Shaking Bog. But as a matter of fact, this particular magic I got out of a newspaper that a young man left at the table next to mine last night. And when I had read in that paper about how anyone could follow his instincts and impulses and get to be a spontaneous he himself, and then the very next morning the very same young man came up to me and said 'One-two-three-four-five—isn't it raining hard?' why, naturally I put two and two together and made one-two-three-four."

Sylvia Lee stopped, and then James strode beside her through the rain and said nothing.

"Are you very mad?" asked Sylvia at last.

"Yes," said James, "at myself. I'm such a such a—dub."

It was the simplest thing that James Montgomery Mitchell had ever called himself.

Sylvia Lee did not contradict him. She was obviously thinking of something else.

"I should think you would have lots of fun," she said.

"Fun!" said James Montgomery Mitchell. "Fun!"

"Yes," said Sylvia, "fun. Fun playing this one-two-three-four-five game, I mean."

"Game!" cried James, outraged. "This is no game for me."

"But it could be," said Sylvia. "You could make it a game. When you had a certain number of points you could give yourself a prize."

"Yes," James scoffed. "I could give myself part of my salary to buy my meals with."

"You know I didn't mean that," said Sylvia. "I meant something nice. You could take yourself somewhere."

The most dazzling impulse of his life burst upon James Montgomery Mitchell.

"I could take you somewhere," he said, "if you'd let me."

And so, somehow, it was arranged. James was never afterwards sure exactly how. When he should have yielded to a round dozen of creditable impulses, he was to be allowed to take Miss Sylvia Lee out to dinner.

Since James Montgomery Mitchell was but human, however, the round dozen was not accomplished all at once. Nor was a great change noticed in him from that moment among his condvertisers. He continued to crouch over his desk in the shelter of the protecting post; he was awkward with his good mornings and sparing with his good nights; when Old Arkwright roared out his displeasure James seemed to be trying to hide behind himself.

Nevertheless, almost every day he was able to make a mark or two on the convenient post at the corner of his desk, where he kept what Sylvia Lee was pleased to call the score. Once, in her pleasure at his having made what she insisted was almost a joke to Joe the bundle boy during the noon hour, Sylvia borrowed James' jackknife and herself made the recording mark on the post.

"What are you doing?" asked Carter Fairbanks on that occasion from the other side of the room.

"I'm making a hieroglyph," said Sylvia Lee demurely.

Then she went across to Carter Fairbanks' desk and brought him over to inspect the post. He put his hands on her shoulders and scrutinized it over the top of her head.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"That's just it," said Sylvia Lee helpfully. "What does it? Don't you wish you knew as much about Egyptology as I do?"

Carter Fairbanks was ever so little annoyed that Sylvia should speak to him like that in front of that clam Mitchell. But James himself was furious. The sight of Carter Fairbanks' hands on the shoulders of Sylvia Lee roused in him a hot wave of anger with which he was unfamiliar. If he had followed the impulse of the moment he would have sprung up and smitten the dark handsome face of Mr. Carter Fairbanks on the tip of its handsomest but most vulnerable point. It was fortunate for Mr. Fairbanks that James was not on the half-hour-impulse schedule suggested by the How-to-Succeed column. It seemed to James that Sylvia Lee was unnecessarily slow in slipping out of Carter Fairbanks' grasp. The unpleasant thought occurred to him that perhaps Sylvia liked it

Continued on Page 48

Arkwright Descended to Sarcasm. "Perhaps," He Said, "You Can Tell Us What's the Matter With Our Policy"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 24, 1923

Do We Want Coolie Labor?

EARLY in the year the representatives of various interests appeared before the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House of Representatives and cried a loud cry in favor of letting in more immigrants. They stated with singular unanimity of thought and language that there was a scarcity of labor in America, and that the scarcity could be met only by more immigrants. They further stated that the existing immigration law is not giving to the United States the number of immigrants to which the country is legally entitled, and for this reason:

America is entitled to 40,000 Italians, for example, by the terms of the immigration law; 40,000 Italians therefore entered America last year. But in the same period 53,000 Italians left America and went back to Italy. Consequently America has received no net immigration at all from Italy—has received, in fact, 13,000 less than none of them. Therefore she should have been permitted to receive not only her 40,000 legal immigrants, but also 53,000 more to replace the 53,000 that went back to Italy.

These are the things that different interests say; but theirs is a purely superficial view. If there was a careful analysis of conditions, we should find that there is really no labor shortage in this country, and that in order to get the labor that these men want they would have to pay a little more money for it than they like to pay. What is really wanted is a supply of the cheapest and most easily controlled laborers in Europe—coolie labor, for the sole purpose of fattening incomes and swelling the already overswollen production of this country.

Now in all the arguments advanced by these interests there is a singular lack of foresight and of desire to further the well-being of the nation. The uttermost range of their vision seems to be limited by their bank accounts as they will appear in three months' time

One of the organizations that called for more immigrants during the recent uproar was an association of farmers. One of the legislative agents of this organization appeared before the Immigration Committee and made a strong plea for the admission of more immigrants.

Chairman Johnson, of the committee, asked the agent whether his organization believed that there had been overproduction of farm products during the past year. The agent, of course, could not do otherwise than reply that it did so believe.

"And they need more laborers just the same?" asked the chairman.

"Yes, sir," replied the agent; "they want to produce crops cheaper."

Here is an excellent sample of fuddled reasoning. The farmer has been assailing high heaven with his passionate demands for additional markets in which to dispose of his goods. He has even asked that the United States hold an economic conference with European nations in order to provide a market for the produce that he could not sell in this country. And now, according to one of this organization's agents, he thinks he can cure himself of overproduction by producing more cheaply, and he therefore asks that thousands upon thousands of the lowest forms of laboring life be admitted to this country from Europe to assist in that cheap production. Even a child could tell him that the sane, sound and infallible way in which to cure overproduction is to stop overproducing.

Again, before the House Immigration Committee, the counsel for an association of manufacturers demanded more immigration on behalf of the organization that he represented. After a great deal of wordy testimony he threatened darkly that if this country doesn't soon get more immigrants "we'll have to slow down industry." The chairman of the committee at once asked, "Is it better to enlarge our problem by bringing in immigrants or is it better to slow down industry?"

There is no reason at all why the manufacturers of the United States and the legislators of the United States and the consumers and producers of the United States shouldn't ask themselves this question and the other questions that are allied with it.

The population of the United States, including Alaska, is somewhere in the neighborhood of 115,000,000 people. Starting with this as a basis, the people of the country ought to ask themselves a few simple questions. What, for example, will be the population of the nation seventy-seven years from now, in the year 2000, even without the addition of another immigrant? It will be at least 200,000,000 unless some great catastrophe rips the country to pieces. If within the lifetime of many persons now living the population of the country will reach such an enormous figure, why should its present population be so anxious to utilize every square foot of its land, and to do it by importing the poorest races of Europe? Why should every resource of the country be developed immediately, and why should millions of Southeastern Europeans be admitted for the purpose? What reason can possibly exist for this country to drag in the dullest and dumbest people in Europe in order that the United States may raise more farm produce and manufacture more goods than the world can absorb? Why should there be all this hot haste to import coolies by the million in order that every ton of coal may be wrenched from the earth immediately? Why, with the action of Esau held up before all men as a horrible example, should this nation or any other nation sell its birthright for a mess of pottage? Why shouldn't the American people be working partly for the 200,000,000 Americans of seventy-seven years from now, instead of entirely for alien peoples of the present day? Why should anyone babble of an existing labor shortage when there is no shortage, but merely a failure on the part of employers to effect a proper distribution of labor? Why should anyone yammer about our net immigration being too small when there are 14,000,000 foreign-born in the United States, and more than 7,000,000 who can neither speak nor read our language? And why should a request for more immigrants on the part of any representative of any association or organization be heard with any patience by our legislators when the immigrants who came to America last year from the countries of Northern Europe—Great Britain, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Holland and Denmark—were less than half the number of those who could legally have come if the incentive had been sufficiently great?

Selfish interests may be able to answer these questions to their own satisfaction; but they cannot answer them to the satisfaction of 90 per cent of America's citizens.

And, although coolie labor may sometimes be a solution for labor shortage, it is doubtful whether the people of America are ready to admit that the time is ripe for the admission of Europe's cheapest coolie laborers, the maintenance of these laborers as coolies during their stay in America, and their shipment back to Europe as coolies—and that is the only way that coolie labor can properly be handled.

In fact, probably the only thing that the people of America could be made to admit, after having their attention called to the manufacturers' claims, is that those among them who howl for more low-grade immigrants are wasting a great deal of valuable time that might better be devoted to working out plans for labor distribution, labor-saving machinery, and a wage scale that will attract American labor and decent immigration from Northern Europe as the demand becomes greater.

Supervision of Foreign Investments

EXPERIENCE in the United States has amply demonstrated the necessity of legal safeguards to protect investors. Supposedly fraudulent promotion schemes are denied the use of the mails. In many states blue-sky laws have been enacted to prevent the unloading of worthless bonds, stocks and securities on unwary owners of spare cash.

When a man of means dies the heirs are apt to have their mail flooded with circulars extolling what-not investments. Sucker lists are kept and sold by one faker to another.

Railways must submit to the Interstate Commerce Commission for approval proposed issues of new securities. In many states savings banks may put their funds only into legal investments. The funds of trust companies, life and fire insurance companies are similarly safeguarded. In manifold ways the laws act to protect investors from having their ignorance or innocence imposed upon. And certainly we have evidence enough that in domestic business the public needs protection.

Why not in foreign business? Whenever the suggestion is made that foreign issues to be floated in this country should be subject to supervision objection is raised. Why? If bankers cannot protect clients in the purchase of domestic securities, why should they be deemed competent to protect them when they buy foreign securities? The money lost in foreign-trade ventures during the past three years would not all have been lost if a competent supervising commission had passed on the enterprises. If a wildcat oil well in an oil-less county of one of our forty-eight states cannot be promoted, why should an oil-less well in a foreign country be permitted to circularize the public? Why should a salted mine in South America have advantage over a salted mine in Utah?

Foreign issues to be floated in the United States are passed upon by the State Department. They are not passed on by the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Trade Commission or a bank commission. The State Department looks into the issue to determine if the venture or a possible default might entrain political complications. The State Department is in no position technically to investigate the proposition -to determine if the promoters are honest, if the object of the investment is legitimate in the industrial sense and is as described; in a word, to give guaranty to the investor that the foreign investment is regarded as proper in the same manner as domestic investments are guaranteed as proper.

During the past two years we have made foreign investments and granted credits up to two billion dollars. We are a creditor nation. The world needs our capital. If our foreign investments are successful, money will continue to flow into foreign enterprises. The history of French foreign investments is replete with scandals and failures. We do not want to pass through such experiences. Our bankers are as competent as any on earth, outside of the British. But no competency of bankers, unless they guarantee the issues they market, is enough adequately to protect the public. In their own interest, bankers should welcome supervision of the sale of foreign investments. It is in the interest of everyone involved—foreign borrower, banker, American lender—that capital should be remuneratively invested and not wasted. The suggestion of supervision of foreign investments reflects on no one; it is merely business caution, dictated by experience.

A LATIN CROMWELL

By Samuel G. Blythe

WE HAVE taken the measure of the Italian," the British telegraphed privately from Lausanne after Mussolini had been in conference there with Curzon and Poincaré and Venizelos and Ismet, the Terrible Turk. "Whatever his strength is in Italy we can handle him here."

This appraisal of the blacksmith's son who became dictator of Italy overnight may be justified before this article sees print, or it may not be. The British are expert in political mensuration, more especially of their opponents than of themselves, but are constantly open to the criticism that they work rigidly to a fixed scale. They have certain criteria, and these must apply, or not, as the case may be, and on the application of these they are very likely to form their judgments and plan their procedures.

It is quite possible that when they sat Mussolini down at a conference table with that elaborate specimen of British aristocratic architecture, Lord Curzon, with the money-seeking Poincaré, with the crafty Venizelos and with the huckstering Turk, this swart, squat, laconic and Napoleonic Fascist, in his long-tailed coat and his white spats, did not seem so formidable as the black-shirted, bareheaded, puttied, grimy and implacable revolutionary who appeared in Rome a few days before at the head of his black-shirted legions, seized the government, made himself dictator and took over the rule of Italy.

Youth Triumphant

IT IS equally possible that he did not intend to appear so formidable, and that he may have presented to the measurers an exterior and a method that would provide the expert British appraisers with the measurements he wanted them to have rather than with the details of him they thought they were securing.

That will all develop. Mussolini may be the statesman to found a new Italy or he may merely be the political adventurer who completed the wreck of the old In any event, whether he lasts for years or lasts for weeks, he is the most interesting of all the new forces cast up to the surface of politics by the vast convulsions of the peace, and more interesting than most of those who were sucked down to obscuration by the backwash of the war. And the story of him and his Fascisti is a story that stands out in high relief even in these days of tragedy and turmoil, of melodrama, of change, of force and fanaticism, of political cataclysms and disasters.

It is a story Cromwellian in its aspects, but Latin in its issue and its issues It is the story of youth youth led by a crusader who admitted no barrier, justified his ends with whatever bloody means, and came into power without final battle, welcomed by the King and hailed by the people. It is the story of youth seizing power and fiercely demanding progress. It is the story of Young Italy bursting into Parliament, sweeping out the ministers of the old order, dominating the government and tolerating the King; being polite to him, but telling him just what a nonentity the new events had made him, in a language that he understood: the story of youth triumphant, impassioned, eager, ardent, reckless youth

Benito Mussolini Arriving at the Lausanne Conference

Modern Italy spells little to the average American. Our knowledge is largely that of the tourist, and our interest largely historical We know as much, or as little, of ancient Rome as has clung to us from our school days and are far more familiar with Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony, Nero and Caligula than we are with Rienzi, Garibaldi and Cavour.

We know the churches, the museums, the galleries, the ruins, and do our little roundabouts from here to there Naples, Rome, Venice, the Lakes, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Florence, the cathedral and the Last Supper at Milan all points of interest and pass on. Columbus was an Italian. So are all the Popes, and so were a lot of painters, sculptors, emperors, poets, poisoners and conquerors

The Fascist Movement

THE rest of Italy is chiefly with most of us a recollection of crowded cities, beggars, miserable railroad trains, spaghetti, Chianti, gondolas, fleas, crowded hotels, Michelangelo, Saint Peter's, statues without arms, innumerable Madonnas, the charm of Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri, the Blue Grotto and being seasick, and Bersaglieri with rooster feathers in their hats. At home we have Caruso on the phonograph, the fruit stand on the corner, the vaudeville dialect, Van and Schenk singing about the bambino, and all the jokes about the wop. Yet, two-thirds as many Italians as live in Rome or Milan live in New York City—four hundred thousand of them. Italy was our ally in the war. We loaned Italy almost one and three-quarter billions of dollars the amount was precisely $1,648,034,050.90 —and Italy owes us every penny of it, as well as the accumulated interest. We have a great stake in the country, and we have, as well, a great Italian population in this country. In addition, we have our general European concern.

On the first of last October Benito Mussolini was a person whose name had never been heard by most Americans, and the Fascisti were marauders who wore black shirts and marched about the country beating up the people, burning buildings and destroying property. It was not nationally clear to us just what the Fascisti were about. We, in most instances, when there was anything at all to read about them, read into their activities some sort of Bolshevist, or Communist, or Molly Maguire, or banditti interpretation, and thought they should be put in jail. Wherefore, to tell the story of what happened to the former government of Italy and of what is happening now in Italy, we must first

Signor Mussolini, in the Center, Wearing His Black Shirt as a Member of the Fascisti

(Continued on Page 98)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The World's Dullest Anecdotes

NO, SIR, I'm not one to eat much of a breakfast, mornings. Now I'll tell you what I have, I have some fruit to start off with — say, grapefruit or an orange or something like that — and some cereal, and a couple of eggs or maybe a chop, say, and toast, or perhaps a few rolls, and coffee. I don't want much, but what I do have I have to have good. If I can get a good cup of coffee—and when I say good coffee I mean good coffee — I don't ask for anything ——"

"We saw a pretty good movie the other night—it must have been Thursday. No, Wednesday, it was, because Thursday — let's see, what did we do Thursday? Oh, we were up at my wife's folks', Thursday. That was it, it was Wednesday, because I remember now, we had veal cutlets for dinner. Well, anyway, this picture was all about this poor boy that lived down in these Kentucky hills, and this rich New York girl, she gets tired of this society life, and she goes down there to teach school, see? Oh, I forgot to say, this poor boy wasn't really poor at all, but he didn't know it, because this lawyer took all this money that this boy's father left him. This lawyer was supposed to be this boy's father's best friend, but this lawyer really hated this boy's father, because this boy's father married this girl that this lawyer was in love with, see? So, anyway ——"

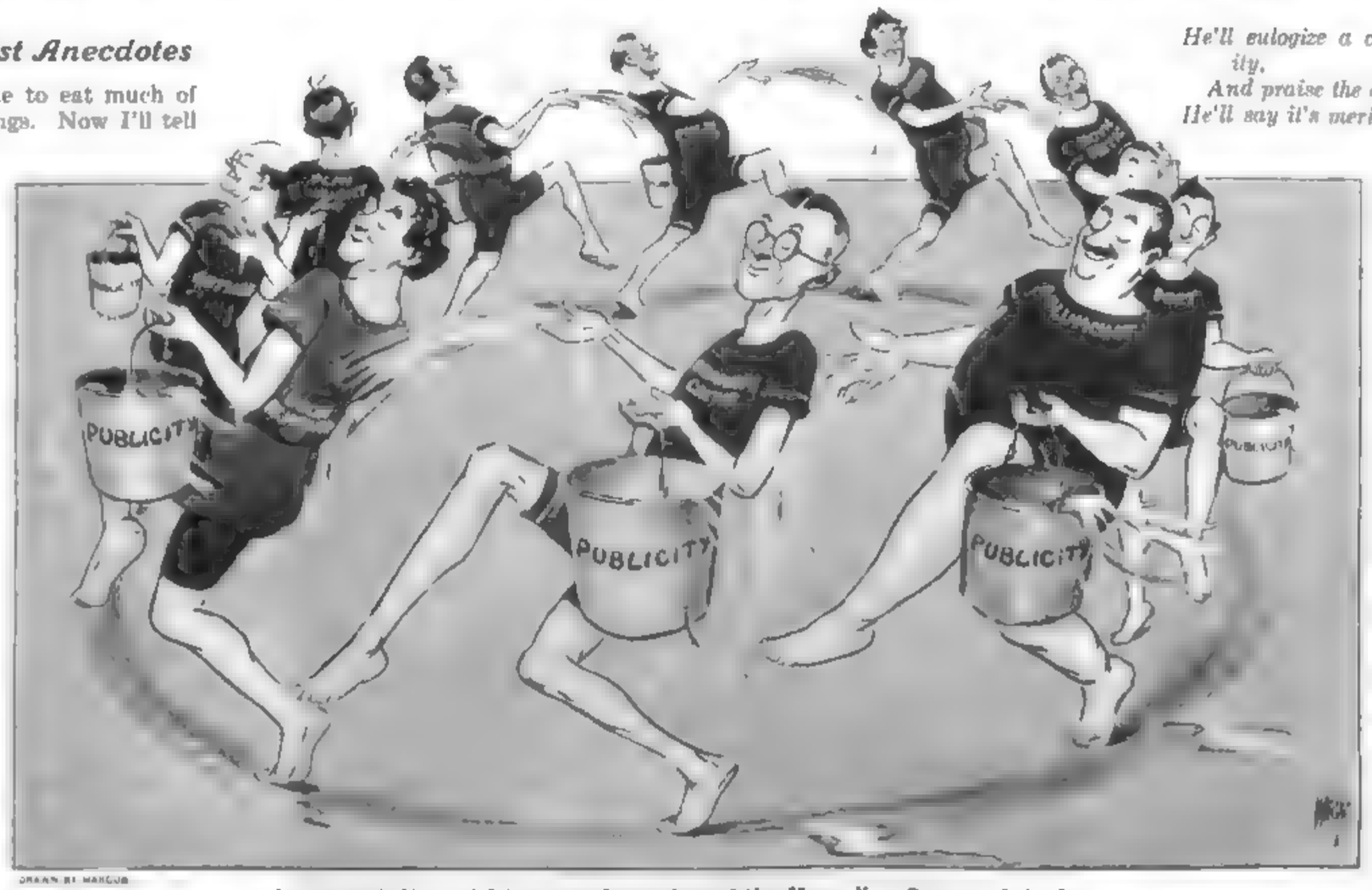
"Now I don't say this because he's my child—if he was anybody else's I'd say just the same thing—but I want to tell you, that kid's got one of the best brains there I ever saw in my life. The way he reasons things out, and everything. Now, you take this morning, he was there in the room while I was getting dressed. He wasn't saying anything, just sort of standing around thinking. I didn't say a word—just waited to see what he'd do. Sure enough, right out of a clear sky he came out with 'Daddy, what makes the choo-choo go?' He calls trains choo-choos—always has. Well, sir, you could have knocked me over with ——"

"I had the funniest dream night before last. It was just as if I was walking down Fifth Avenue, only it didn't seem to be Fifth Avenue, exactly, and I had on a yachting cap and a sort of kilt, and I was carrying a stepladder. Pretty soon, who should come along but Bill Nutley, driving a team of oxen—I could see his face just as plain as I see yours. Funny thing, I don't believe I've seen old Bill for fifteen years, anyway. Well, I didn't think anything much about it, but I sort of couldn't get it out of my head. And here's the queerest thing about it all — when I got down to the office this morning, there was a letter lying on my desk from a man that used to live about six blocks away from old Bill, back in Springfield, only now he's here in town. Now if you can explain a thing like ——"

"See this pair of shoes I've got on? How long do you think I've had them? Well, just give a guess. No, sir; five years, that's how long—that's an absolute fact, five years. I got them at a sale, and how much do you think I had to pay for them? Oh, go on and guess, just for the fun of it. Yes, I thought you'd say something like that. Well, believe it or not, five seventy-five, that's every cent I paid for them. And I've worn them day in and day out, in the worst kinds of weather, and they're almost as good today as when ——"

"So I said to her just as nicely, 'No, Delia,' I said, 'you can't go to your sister's wedding Thursday because Mr. McCork and I will be out Thursday night, but you can have Sunday evening off, after you get through with the dishes.' And, if you please, with that she says she's going to leave, then and there! Really, the whole trouble is, I'm too good to them. They just walk all over me. Now there was that Annie we had ——"

—Dorothy Parker.



You Splash Me and I'll Splash You. One of the Many New Dances of the Day

The Hot-Air Man

I KNOW a man of quality, who's full of mirth and jollity,
Who never says a mean, ungenerous word;
He speaks of this one praisingly and lauds that one amazingly,
A caustic speech from him is never heard.

His pleasantness is laudable, his flatteries quite audible,
His kindly greeting has a genial ring;
His eloquent verbosity is full of generosity,
And yet he never does a generous thing!

He dresses quite expensively, he travels quite extensively,
But if a cause you ask him to assist,
He laughs it off quite airily, or makes an exit warily,
And doesn't put his name down on the list!

He'll eulogize a charity, admire its solidarity,
And praise the object it is meant to aid;
He'll say it's meritorious, its whole campaign is glorious—
But not a single penny has he paid!

I'm sure that you must realize although we all idealize
The beauty of the speak-no-evil creed,
He is not so commendable who holds this rule unbendable,
And yet he never does a generous deed!

—Carolyn Wells.

Just for a Handful of Silver

THERE was a little gathering of members of the vanguard in Cassiobury's room. We were drinking a new dandruff cure, quite good, and talking about the decay of art in America.

"Have you heard?" said Dugdale. "Terwilliger has sold himself." "No!" I cried. "Who bought him?"

I would not have bought him, myself. I would just as soon have bought a pet eel.

"He has written a commercial story," said Dugdale. "He has given it to Tea Time Tales."

"Faugh!" Cassiobury gave evidence of nausea. Then, with his inimitable blighting sneer: "I suppose it's wholesome?"

The room rang with laughter. "Pure!" "Clean!" "Uplifting!" cried several voices, and the laughter boomed anew. The joke was really too good. Terwilliger!

"I suppose the thing has a plot, hell, damn it?" Joan Joyce was speaking. Joan's conversation was often a bit incoherent, as she had to support her reputation as the most profane girl in New York.

"Oh, of course. It's about life in a small town."

"Well, come now, that may not be so bad," put in Halibut. "There are some very good analyses of small-town vice in Rot, a Novel of American Life, and in Manure, a Study of Marriage."

"Oh, but this thing of his is different. It's about a young fellow who steals some money to make an impression on a girl who scorns him, and she finds out and makes him give it back."

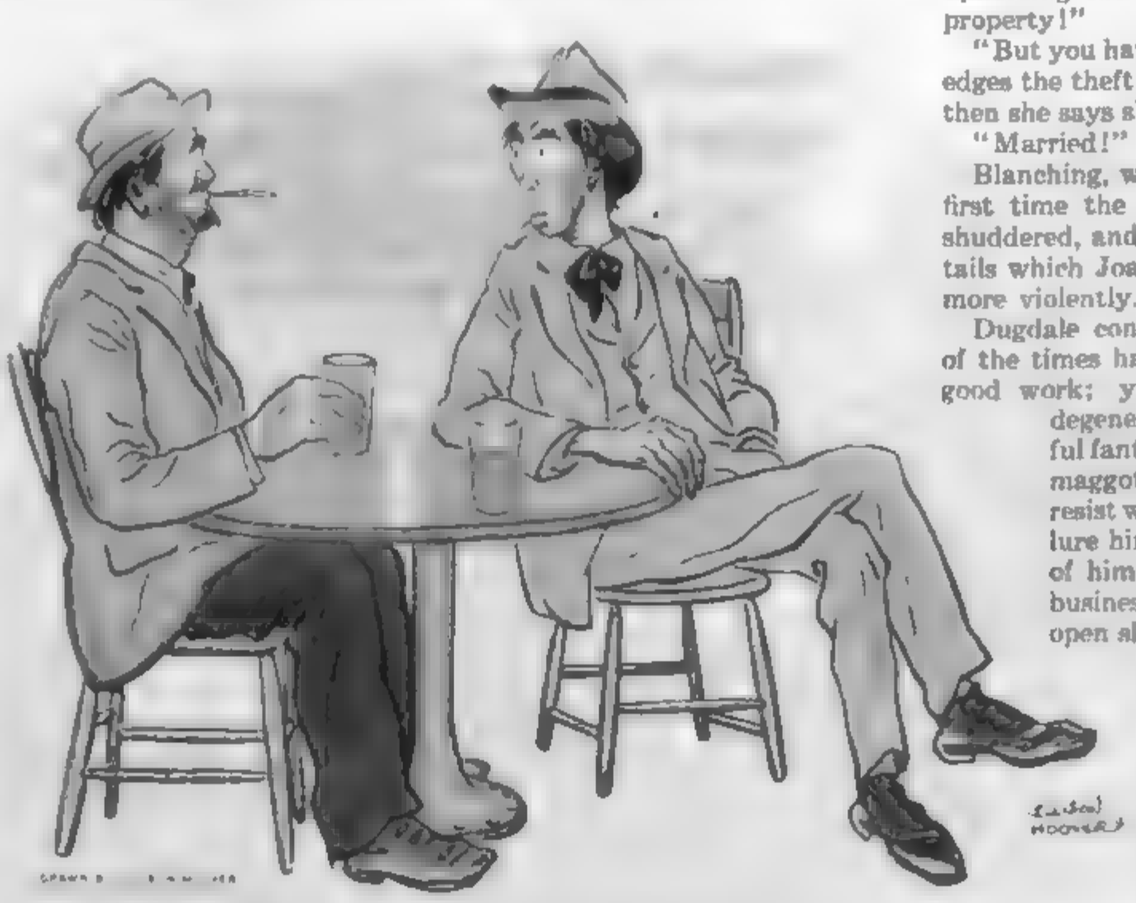
"Ha, ha! Middle-class morality! So Terwilliger is upholding the capitalistic fetish of the sacredness of property!"

"But you haven't heard the worst. The fellow acknowledges the theft publicly and gives up the girl forever, and then she says she loves him and they get married."

"Married!"

Blanching, we looked at one another, plumbing for the first time the baseness of Terwilliger's spirit. Halibut shuddered, and gulped down one of the mange-cure cocktails which Joan had been mixing. He shuddered again, more violently.

Dugdale continued: "See what the commercial spirit of the times has done to him! Terwilliger can do really good work; you remember his masterly dissection of degenerate adolescence in Stench, and his delightful fantasy of a masque of biscuit weevils and meat maggots; but he lacks moral fiber; he cannot resist when the purveyors of machine-made fiction lure him with gold. Henceforth all we can expect of him is rubbish about earnest young men in business, and sweet-minded women who live in open shame with their own parents, children and husbands. And he will make money, and live in the country, and drive a car, and settle down to a life of loathsome contentment. Oh, it's dreadful of him, it's bourgeois, it's—it's"—he struggled for a word—"it's mid-Victorian!" Having uttered the ultimate adjective, the vilest in the English language, he sank down. A heavy pall of despair settled on the party. *(Continued on Page 74)*



"Just Yest'day I Heard a Fella Say He Was an American and Glad of It. Don't You Think That's Carryin' Propaganda Too Far?"

SERVE SOUP FOR THE CHILDREN'S SUPPER

Tempting savor, rich in flavor
How these soups invite you!
Campbell's blending, dainties sending
Certain to delight you!

Do you know when to serve clear soups?

At formal dinners where many courses are served or at the very hearty family meal, your soup should be light, piquant in flavor and temptingly appetizing—a bland prelude to the feast. Campbell's famous French chefs are "at home" in making such delicate and difficult blends, giving to them just the proper strength and flavor, yet keeping them delightfully light and dainty.

Campbell's Consommé

Its beautiful amber color invites the eye and tempts the appetite. Meat broth perfectly clarified by fine straining in Campbell's famous kitchens. Delicately flavored with the essence of carrots, onions, celery and parsley. Lightly seasoned with the deft hand of the expert.

Campbell's Julienne

A banquet soup of clarified broth in which carrots, white turnips, celery, Savoy cabbage and leeks are shredded. Whole small peas and a flavoring of onion, parsley and seasoning are added.

Campbell's Bouillon

Strengthening, rich meat broth, clarified to a deep amber color and very slightly flavored with the essence of celery, onions, leeks, parsley, herbs and seasoning.

Campbell's Printanier Soup

It's like a breath from Springtime! In the Spring when the vegetables are tenderest and daintiest, Campbell's make this delicious soup. With the meat broth are blended carrots and white turnips cut in small fancy shapes, crisp celery, Savoy cabbage, leeks, whole small peas, parsley, herbs and seasoning of exquisite nicety. Try Campbell's Printanier, JELLIED! Simply put the can in the ice-box overnight, and the soup becomes a dainty, amber-colored jelly—a charming delicacy.

The soup strikes the keynote of the dinner

"Will it be a success?" Every hostess silently asks herself that question as she directs her guests to their places about the table. Select the correct soup—the soup which will make a happy first impression, invite the appetite; and cheerful conversation is sure to follow. Let the Campbell's chefs be your caterers for this important part of your dinner. Serve Campbell's—one of the lighter kinds, and your party is on the way to success.

Campbells' Soups

21 kinds 12 cents a can

THE CINDER BUGGY

A Fable in Iron and Steel—By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VII

THE partnership of Gib & Breakspeare was sundered. Two weeks later, when Aaron returned to the little red office building across the road from the mill, he found on his desk a paper marked "Articles of Dissolution." Attached was a note of two lines from Enoch, saying: "Let any changes proposed to be made herein appear in the form of writing or through an attorney at law." They never spoke again.

The articles prepared by Enoch provided that the ore and coal lands, which had been pooled on a royalty basis, should release from that agreement and revert to their respective owners; that the eight blast furnaces should be divided equally, four and four; that Gib should buy from Breakspeare, for cash, his interest in the rolling mill, because it could not be divided, the price to be one-half the original cost, according to the books; and that all the money in the firm's treasury, less current liabilities, should be halved on the date of signature.

Aaron read the paper once through, put it down and signed it. The terms were unfair, yet he had no impulse to change them. They were unfair because nothing was made of those two intangible assets which sometimes in business are worth more than the physical properties—namely, spirit of organization and goodwill of trade. All that would automatically belong to the one who bought out the other's interest in the mill. This was so because the mill was now the crown of the business. What the firm sold was no longer pig iron, as at first, but wrought iron in standard bars manufactured from the pig by remelting, kneading, hammering and rolling it. The product of the blast furnaces, instead of going to market, only fed the mill.

"I'll Show You Now the Difference Between Steel and Iron. It's the First Thing to be Learned, the Last Thing to be Forgotten"

What would Aaron do? He could not sell the product of his blast furnaces to Enoch. Business transactions between them were unimaginable, and besides, no sooner were the articles of dissolution signed than Enoch went about building four more blast furnaces of his own. That was to make himself independent of Aaron's product. Aaron, therefore, might choose between seeking a market outside for his pig iron or building a mill to work it. To build a mill would require, first, a large outlay of capital, then an organization of expert workers and superintendents, and, thirdly, a market for his wrought iron in competition with the product of the established mill, now Enoch's. For of course Enoch's iron would continue to be called New Damascus Iron, which was its trade name, and it was already famous in the country for its fine texture and purity. Aaron's might be just as good, but it would have to take a new name and earn its own goodwill.

Well, but what he did was unexpected. He drew the fires from his blast furnaces and went to Europe with Esther. It was more than a honeymoon, or less, as you may happen to think. In Aaron's case romance and work were easily combined, for as love is an adventure of the spirit, so to a man of his temperament work is an enterprise of the mind, creative in a manner less wonderful than the mysterious life process only because we take it for granted. What is an engine, a steamship, a blast furnace, a tower, but the materialization in form and function of an idea, itself imponderable? The psychic power of man is exteriorized in substance and there is no accounting for it save that it happens. Who knows but the gods are as much puzzled by that form of glowworm full of parasites which we call a railroad train as we are by the things of cosmic origin?

Specifically Aaron was in quest of a secret that had eluded and baffled ironmasters always. They were sure it existed. That certainty was deducible from the data of knowledge. Many times they had almost touched it; then it was lost again, like a coy, tantalizing vision of loveliness, and the pursuers were discouraged. Still they never gave up. Whoever found it would be made exceedingly rich and the iron industry at the same time would be revolutionized.

It is to be explained: Everybody probably knows that in the first place all the iron was trapped in the blazing heart of the earth. It forms no part anywhere of the earth's true granite crust. But it was rebellious and indigestible, and had to be spewed up from the inflamed Plutonic belly through the tops of volcanoes. At that time volcanoes were near or under water generally, and when the molten iron came jetting forth in red lava streams a spectacular melodrama was enacted. Water was its adverse element. At the lava's touch the oceans boiled, hissed, upheaved and draped themselves in steam. They were not hurt really; they were outraged.

What happened to the lava? The water shivered it to atoms and cast it high upon the wind as dust and ashes. In that free and irresponsible condition iron traveled far, made his bed in many places, took up with new and strange affinities—the Flapper Sisters Chlorine, the Sulphur Gerties, the lazy Nitrate Susans, the harmless Silicates, a score of others known and unknown, and most of all with a comfortable, indispensable element called Oxygen. The extent and variety of his embracings may be imagined from the fact that he is never found in a state of unattached purity, save now and then when he falls from the heavens as a meteorite. In these haphazard, bigamous earthly alliances he is of no avail to man. The problem is how to disentangle him, how to divorce him from his undesirable affinities and wed him durably and in a lawful manner to those elements which supplement his power.

It becomes extremely complicated when you begin seriously to consider it. How shall one be divorced from many miscellaneous affinities? You have to have been regularly wedded in order to get divorced. Well, the only way is the long, pragmatic way. You wed him to the affinities that are to be legally got rid of and then divorce him from them.

Now take it: The iron ore is in the ore bed, embracing those other elements at random, particularly Oxygen. First you oxidize him by roasting. That is, you wed him to Oxygen; you give him Oxygen until he is sick of it.

Then you melt him down with coal in a furnace to deoxidize him—to divorce him, that is to say, from his affinity Oxygen. It is the first fiery ordeal. But at the same time you wed him to Carbon. Thus deoxidized and carbonized, divorced and wedded by one stroke, he becomes pig iron.

The wedding with Carbon, however, is not permanent. It has been contracted under duress, a miserable makeshift, yet necessary because his earthly nature is such that he must be wedded to something all the time. But now he has too much Carbon for his own good. So you melt him again and divorce him from Carbon, by the unexpected method of blowing Oxygen through him. At the end of this second ordeal he is free of both Carbon and Oxygen, many other elements have disappeared also, and you have wrought iron, practically pure, limp and malleable.

Now suppose you want to make him hard. You want to convert him into steel. In that case you melt him a third time and wed him permanently to a small amount of Carbon, more or less, the amount to be governed by the degree of hardness required. That makes steel. But to make it has required one roasting and three meltings.

The dream of the ironmasters, beginning with the nineteenth century, was to achieve a continuous, fluid process and bring the complete result to pass at one melting. If that could be done the cost of production would be enormously reduced. The discovery of such a method now seemed imminent in either England or Germany. Many experts were pressing on the door. Suddenly it would fly open and whoever was there at the moment would be able to seize the secret. Rumors of success had been heard, disbelieved, denied, scoffed at and repeated. Aaron believed them, or believed at least that

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD

CADILLAC

The character and prestige of Cadillac owners impart special significance to their cordial praise of their car.

Almost without exception, the men and women who own Cadillacs are prominent in the professional, business, social or public life of their communities.

In many instances, they are celebrities of international importance, honored for their attainments in the old world and in the new.

Naturally, these men and women select their motor car with the most particular care.

It must be beautiful and fine, because love of these qualities is woven deeply into their being by prolonged intimacy with fine and beautiful things.

In addition, it must be a leader—in all of the elements which comprise motor car leadership—in order adequately to represent their ideals and standards.

Above all it must be dependable, for the importance of their affairs makes reliability not merely a virtue, but a cardinal necessity.

All of these qualities they know that the Cadillac possesses, and their choice of the car is one of the most graceful tributes that could be paid to its leadership.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

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if the secret had not already been captured it was about to be. That was his quest in Europe.

He was gone a year and then returned with a steel-making patent, enormous quantities of queer-looking material and a crew of expert English erectors, and proceeded to build what the curious New Damascenes called a concern. That word was in lieu of a proper name for an object which, without being supernatural, was unique on earth. In shape it somewhat resembled a gigantic snail shell, in a vertical position, open end up, thirty feet high, made of iron plates bolted together, lined with fire clay, and so mounted at its axis that it could be tipped to spill its contents. On the same foundation was mounted a blowing engine to force air at high pressure through perforations in the bottom of the shell; and there was also a great ladle in chains for hoisting molten metal to its mouth.

The work of construction was slow and tedious; it came several times to a full stop for want of something that had not been provided beforehand and could not be made on the spot. Nearly another year passed. Then one day smoke appeared at the top of one of Aaron's four blast furnaces, and people by this sign were notified that the great experiment was about to begin. In a general way the population knew, from what the workers said, that the intention was to produce steel and to produce it direct from the ore, and also that if such a thing were possible the iron industry would undergo a basic transformation.

This was exciting and very important, especially to a town like New Damascus, whose living was in iron. Yet it was no technical interest in a metallurgical process that moved people to gather in large numbers to witness the experiment. What they sensed was its human meaning. It symbolized a struggle between the former partners. The outcome might deeply affect the economic position of New Damascus in the course of time. Immediately it had tense dramatic value. It would prove which was the greater man and which was right—Aaron, who believed steel cheaply produced in large quantities by a continuous one-melt process would overlap iron and bring a new age to pass, or Enoch, who scoffed, who was known privately to have predicted Aaron's ruin, and who held that to think of getting steel direct from ore in that manner, skipping the iron stage, was as absurd as to think of getting a grandson from a grandfather, skipping the father. It was contrary to the way of Nature.

All the iron wisdom of the community was with Enoch. All the inert skepticism with which people behold the trial of a new thing was on his side.

Only the heart was for Aaron. Everybody liked him still, as in the old days, and ardently wished him success. Besides, if he brought it off Enoch Gib would be humbled. His tyrannical ways were increasingly complained of. New Damascus would rather be a steel town under Aaron than an iron town under Enoch.

With the outcome in suspense, the experiment itself was worth seeing as a spectacle. Nothing like it could have been imagined. First, that strange, enormous tilting vessel, resembling a snail shell, was filled with fuel and fired under blast from the blowing engine until its clay-lined interior was white-hot. Then it was tilted on its axis, emptied and tilted back again. Next the molten iron from the blast furnace, instead of being run off in the sand to make the sow the pigs devour, was tapped into that great ladle in chains, hoisted on high, and poured into the white-hot gullet of the tilting vessel. At the same time the blowing engine to force air through the perforations in the bottom was set in fast motion with a terrible roar. A blast of air at high pressure began now to pass upward through the fluid metal.

A series of awesome pyrotechnics ensued. In the belly of the tilting vessel occurred a dry, chortling sound, followed by a dull, regular clapping, as of Plutonic amusement and applause. From the mouth of the vessel issued millions of sparks, particles burning brilliantly in the air. This went on for seven or eight minutes. Suddenly the sparks went out and a dull, sluggish red flame appeared, turning bright and yellowish, then becoming high, brilliant and dartlike. After several minutes terrific detonations began to take place in the vessel. With each detonation the flame shot higher. This uproar was succeeded by a period of calm. The yellowish, dartlike flame rising from the throat of the vessel was replaced by a long, white flame, which stood for several seconds proudly, then trembled, tore at the edges and abruptly collapsed. Dense black smoke issued from the mouth of the crater and the scene was dark. This was the moment at which the metal itself began to burn. The workers, uttering shrill cries of anxiety, readiness, encouragement and damnation, seized the levers controlling the vessel and tilted it over to a spilling position.

Through the black smoke that corked its throat burst the fluid, blazing metal, hissing like a tortured serpent, alive in every incandescent crystal, yet doomed quickly to cool and blacken, every element touching it being fatally adverse. Men in waiting caught it headfirst neatly in a trundle pot and wheeled it off to be decanted into sand molds, like pig-iron molds, but smaller.

The experiment was finished. The test was yet to come. That waited on the cooling. What was in those molds? Those squarish lumps blackening in the sand—what would they turn out to be? No one knew.

Aaron waited until one was cool enough to handle. Then placing it like a stick of kindling against the chopping block, to receive a breaking strain, he hit it one blow in the middle with a sledge hammer. It broke with an ironic, ringing sound and lay in two pieces apart. He never stooped to pick them up. Without a word he dropped the hammer and walked away.

Esther received him on the terrace. She had been there for hours, anxiously watching the spectacle from afar, then waiting for him to come and tell her what the outcome was. But he did not have to tell her. She knew by his look, by his walk, by the way he took her arm. They sat for some time in silence.

"It beats me," he said. "I can't explain it. I don't know what happened."

"What was it like?" she asked. "The product, I mean—was it iron or steel?"

"Pot metal," he said contemptuously.

They repeated the experiment many times, never with precisely the same technical result, though always with the same disappointment. The metal they got was worthless. It was neither iron nor steel. The process was true. It remarkably foreshadowed the Bessemer process, which some years later did achieve the result, revolutionize the industry and cause steel to overlap iron. It failed in Aaron's hands for want of skill and chemical knowledge. The elements are not passive. They are willful and rebellious. In their efforts to thwart man's designs upon them they become cunning and clannish. One helps the other to escape. With this same mechanical equipment steel workers of a later time would have been able to make perfect steel. They would have known how, at a certain stage of the process, to cast into the fiery, detonating mass a handful of some tame, cajoling substance, and then the exact instant at which to stop the air blast and tilt the vessel to a spilling position.

Aaron was discouraged but not despairing. Half his fortune was gone. Still it was not an irretrievable disaster. To hold his organization together he built a small rolling mill. He called it the Blue Jay. The site on which it stood may still be seen in New Damascus after all these years. Nothing else has ever occupied it. The mill was large enough to keep two blast furnaces going—that is, it absorbed their output of pig iron. This was merely to fill a gap. He was bent upon steel. Having opened the mill and having found a market for all the Blue Jay iron it could make, again he took Esther and went to Europe on the same quest as before. While they were abroad a son was born. They named him John. On the homeward voyage Esther died and was buried at sea. The waters at last did swallow her up. Aaron Breakspeare returned to New Damascus with a new steel-making patent, an infant and an empty heart.

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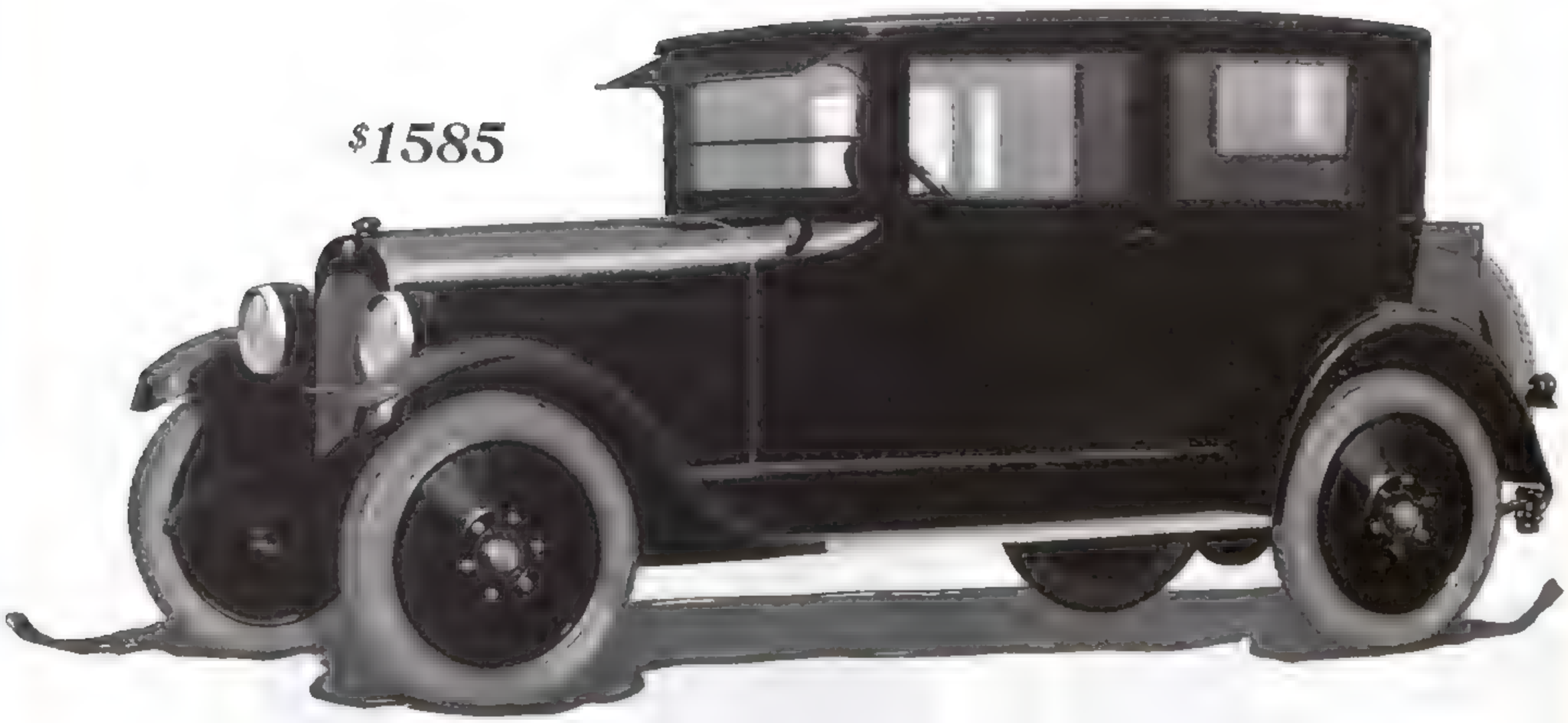
He Said, "I Can't Explain It." "What Was It Like?" She Asked. "Was It Iron or Steel?" "Pot Metal," He Said Contemptuously



The New Sedan-Coach

The finest of design, the highest grade of coach-work—

Seating space so generous that five full-grown persons ride in ease, without crowding—

New heights of power, acceleration and general performance from the wonderful Chalmers Six engine—

Steering and gear-shifting made almost unbelievably easy by the nice refinement of clutch, transmission and steering gear; absolute quiet in the rear axle—

Riding qualities which come measurably closer to the ultimate perfection of smooth ease—

This, in brief, is the new Chalmers Six Sedan-Coach—refined and improved throughout.

Its price is hundreds less than you would expect to pay for such a beautiful body on such a chassis, with such superb performance.

By all means see this new Sedan-Coach. Inspect it with a critical eye. Test its action by any standard you choose to set.

The Sedan-Coach In Detail

Broadcloth upholstery, satin-finish hardware. Door windows and quarter windows adjustable. Both front seats tilt forward, permitting easy access to rear seat from either entrance. Double ventilating windshield, hinged at top and bottom. Large trunk. Yale locks for doors. Heater, windshield visor, windshield wiper, rear vision mirror, disc steel wheels and non-skid cord tires. $1585 f. o. b. Detroit, revenue tax to be added.

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan
Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

The
CHALMERS
SIX

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What there was in the patent nobody ever knew. He did nothing with it. The whole steel adventure was too intimately associated with memories of Esther. To succeed without her would be worse than to fail. He could not think of it. He could not bear living in the mansion without her. So he closed it and went to live at the inn with his child and nurse. Then presently he could not bear living in New Damascus without her. One day he dismantled the iron mill, loaded it in a canal boat, abandoned the irremovable blast furnaces, took his child in his arms and disappeared

The Blue Jay Rolling Mill became famous not for its output but for its migrations. He set it up in Scranton, then moved it to Pittsburgh. It was next reported in Texas and after that in Colorado. Then he ceased to be heard of, except once, when the old Woolwine mansion was sold to a Roman Catholic order. So he vanished from the light of New Damascus, with his steel patent, his grief, and the fourth generation in swaddling clothes—vanished away on a flying iron mill.

VIII

MEANWHILE what of Enoch? He prospered in power and wealth and his soul turned black. A hard way in business lays it up for the moth. But a hard way with life is a hopeless feud, with a stark, horizontal sequel for the party of the second part.

From his birth Enoch Gib had been cruel, bitter, injurious. The tragedy of Esther's elopement left a horrible sting in his face for everyone to see. After that he became, as New Damascus said, unnatural. In that word people characterized and judged his conduct; they never understood it. They could not even say in what his unnaturalness consisted. His acts were not unnatural as acts in themselves, nor in contrast, sum or degree. They were unnatural simply because they were his. He disbelieved in friendship, for he knew it not and doubted its existence. He disbelieved in love, too, though not for the same reason. Esther he loved.

A man mortally hurt in love may do almost anything naturally. He is sick prey for the cuckoo woman willing to lay her egg in another's nest. She has only to touch him with her fingers softly and hold her tongue, except to make a soothing, mothering sound, and he will impale himself without looking.

But Jonet, daughter of Gearhard, the blacksmith, was not that kind of woman. She could not have made that sound. And it seemed somehow unnatural that Enoch should marry her. No sound that was in him could imaginably vibrate in her. According to the local notion the girl was queer. Men let her alone because she made them vaguely uneasy. Her phantasies were of the primeval outdoors. She was sometimes seen in the deep woods by herself, dancing and singing as if she were not alone. She named the trees and believed in nonexistent things. Her hair was black; her eyes were brown and glistened. Her face was the color of iron at cherry-red heat and she had the odor of a wild thing. Enoch married her out of hand. There was no courtship. Then he proceeded to build a mansion on the west hill, larger and more ostentatiously ugly than the Woolwine mansion on the east hill. Some said "Ah-ha! He has learned his lesson. No woman would live in that gloomy iron-stone house." Others said he did it neither in wisdom nor in love of Jonet, but to spite Bruno Mitchell, who, though he was blameless of anything that had happened, was yet Esther's father.

A peculiarity of the Gib mansion was much talked of at the time. It was built on a twin principle—that is, in halves, separated only by an imaginary bisecting line. Each half was as like the other as the right hand is like the left.

There were two portals exactly alike, two halls, two parlors, two grand stairways, two kitchens, everything in parallel duplication until it came to the enormous solarium, which was a glass-roofed court between the two parts, the imaginary line cutting through the fountain in the center. The Philadelphia architect supposed there were two families. When he discovered it was all for one man and one wife not yet long enough married to have children he could not conceal his wonder.

"Well, why not?" said Enoch. "Haven't you two lungs, two kidneys, two ears? One of each would do."

"The Whole Question Is, Do You Believe in Railways?" The Two Old Men Looked at Their Youthful Instructor With Anxious Wonder

The idea may have been thus derived from a principle of insurance through pairing which Nature has evolved. It may have been. Nevertheless in time the imaginary dividing line became real. It was painted through the middle of the solarium. Jonet lived on one side and he on the other and there was no going to and fro—not for Jonet. Agnes, their daughter, was brought to his side by the nurse until she was big enough to walk. She could cross the line as she pleased. But generally she had to be coaxed or bribed to cross to Enoch's side and was always anxious to cross back.

Between Enoch and Mitchell the subject of Esther was never mentioned, not even at first. For a while they went on as if nothing had happened. Gradually Mitchell became aware that Enoch was putting pressure upon him, silently, deliberately. He made harder and harder terms for the banker's services, until Mitchell's profit in the relationship was destroyed; and when this fact was pointed out to Enoch he suggested a simple remedy, which was that the relationship should discontinue. As Mitchell seemed disinclined to act on this suggestion Enoch at length invited a Wilkes-Barre man to come and open a bank in New Damascus. Enoch himself provided most of the capital. The town's business went to the new bank naturally. It was Gib's bank, and Gib was a man to be propitiated in the community. Moreover, his turning from Mitchell caused Mitchell's bank to be regarded with a tinge of doubt. Thus Mitchell's hope in the star of iron miserably perished. His bank withered up. His years becoming heavy he returned to New England to die.

The saying was that Enoch broke him. It would have been quite as easy to say that Mitchell broke himself upon Enoch. Yet in putting it the other way people implied a certain subtle truth wherein lay the difference between Enoch Gib and other men—that fact of his being unnatural. His feeling toward Mitchell was natural. Anyone could understand that. It was a feeling transferred from Esther to her father. Because he loved Esther he could not hate her as much as his hurt required; therefore, he hated her father more. But where another man would have manifested this feeling in some overt, unmistakable manner, Enoch so concealed it that for a long time Mitchell did not suspect its existence. And when he was aware of it, then it was too late. If Enoch had committed upon him some definite act of unreason that would have seemed natural. Instead, he exerted against him a kind of slow, deadly hydraulic pressure. Nor was that all. Revenge may require the infliction of a protracted, remorseless torture. Even that one may understand. But Gib, while exerting this killing pressure, apparently had no more feeling about it than one would have about an automatic, self-recording test applied to a piece of iron to determine its breaking point. If he had enjoyed it, if he had seemed to derive malicious satisfaction from the sequel, that would have made it human.

Yet here was a man but bearing witness for the child. The trait of character which appeared in his locked-arm game with Aaron in their boyhood, when it was Aaron's arm that broke, now fulfilled itself. There was in him a strange passion for trying the strength of materials. He invented various mechanical devices for that purpose. He knew to an ounce what iron would stand under every kind of strain. He knew what it took to crush a brick. Apparently his first thought on looking at anything was, "What is its breaking point?" The only way to find out was to break it. And people to him were like any other kind of material. He had the same curiosity about them. What could they stand without breaking? As in human material the utmost point of resistance is a variable factor, he had to find it over and over. It is by no means certain that the mood in which he exercised this passion was deliberately destructive. That the final point of resistance is coincident with the point of destruction probably never once occurred to him as a tragic fact.

He might have said of people that in any case they were free to decline the test. They were not obliged to measure their strength with his. Yet they did it, and they did it as if they could not help doing it. Here was a strange matter.

For example, how did he hold his iron workers? They hated him. They cursed him. Their injuries were as open sores that would not heal. Take the case of McAntee. It was typical. Tom McAntee was one of the best puddlers in the world. On a very hot day at the puddling furnace, in the midst of a heat, with twelve hundredweight of good iron bubbling like gravy, turning waxy and almost ready to be drawn, Tom dropped the beater he was working it with, wabbled a bit, put his hand to his head and said he guessed he'd have to knock off and go home. Enoch, who watched every heat, was standing there. He called Tom's assistant to take up the beater and then without a word he handed Tom a blue ticket. The significance of the blue ticket was this: A man in Gib's mill had three chances with failure—that is, he was entitled to three dismissals. The first was a yellow ticket. That was a rebuke. After three days he could come back to his job. The second dismissal was with a red ticket. That was a warning. It meant two weeks off. Then he might try again. But the

(Continued on Page 110)

The highly porous nature of wood is shown by this greatly magnified section of a wood chopping bowl

Chop onions or peppers in your wood chopping bowl, and how long the taste and odor linger, in spite of careful washing! On account of the porous, absorbent nature of wood, it needs the sweetening, purifying action of Sunbrite

Double action *yet costs less*

Your wood utensils need Sunbrite's *"double action"*

It not only scours but also sweetens and purifies

Wood utensils present a special cleansing problem. For wood is full of tiny pores which soak in impurities and retain food odors and flavors.

Your bread board and rolling pin, your chopping bowl and wood spoons, your planks for fish and steak—ordinary soap-and-water cleaning will not keep them sweet and free from impurities. On account of the porous, absorbent nature of wood, they require special measures.

What they need is the *double action* cleansing of **Sunbrite**—which not only scours and cleans the surface but really *sweetens* and *purifies*.

For **Sunbrite** has in its composition a mild but effective purifying agent which contributes a new quality to household cleanliness. It scours off stains and cuts the grease, just as all good cleansers do, but in addition it purifies and eliminates all taint of food odor and flavor.

There is just enough abrasive substance in **Sunbrite** to scour thoroughly without scratching. It is not hard on the hands because there are no harsh chemicals to irritate the skin.

Housewives are finding in **Sunbrite** still another advantage—its low price. The production facilities of Swift & Company make possible a price much lower than you often pay for ordinary cleansers. And every can of **Sunbrite** carries a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

With **Sunbrite** the double action cleanser, the same process scours and sweetens; polishes and purifies. Save extra work; get this double cleansing all at once. Keep your wood utensils absolutely clean with **Sunbrite.**

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion, then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

HUNGARY

By Princess Cantacuzène
Countess Spéransky, née Grant

BETWEEN Prague and Budapest it takes considerable patience to live through one's experiences. It is a night trip and the Czech railroad station is a bad beginning. There red tape prolongs every detail during the examination of one's passport and baggage. I hadn't anything unlawful or dutiable in my possession, had bought nothing since I left the French border, and all my papers were in order, but the routine of inspection and questioning is a terrible bore, and the certainty of having it to go through twice again within eight hours put me in a bad humor. This first act over, I settled down in a comfortable compartment in one of the de luxe international sleeping cars, which nowadays are rarely available to the European wanderer. Whenever I find these I feel transported back to prewar days, when sheets, pillows, blankets, conductors and the rest of things we were used to made traveling pleasant. This time our conductor spoke French. He seemed perfectly trained in old-style methods, he took over our passports and keys and said he meant to prevent our being disturbed by official examinations in the dawn hours. He was powerless, however; and I was glad next morning I had dressed early, on the chance of what actually occurred.

We were routed out of our places, first to show our papers to a bevy of Czech police officials, then to an equal number of Hungarians. Later several customs employes came through the train, and of course we opened our hand baggage. Finally, at the frontier town, most of us were obliged to get out to open our trunks. This, in spite of all I had been told in Prague about its not being necessary. My experience is that one has no real trouble, however, if one shows readiness to unlock all baggage. So at every customhouse I made it a matter of policy to do this with an appearance of enthusiasm.

Not a single time was anything of mine upset or stolen and I was always politely aided to close my baggage by the attendants.

I found the Hungarians very different from the Czechs in looks. Lithe and dark, they seemed to talk less and move faster. Also, there were fewer of them to every square foot of space in the frontier stations. I don't understand Hungarian, so I felt somewhat helpless and lonesome on arriving in Budapest; and I decided that if I were an American who never could talk with Europeans in their own tongues I should always stop at home. It was very early morning and I had a most bewildering first impression. Our train was received as if it were the only one that had ever happened along, and apparently wild confusion and excitement reigned. Every Hungarian in the station seemed to be shouting at once. With this supreme pandemonium about me I had a fleeting but vivid remembrance of my landing many years ago on the wharves at Alexandria, Egypt, from a ship. And I suddenly realized that I was nearer the Orient, here in Hungary, than I had been for many years back, and that unless I acted energetically nothing would be done about my belongings.

A Cold Reception

I SEIZED a baggage porter by the arm, therefore, and looking him squarely in the eye I inquired if he understood German. He did, as it happened. Then he was persuaded to transport my hand bags to the customhouse, and he afterwards hunted and discovered my trunks. Two different hand cars had brought these in, and they had, of course, been deposited at opposite ends of the space where all baggage was collecting in chaotic fashion. The station sounded like bedlam let loose, but two or three tips, a letter from the Hungarian Minister at Washington, and all the determination I could throw into the situation finally obtained desired results. My baggage was passed upon by the customs officials and marked, nothing was opened, and soon the trunks were piled on a cart, which was to follow me to the hotel, while my smaller belongings were installed with me in a two-horse fiacre. A cold drizzling rain was falling, but even with that disadvantage Budapest looks both imposing and beautiful. The Danube is quite splendid here and the streets are broad, while many of the buildings are extremely fine. It is much more majestic than Prague, but not half so picturesque a city, and not so typically of the Middle Ages. The shops appeared to be attractive, with a lot of smart clothes in their windows, and by the time we had driven as far as my hotel I was very glad I had come to Hungary.

My driver suddenly turned to ask me, "Have you engaged your rooms at the hotel?" And I said I had. "Then it is all right. Otherwise you would have none at that one you named."

Even after their having promised me rooms I found only a vast bedroom, with a bathroom where three or four more beds might have been placed. The manager calmly assured me he had no salon as ordered.

"Not one at any price. In fact, excellency, we have turned several people away this morning, and kept you even this bedroom by a miracle."

Instead of the gratitude he pretended to expect, I expressed only impatience and discontent, also my intention of obtaining by some means the desired suite, as I was to be in Budapest but a few days, and must have space to receive in.

"But excellency's room is so vast."

"I could do with a quarter of it to sleep and dress in, but I cannot receive in the remaining three-quarters," I answered.

The manager was smooth, but very positively certain that he had no other space free. Yet within a few hours I had been moved to a charming suite, consisting of an entrance hall and two very pretty rooms, one of which was being rapidly emptied of beds and filled with sofa, chairs and a desk. It made an excellent parlor, and a comfortable bathroom completed the little apartment.

Victims of Both War and Peace

AS I TOOK possession I was almost surprised at my triumph, though it had been achieved by very simple methods. I had met an American friend, well versed in hotel ways, and I had complained of my discomfort. He had replied, "Send for the head room clerk. When he gets into your room with the door closed tell him you must have a salon in which to receive the important people for whom you have brought letters. Tell him that because of this necessity you have five thousand crowns for the man who arranges the matter to your satisfaction. Add that he must do it." I tried, and the charm worked. As instructed I spoke; the room clerk listened. Then he bowed, departed, and returned in a half hour to knock again at my door. I opened it and found him smiling. "Excellency can move at once to an apartment upstairs. Two gentlemen who occupy it are willing to change to this one large room." So I was comfortably spread out and felt more at home almost immediately. Budapest is at any rate on the edge of the Oriental world.

The first evening I went down to dinner, and in the hotel dining room there was the Orient too. I saw only one table, besides my own, that had Christians about it. All the rest of the vast restaurant was filled with a prosperous, well-dressed crowd who were, I was told, largely war profiteers.

I found the hotel excellent, and the Hungarians, even of the humblest classes, were most responsive and amiable, whether in or out of the hotel. My chambermaid expressed delight, for instance, with the way I had placed the sitting-room furniture, and she brought in all kinds of extra comforts to me. The room waiter lingered over serving my meals, which I often took in my own quarters, so I could question him, giving him a chance to air his political views.

"We are in a bad way, excellency. Our money is worthless, and to give it its right value we must perhaps have a revolution."

I protested against the necessity of such measures.

"Then what can be done?"

I told him some of our own experiences with revolutions in Russia, and he duly sympathized with me:

"We tried Bolshevism, too, and know how bad that is. I think we no have it again, but maybe a little revolution would be a good thing for money and provisions. The foreigners have done us much harm at the peacemaking, and the Germans have done us much harm in the war."

I met a man with intellectual attainments above the average, who has been a professor at one of the important universities. He is the son of a really great writer and student, and this son tried himself to be the leader of his party on occasion, but without success. I was struck by the Oriental atmosphere in which I found myself when he came to see me; for this gentleman brought a young companion, whom he introduced as his secretary, but who was evidently also his disciple in the ancient sense. They sat down, and he gave his views of the present Hungarian situation. Such gloomy views! When I questioned him he said he thought Hungary would soon fall a victim to the greed of its encroaching neighbors, because the peasants did not care who ruled them and the nobility entirely controlled the regent, preventing all liberal thought or movement. This man called the government weak, and added that in Hungary now there is no opposition party strong enough to force constructive action. Afterwards I heard that this gentleman had been disappointed in his ambition to lead an opposition party to the present ruler.

Later I saw a prosperous and optimistic young Jew. A lawyer and business man, he stated he felt optimistic about the future, and he thought Horthy and the other ministers were entirely honest. But he was down on the groups who owned land, claimed they were always after some monopoly for themselves, either political or material.

This man told me something of the continuous graft and intimidations being practiced on the Hungarians by other nations; yet he was a believer in the nation's ultimate recovery, first because Hungary is essentially an agricultural country and can produce enough food to keep her population alive; and second because he was certain that, later, necessity would make the Danube Valley into a single economic unit, whatever frontiers politics might establish. He considered the present blame of Bolshevist revolutionary ideals and of the Jews was unfair, as these two reasons could not be responsible for all Hungary's woes. He offered considerable insidious criticism of the present authorities, which struck me as being unfair on his part, especially as the American Minister told me that Rabbi Wise had come recently to Budapest, bewailing that Horthy was supposedly anti-Semitic. After a two-hour audience with the regent the rabbi had, however, professed to be entirely satisfied that the Hungarian ruler was fair in his attitude towards the Jews.

Towards the United States, Hungarians feel differently than they do towards any other foreign nation. The American relief workers and America's gifts of food and money have proved our desire to aid Magyar suffering. The first United States commissioner sent to Budapest after the Armistice was Mr. Grant-Smith. He had been in Vienna during the early part of the war, and had made many friends among Hungarians there. When he arrived in Budapest he soon learned the ropes, took a sympathetic interest in the country's troubles, won confidence and aided the local people in many difficult situations. I was always being told by one or another of those I met how this relative of mine was adored; or how much his departure was regretted. Several interesting stories went to prove that Grant-Smith had often played a rôle similar to General Allen's at Coblenz. Difficult questions were referred to him by his colleagues, with complete confidence in his foresight, his good judgment and his friendly feeling all round. Grant-Smith's staunch Americanism was evidently also respected; and his protection of American interests was both faithful and courageous.

Judge Brentano, who had arrived at his post only two or three months before my visit, laughed amiably as he said: "It is both advantageous and exceedingly trying to follow in your cousin's footsteps. I gain by the excellent relations established with everyone, and I found a well-trained staff, with no loose ends of work, left at the legation. But think what a host of his friends and admirers are going to watch my inexperience with critical eyes!"

Cheerful in Adversity

THE present American Minister and his wife were stopping at the same hotel that I was and I saw them frequently. They were good enough to ask me to the opera and for supper afterwards with a party of Americans. I had a most enjoyable evening. Very kindly, invariably, and pleasant companions, they showed great sympathy for the woes of the Hungarians, and both Judge and Mrs. Brentano seemed to like Budapest immensely.

It is not difficult to like Budapest, as there is so much about the Hungarians that is immensely attractive. They are so simple, generous and warm-hearted among themselves, as well as hospitable and cordial to a degree with strangers. When they were able they entertained in really magnificent fashion; now that they are poor they manage to remain cheerful and uncomplaining, still keeping their friends about them and winning the admiration and sympathy of people from outside who meet them.

I found that the foreigners, both diplomats and men whom business brought to Budapest, did not at all agree with the two gentlemen who first told me of the situation in Hungary. In harmonious chorus the foreigners opined that the Magyar landowners are a particularly fine group of people. They further asserted that the Hungarian aristocrat had largely preserved his old strength of character when the nobility in several neighboring countries had literally collapsed.

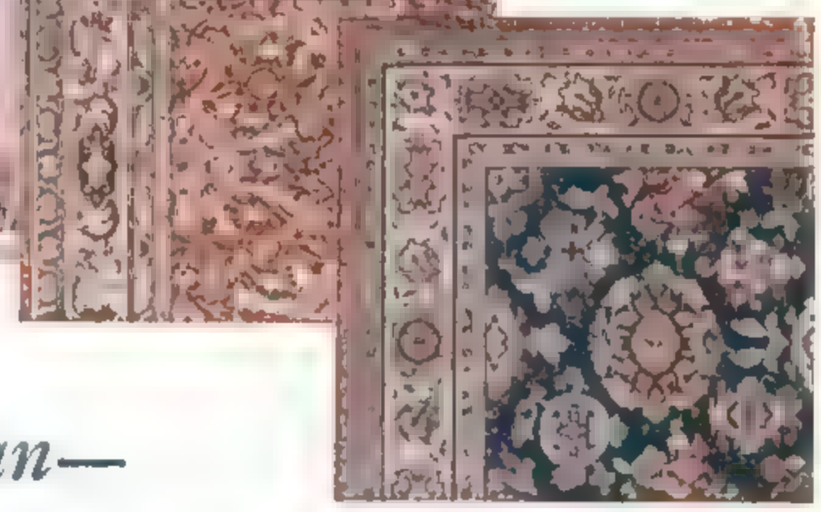
All foreigners add that the Jews are in complete control of the economic world in the central states of Europe, commerce, banking and all business being in Semitic hands, while a large percentage of the land is practically also theirs through the mortgages they hold. On the whole, the present government is being very square with the Jewish population, all onlookers say. Diplomats admire Horthy greatly, both for the even balance he manages to maintain between many rival groups and for his strength of character and the high quality of his patriotism and statesmanship. The regent was placed in a terrible position at the time King Charles crossed the

(Continued on Page 36)

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 534

On the floor is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 508. In the 6 x 9 foot size it costs only $8.10.

Below is Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 530



Below is Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 524

Free Color Chart

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes" is an interesting folder showing all the beautiful rug designs in full color. From it you can choose just the rug that in pattern and tone will be most appropriate for any room in your home. Just drop us a line and a copy will gladly be sent to you free.

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You'd expect Congoleum Rugs to be expensive—they have so many practical and artistic qualities—but they're not. They're amazingly inexpensive. Note the low prices.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 8.10	9 feet x 9 feet	$12.15
7½ feet x 9 feet	10.10	9 feet x 10½ feet	14.15
9 feet x 12 feet	$16.20		

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them

1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .50	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.50
3 feet x 3 feet	1.00	3 feet x 6 feet	2.00

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

When you go to look at these wonderful rugs, ask your dealer to show you Congoleum Floor-Covering too. The same durable material for those floors where you want an all-over floor-covering.

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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one grade of Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal here shown. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. Look for it when you buy.

(Continued from Page 34)

frontier. A royalist, yet the responsible head of the kingdom, he was obliged to choose one of two roads—join in an adventure he felt doomed to failure, or sacrifice his personal sympathies to the nation's safety. He chose the latter course, and even many who did not like the course taken stand by the man and admire him, as he saved his country from the attacks of neighbors who threatened to invade it if the Hapsburg king was given power. No one wanted the country invaded by enemies, who stood mobilized on the frontiers. The Hungarians, but recently come through their experiments in Bolshevism, were too weary and disorganized to defend themselves at that time with any hope of success.

Admiral Horthy and his family live very quietly and simply. There is little show of ceremony or etiquette about the regent's court. His splendid past record brought him his present situation; and he left the retired home life he loved, to serve his nation faithfully through the difficulties of recent years. Whether I heard the talk of his admirers or of the opposition party, I kept a firm conviction that all were agreed as to the fine manly qualities of this temporary head of the Royal Republic of Hungary.

I saw a representative of the government one afternoon and we talked for two hours or more. Officials in power are always, I suppose, optimistic, and they naturally put their best foot foremost when a stranger questions. This one asserted that the agrarian party felt itself strong enough now to treat opposition as negligible, and if the Magyar currency could be stabilized all internal problems would take care of themselves easily. There is always food enough in Hungary to keep the people from actual famine conditions, and everyone hoped to see America take the lead in settling Europe's economic tangle. Hungary, like all other countries, would gladly follow American advice; and though the Magyars had opposed German war policies they would work even with Germany if it were for general European economic reconstruction. The Hungarian people and government knew well the dangers with which they were threatened; they knew that their closest neighbors were hoping to absorb them. The Trianon Treaty had made the Czechs one of Hungary's worst enemies, but socialism and high money were hurting Czecho-Slovakia's strength now. Many Hungarians felt that England was encouraging the Czechs in their present ways, which would certainly force the value of the Czech crown up to the danger point. This must react on Czech industry, and then England, whose currency is also high, might get a better chance in foreign markets. Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia had all formerly been liked by the Magyars, but since the Magyars' land had been parceled out to them Hungary naturally regarded these countries as enemies, or rivals in any case.

Making Good Despite Difficulties

THERE is an immense desire to give even a casual observer like myself a clear understanding of Hungary's primitive strength. Her capacity to survive her trials is really believed in by her own economists, if only an outside loan can be obtained to stabilize the currency. Yet how can one ask a loan with such a tiny portion of the country left and when the industries, mining centers, and so on, are all cut away and in the possession of her rivals? The speaker always sighs at this stage of discussion and points to a map. The latter is the most tragic and appealing proof of Magyar loss, and though Hungarians may get excited in telling their story, they are never bitter or harsh, snarling or grim, as the Germans seemed to be over similar conditions. The Magyars admit their own defects and mistakes readily, and they are always interesting and human, with an easterniam somewhat resembling the Russian's. They know how to live well, and like it; but they accommodate themselves cheerfully to the miseries of the present, helping one another along in kindly fashion. They talk with animated pleasure of abstract matters, and they keep their grace and dignity with a certain grand simplicity through all their woes. On the other hand they are accused of being unbusinesslike, emotional and of a casual cast of mind.

I was talking to a prominent man of Hungary, telling of my visit and impressions, and he said: "Hungary will not have pogroms for several good reasons: First, we are well disciplined and well led at the present moment. Horthy may not be a great genius, but he is a fine, strong, honest gentleman, with all the characteristics of the best type of naval officer the world over. I do not agree with him in everything he has recently done, nor about his way of doing things; but on the whole, I cannot fail to do him justice. He has had a rôle of vast difficulty and has filled it in such manner that he is better liked today in his country than when he took office. Also, though the regency was established in an emergency, as a temporary government, it has outlasted all others created at the same time. It is now the oldest, most stable, constructive and best-trusted government in Central Europe. As to our Jews and those in other countries about us, I don't believe they will ever be removed. They have a place in our economic field which they will always hold because they know that part of constructive development and are ready to work in conditions others won't stand. They are also internationals; and finance and trade are the international needs of all countries. The necessary training and affiliations are all theirs; and these qualifications mean that the Jews are here to stay and that if properly managed they can prove of real value to our nation and to others. I don't like them, so I am not prejudiced. . . . As to disorders, neither the right extremists nor those of the ultra left are going to make trouble in Hungary, for the present government is firm and fair, and all parties realize it."

Time seems to have little value in Hungary, and casual ways that amuse a traveler must be annoying to those who govern or organize the Magyars. Generally Hungarians love to talk and plan. Sometimes they brag in a picturesque, childish fashion. But they are people who for centuries have been governed from above by a sovereign who with autocratic power had democratic methods. Always fighters, they gave their lives as easily as their fortunes to leaders who won their admiration. It was the Hungarians who first turned the Turks back towards Asia. When fortune forsook her, with her son and heir in her arms, Maria Theresa rushed into the assembly of her Magyar nobles, and calling on them to defend her from her enemies she held up the future Emperor Joseph II before them. The nobles drew their swords, fell on their knees and swore chivalrously to die for the helpless child and the beautiful mother. They kept their oath so well that soon Maria Theresa was reinstated upon her double throne. These people love the legends and the heroic or picturesque figures in their national history. Their mentality and morals are like their city—extremely fine in most ways, appealing even in the darker spots, but not always logical and very difficult for the westerner to understand. One often discovers a sensitive pride, which shows itself in both national and personal discussions; the people can't easily explain themselves to us. Those who go among the Magyars, whether with hands outstretched in charity and friendship or asking hospitality and aid, grow to love the impulsive race. I discovered that the American rich and the destitute refugees from Russia alike testified to the charm and warmth of the welcome given to them.

Perhaps such quaint traits are bound to die out as western civilization and the competition of the reconstruction period progress, influencing national character. The appointments and the sufferings of these times are doubtless going to leave deep scars. I talked to an official in one important bank as I was waiting there for some money. He was very pale and thin, and I noticed he kept coming in from his desk in the main department to say a word to a small boy hard at work at a table in the letter-of-credit waiting room. The child, aged eight or ten, had a dog at his feet, and their presence in such a place was sufficiently unusual to warrant a question.

"Your son?" I asked.

"Yes, excellency." And the man smiled. "Life is so dreadfully expensive now that I cannot afford to live in Pest. We all moved to the country, but I must return each day to my work, and the boy to his school. He does well there; and after lessons are finished each day he brings his dog and books and comes here to wait till I can depart with him. Together we take our return train. He does his preparations thus quietly, and as he disturbs no one he is allowed to be with me regularly. It is a pleasure to have him here." The father stroked his youngster's brown hair and smiled sadly again. They both looked underfed. "Excellency is American, and drawing money to depart. It is wise to go from here, where life is so very difficult and costly. Poor Hungary!"

Cities of Loyal Refugees

I SYMPATHIZED heartily, said I was sorry to leave, asked what he thought might be done to stop the terrible fall of the crown

"It is hard to say what may occur if no loan from outside comes to save us. We have been living on expedients for several years; ever since the war. We have greatly suffered. Our people are weary and impatient. No government is in these days very strong, though ours is composed of good men."

This man also spoke of the general misery in every class, of the shabbiness of the city, and of the exceedingly high cost of living. Salaries are paid in crowns—Hungarian crowns at that time were twenty-three hundred to the dollar and still going down and they buy almost nothing. There are three hundred thousand Hungarians within the present frontiers, fleeing from the provinces handed out to Serbia, Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia by the Trianon Treaty. These patriotic refugees have refused to change their allegiance, and seem to prefer destitution in their own land, under their own regent, to remaining in their homes now under alien rule. Living in box cars on railroad tracks, there are cities of these sufferers. Mostly of the intellectual classes, they are rarely able, in the hard times, to get work. A dreadful situation, full of danger of course. I was reminded of the refugees in Russia during the latter half of 1915, when all Poland seemed to be emptying itself into our midst. The Russian armies slowly retreated then, destroying everything that might be made use of by the enemy's advancing hordes. It seems too hideous that such misery must be borne by hosts of people.

The stenographer I employed at Budapest asked to be paid in the huge equivalent of dollars for her work. "It is good to have dollars. You must be glad. And are you leaving soon? Are you glad of that too? How you must pity or hate us; we are so unhappy and poor here! Will you write about it?" As she impulsively said this her eyes flashed. "After all, it is the foreigners who have done us such harm."

She looked so defiant and so near hysterical weeping that I waited a little before replying. Then I tried to avert the threatened storm, saying I was glad if my dollars helped a little, and that I had always liked and admired her people wherever I had known them: In Vienna, where I grew up; in Russia, where I had met a number of them, one of whom was my own much loved sister-in-law. Finally I said I sympathized especially with those who were in such trouble now all around me in Budapest. The girl listened and struggled for composure. When it returned, with a little word of thanks she shook hands and hurriedly left me.

One morning there knocked at my door an old man of eighty-five or so, a most delightfully interesting person who had spent the last fifty or sixty years in the midst of political life as the intimate friend and staunch supporter of Count Apponyi, the grand old man of Hungary. He talked of this picturesque and splendid leader of men, said that in spite of his advanced age and many disillusions Apponyi had lost neither his faith in his nation nor his energy and courage. Still the most brilliant figure in parliament, the ancient leader hypnotizes his audiences whenever he chooses to speak. He keeps a large political party well in hand, and looks forward to some turn in affairs that will put Hungary on its feet again.

Count Apponyi, the White Bird

"PERHAPS the situation in the Southern Balkans may develop so that Hungary's lost territories will be restored to her. We all hope for that, wait for that. We are a nation of grand seigneurs and fighters, and our record through the centuries is a very noble one, madame; yet foreigners who know nothing of us at all have cut our land to bits and tried to tear our national spirit up by the roots. Apponyi and I are about the last of ancient Hungary. Apponyi saw the Bolshevik reign of terror, then watched the present government form. It is impossible to blame Horthy for anything in the present which is bad, as he constantly has had such difficulties to face. Apponyi, like many others, doesn't altogether agree with all the policies of the actual government, but he makes no criticism, and merely holds aloof. The strength of the so-called opposition party lies in the complete control which the Jews have over our finances," my informant continued; "but recovery must come; and once the old traditional spirit of our people is roused all groups will find their proper levels in the state. Troubles elsewhere will be much greater than here, for we cannot starve. The Paris Peace Conference broke up our nation's body and tried our spirit; then the socialists, and after them the Bolshevists, attempted our complete destruction. The present government came into power following all this; and the regent, a good man, does what he can. It is all an expedient, though. Our great leader is old, but he is still called the white bird by his followers. You know the white-bird legend, princess? It is that if a spot of dirt should soil its radiant plumage the great bird must die. Apponyi is like that; and he rises today, above the mud surrounding him, by the superiority of his culture, his idealism and his fiery eloquence. Hungary showed her worth when the Tartars overran her property centuries ago. She threw the Turks off, and she has the strength to do all this again. We shall see."

My new friend wanted me to meet Apponyi and his wife, whom I had known many years ago in Vienna. But the count and countess had gone away for a few days' rest in the country, and I admit I was deeply disappointed that they seemed out of reach.

The only one of the present Hungarian ministers I met was Count Banffy, who holds the portfolio of foreign affairs. He is small, very fragile and pallid in appearance. He smoked continuously during our talks, and his delicate veined hands attracted my attention by their constant gestures. Generally he waved them rather gently, and occasionally he smoothed his forehead and hair, up from his eyebrows and backwards. The hair was black, thick and waved, the eyes were dark and had an expression of ill health, while his other features seemed not especially striking. Count Banffy has a low, even voice, which carried out the impression that he felt weary or ill. Yet he was neither dull nor monotonous at all. I fancied that on occasion he might show considerable fire, either in anger or under stress of other emotions. All he said was worth listening to. His ideas were couched in well-turned phrases with an ease

(Continued on Page 52)

THE heads of this business interest themselves in the building of every Peerless that leaves the factory.

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Peerless

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Alarm-Clock Senator

IN THESE restless and hectic times, when the person who keeps up with the wild race for success, pleasure and excitement is apt to find his coat tails smoldering briskly because of their friction with the surrounding atmosphere, the sleep of exhaustion is frequently indulged in by large numbers of citizens. Every morning finds them dead to the world, or approximately so. If left to their own devices they would sleep all day following a day of intense activity, with the result that they would be awake only every other day, or only half of the time—a state of affairs that would be almost as bad as being half awake all the time.

To avoid such a calamity every individual needs an alarm clock, and every community needs an awakener. Ordinary alarm clocks, that ring for half a minute and then stop, are of little use nowadays, inasmuch as the sleepers needn't necessarily get up for them. They need only to curse them drowsily, and then roll over and slumber once more. A better sort, made to fit the requirements of our more feverish age, is that which rings passionately for ten to fifteen seconds, and then desists for half a minute while the disturbed slumberer, murmuring dull and unimaginative profanity, stirs restlessly on his pillow, and then, just as he is falling asleep again, the clock once more bursts into a horrid clamor, bringing him back to consciousness with a sharp jerk. And so it goes, a moment of calm followed by a moment of hair-raising din, until the slumberer gets out of bed, strangles the clock by main force and goes about his business.

Such clocks are good things, though they are a little hard on the nerves. But when they get out of order, as they sometimes do, and take to alarming at all hours of the day and night, they are distressing in the extreme. By keeping the nerves constantly on edge they bring on despondency, chills and fever, indigestion and nervous headaches. Fortunately, alarm clocks rarely get in that condition; but when they do, the most economical and effective tools to use on them are frequently the can opener and the sledge hammer.

One of the most dependable human alarm clocks ever perfected in this country was Theodore Roosevelt. He never waked anybody up until an awakening was imperative; and the perfect functioning of his alarm machinery kept 60 per cent of the people of this country from lapsing into a coma that could scarcely have been told from complete paralysis. Another sterling brand of alarm clock is Gen. Charles G. Dawes, former director of the Bureau of the Budget, whose faintest premonitory tinkle caused and still causes restless tossings among the torpid cabinet officers and bureaucrats engrossed in dreams of spending too much of the nation's money. Different trades and professions have their private alarm clocks; and among them rings out the penetrating, strident and persistent clangor of that powerful alarm clock of the farm, Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, leader of the Senate Farm Bloc.

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Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas

Some Preliminary Tinkles

SENATOR CAPPER, as one may discover from the dry and dusty public records, was born in the town of Garnett, Kansas, in 1865. Nineteen years later his mastery of the studies afforded by the curriculum of the Garnett High School won for him the great piece of imitation sheepskin decorated with a circular seal made out of gilt paper—official proof that he was educated to the limit of Garnett's power. With this document in his possession he fared forth in search of fame and fortune to the metropolis of Topeka, Kansas; and he found so much fame that Kansas counts that day lost whose low-descending sun doesn't see at least one enthusiastic corn farmer arising with his whiskers trembling with emotion and howling a hoarse howl in favor of Capper for President of these United States. He also found fortune in abundance, and is today the possessor of properties and an income of such opulence as to make many a Wall Street man shake his head despondently and wish that Fate had turned his footsteps to Kansas instead of New York.

He started his labors as a typesetter, and in that trade he met up with many widely traveled typesetters who had mingled much with the Populistically inclined Kansans, and thoroughly absorbed the cardinal tenets of Populism, prominent among which was the axiom that Wall Street and the capitalists of that sink of iniquity were responsible for almost every known ill that afflicted the world, from cirrhosis of the liver to cyclones.

The shy and timid young Capper, diligently engaged in sticking type, soon realized that this was a fixed belief in all parts of Kansas; and he placed that large and valuable chunk of knowledge squarely on top of all the booklearning he had accumulated in Garnett High School. From that day to this he has apparently proceeded on the assumption that the wise man will not permit himself to think until he has found out what the farmers are thinking, and that he will then think the way they think regardless of fire, famine or pestilence.

From typesetter on the Daily Capital he graduated to reporter, and from reporter to city editor; and in 1891 he went to New York and became a reporter on the New York Tribune. A year later he went to Washington as a correspondent for the Topeka Capital; and the next year found him back in Topeka purchasing a little weekly paper, the North Topeka Mail. It is at this point in his life history that a large black X must be inserted to mark the spot where he began to function as the human alarm clock of the farmers.

Noting carefully the fact that one of the best markets for a weekly paper in Kansas was provided by the farmers of that state, he at once began to look around to find out how, when and where the farmers of Kansas and vicinity were suffering in whole or in part; and as soon as he had found out he emitted a scream through the columns of his paper that made the welkin ring for a week at a time. He made a specialty of farmers, and the farmers lifted their heads and purred melodiously under the treatment. His paper prospered, and he promptly purchased the Topeka Daily Capital, on which he had started as a typesetter a decade before.

His cries in behalf of the downtrodden farmer were also shrill and penetrating in the daily paper, and the farmers responded to his ministrations with increased alacrity. The money poured in, and he immediately proceeded to buy more friend-of-the-farmer papers. He is now the proprietor and publisher of Capper's Weekly, the Farmers' Mail and Breeze, the Household Magazine, Capper's Farmer, the Missouri Ruralist, the Nebraska Farm Journal, the Oklahoma Farmer, the Topeka Capital and the Kansas City Kansan, and in each and every one there is a constant clamor concerning the harrowing tribulations of the farmer.

Nor are the farmers by any means ungrateful for this constant attention on Capper's part. He was elected governor of Kansas from 1915 to 1919; and in 1918 he was elected to the United States Senate for a period of six years by almost twice the vote that his Democratic opponent received.

Now the farmers of the great and fertile West are unquestionably having their troubles, but the troubles that exist are not benefited to any noticeable extent by assuring the farmers in strident tones that paternalistic political panaceas, instead of plain business remedies, are what they need. And Capper, in his persistent and tireless hunt for bucolic woes to view with alarm, can find more horrors that are being inflicted on the suffering farmers than the most experienced stick shaker can shake a stick at.

Let it not be thought, however, that he is content with lifting up his voice to high heavens in protest against the sufferings of the farmer. For each and every trouble that he discovers he has a remedy, though his remedies, it is true, bring no spontaneous outbursts of enthusiasm from those persons who have made a careful study of economics.

Just as the editorial columns of his papers passionately set forth the economic ills that give the farmer that dragging-down sensation, and offer panaceas to rectify these ills, so do his advertising columns give great prominence to patent-medicine panaceas for physical ailments.

The Man Behind the Questionnaires

TO LOOK at Capper nobody would suspect that he ever allowed himself to become noisy in any way. He is retiring and quiet and colorless and wholly harmless-looking.

There is an air of timidity about him; and he is given to wringing his hands in a perplexed manner and inquiring doubtfully, "Well, what do you think about this matter?" as though he could make up his mind about nothing. Nor can anybody be sure how Capper is going to make up his mind.

But to read Capper's papers is to get a picture of another sort of Capper entirely—a large, shock-headed person about nine feet tall, with long black hair on his wrists, mud on his trousers, a shirt unbuttoned to expose a brawny chest and a voice like a fretful bull. There is nothing timid or retiring about Capper in his papers. He is right out in front.

Yet he leads nobody. Apparently he never attempts to lead. He has always been a follower. He is constantly getting out questionnaires to farmers and various sorts of people to find out what they think on various subjects. Capper's name today is on bill after bill which would benefit the farmer at the expense of the rest of the country—bills which, if logically followed up to their logical conclusion, would result in the Federal Government taking the bulk of everyone's income to feed all people who aren't competent to feed themselves properly, to clothe all people who can't afford to buy all the clothes they need, to build homes for those who have neglected to build houses for themselves, and to guarantee every business man and professional man against his income falling below a certain point.

Capper is a wonderful advertiser. He advertises himself with such rare skill that half of his brother senators are constantly turning a dull battleship gray with envy. He also advertises the farmer. He has made the farmer into front-page news for almost every newspaper in the country, which is no alouch of a job. He is in favor of practically everything that the farmers are in favor of Whenever anything happens of advantage to the farmer, Capper is usually on hand to claim his share of the credit.

Likewise, whenever anything happens that is disadvantageous to the farmer, Capper blames Wall Street and the railroads and the grain gamblers. He hates the interests. To him the interests are a lower form of life than the Protozoa.

He is not the friend of the pee-pul. He is the friend of the farmer. And a large following of farmers trusts in him and in his remedies for the farmer's troubles. Many farmers think that Capper's remedies will work. Many farmers also think that the patent medicines which Capper advertises will cure almost every bodily ill.

The Oakland Five-Passenger Coupe, $1445
Trunk and spare tire extra

Oakland's Mileage-Basis Plan Proves Oakland Quality

Confident that its car is the finest light-six that correct design and precise workmanship can produce, Oakland—a permanent division of General Motors Corporation—frankly and fearlessly asks you to judge the Oakland Six entirely according to a definite "mileage-basis" standard of measurement. Elsewhere on this page Oakland tabulates the minimum number of satisfying miles that the various essential parts of its car will deliver—free from replacements, trouble, or expense. It urges you to examine, at any Oakland dealers', the inbuilt high quality that makes possible such exceptional mileage. After that, your own sound judgment will convince you that an Oakland will deliver more miles of trouble-free service and a smoother six-cylinder performance than any other car at anywhere near its price.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Oakland's Mileage-Basis Standard of Measurement

These figures (which are in all instances minimum figures) give you the actual mileage you can expect from the essential parts of an Oakland Six-44, free from repairs or replacements, when operated according to Oakland Instruction Book.

Main Bearings—*40,000 miles* or more without attention.

Valves—15,000 miles or more without need of grinding.

Connecting Rods—40,000 miles or more without attention.

Cylinders, Pistons, Rings—Guaranteed in writing for 15,000 miles against "oil pumping."

Gasoline Mileage—20 to 25 miles per gallon.

Tires—15,000 to 25,000 miles per set.

Transmission, axles, and other major parts—Life of the car.

Other Models

Roadster	$ 975
Touring Car	995
Sport Roadster	1145
Sport Touring	1165
Coupe for Two	1185
Sedan	1545

All Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich.

Oakland "6"

TIME—THE PRESENT

"It's Me—Dawn," the Sheriff Said Reassuringly as the Man Did Not Move

By CARL CLAUSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE talk drifted naturally to crime and the catching of criminals—naturally, because Billy Dawn, one of the crowd, had been elected sheriff of the county a month earlier. Cardinal County was next to the largest county in the state in point of territory; but the smallest, except for two, in population. Sterile deserts and rugged mountain ranges have limited her sons and daughters to a mere handful of fittest survivors.

Billy Dawn was a decent, able citizen. He was born in Cardinal. His election to the post of sheriff at his age—thirty-one—was a mark of esteem. Still the old-timers could not miss this chance of spoofing him gently. They were gathered in force on the shady front porch of Milliken's grocery store. The afternoon was hot and the street was deserted. Across the way a spirited black saddle horse was tied to the hitching post in front of the Cardinal Bank.

"Not that anything ever happens here—any more," said Pop McCraw, the father of Cardinal; "but"—here he glanced across the street as a man emerged from the bank with a small, bulging canvas sack in his hand—"but just supposin' ——" he ended, with his eyes glued to the canvas sack.

The man swung himself into the saddle of the waiting horse, waved his right hand to the crowd in greeting—in his left he held the canvas sack—and rode off towards the mountains that towered in solemn majesty at the end of the street.

"Supposing what?"

The questioner, Colonel Enderly, stopped fanning himself with his palm-leaf fan. His pale-blue eyes were turned upon McCraw with a sort of listless expectation, as if he felt assured that the answer would be disappointing but hoped that it might not be. Glancing after the departing horseman, his putty-colored face relaxed in a bored smile.

"If you're aiming to try it, Mac," he drawled, "I'll defend you." He ran his stubby forefinger into the pocket of his vest and drew out his attorney's card, which he handed to McCraw with a show of elaborate formality. "It might be worth your while after what the income-tax man did to your roll this spring. There's about eight thousand dollars in that sack of Warren's, and my retainer is only five hundred."

McCraw grinned.

"If it wasn't for this new thief catcher of ours," he said with a wink at Billy, "I'd be tempted to take a whack at it."

"Don't let me keep you from a life of crime, Pop," Billy came back. He patted the new automatic in the holster at his side. "I'd give a year's salary to have you at the business end of this baby for five minutes."

"Just supposin' that somebody did stick up Warren for his pay roll," McCraw said seriously, "and supposin' that it was a stranger who done it, which way would you go looking for him, Billy—across the desert or over the mountains?"

Dawn's calm blue eyes regarded the speaker soberly.

"Neither," he said, "that is, if it happened right now. He'd never try the snow passes at this time of the year, not if he had any sense, and he'd know that if he tried the desert he'd be my meat."

"What d'you figure he'd do then?" McCraw asked.

"He'd stay right here in Cardinal, thinking that the trail'd get cold; and by the time he thought that it was good and *frappéd* he'd get careless and tip his hand."

In the silence that followed, the man with a price on his head, who had been sitting on the top step of the porch listening to the talk about him without comment, raised his head and shot the sheriff a quick, level glance, then turned his eyes away and looked after the departing horseman. He was a spare, loosely built man. His arms were long and apelike, and the backs of his hands resting in his lap were covered with fine, fluffy hair. His eyebrows were heavy, and the dark eyes beneath them were deep-set and intelligent, not with the intelligence of the scholar, however, but of a primitive man who by native cunning has graduated in the study of human nature.

He might have been anywhere between thirty-five and forty-five. The top of his head was nearly bald, but his complexion was healthy, ruddy. His forehead was prominent, but not high. It sloped back two inches above his eyebrows; not abruptly, but rounding off with the perfect spherical roundness of a billiard ball. His nose was pronouncedly aquiline, predatory and curved like the beak of a hawk.

He was dressed in a corduroy suit of good quality, and the broad-brimmed hat which lay in his lap was of an expensive make. Western though he looked in his typical Western garments, a close observer would have noted several little discrepancies in his get-up.

Instead of boots he wore low-cut tan Oxfords, and his dark-red tie flashed a fine one-carat diamond scarfpin. Westerners of the desert rarely wear low shoes out-of-doors, and diamond scarfpins are almost unknown to them.

The man with a price on his head had selected Cardinal because it was an excellent place to hide out in. In this selection he showed himself possessed of the keen acumen which had made him a headliner in his profession. Your ordinary criminal, fleeing the police of one city, will sooner or later walk into the arms of the officers of another. Every city has its dives where men of the profession gather between jobs. To such places the homeless, fleeing criminal is drawn for companionship. The gregarious instinct is as strong in him as in other men, lone crooks of fiction, notwithstanding. This is the reason why dives of questionable character are permitted to stay open. Were the police

(Continued on Page 43

How much tribute do you pay to Friction?

RIGHT before your eyes, stealthy Friction is probably robbing your plant of profits.

Time and time again, a call for repairs is due to preventable friction in the bearings of an engine or machine. The halting of that unit often halts the output of the entire plant.

At the hurry-up call for repairs, high-priced mechanics drop productive work and take up patch work. The needed repair parts and supplies may not be on hand.

Meanwhile, the Office asks for explanations. The Production Superintendent fusses and fumes. Machines stand idle. Operators stroll around with hands in their pockets. Production profits take wings.

To any plant Executive who wishes to strike at the root of repairs, we make this challenging statement:

Fully 75% of engine and machine repairs can be forestalled by use of high-grade lubricants scientifically applied.

You will find the cost of Gargoyle Lubricating Oils—high-grade as they are—an absurdly small item when checked against the total costs of slowed-down production.

Our business is the specialized manufacture and scientifically correct application of high-grade lubricating oils. We have been in the business 57 years. Our knowledge and experience are at your service.

In order that you may secure the full economies of using our high-grade oils, we offer to make without charge a Lubrication Audit of your plant. See details in column at right.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

THE
Lubrication Audit
EXPLAINED STEP BY STEP
(In Condensed Outline)

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative in co-operation with your plant engineer or superintendent makes a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

This report is based on:—

(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant.
(2) Your operating conditions.
(3) Our 57 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.
(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

CHECKING: Following the installation of our oils, periodical calls will be made.

FOR THE ABOVE FREE SERVICE address our nearest branch office.

Domestic Branches:

New York (Main Office)
Boston
Philadelphia
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Minneapolis
Des Moines
Kansas City, Kan
Dallas

GOODYEAR BETTERS ITS BEST

Introduces important improvements in new Cord Tire through beveled All-Weather Tread

A SMOOTHER-RUNNING, longer-lived, more efficient Goodyear Cord Tire—it hardly seems possible, does it?

Yet the *new* Goodyear Cord with the beveled All-Weather Tread is precisely that.

In several important particulars it is a definite improvement on that already famous Goodyear Cord which is the world's standard of tire goodness.

It is easily the best tire—in point of mileage, freedom from trouble, and economy—that Goodyear has ever made.

The All-Weather Tread on this new tire is made from an extraordinarily efficient rubber compound, by far the most serviceable our engineers have ever devised.

Being semi-flat, in- stead of round as formerly, this new tread affords broader road contact, which also offers greatly increased resistance to wear.

The powerful, clean-cut blocks are buttressed at the base by heavy circumferential ribs, knitting the whole tread design into a firmer and stauncher unit.

The blocks which line the tread on either side are beveled at the outer edge, relieving the carcass from the strain of vibration as wear proceeds.

Tests and the conditions of actual service have demonstrated that this new Goodyear Cord represents the greatest tire achievement in many years.

With no sacrifice of non-skid efficiency its new tread runs more quietly and evenly, while adding thousands of miles to the life of the tire.

You can get this *improved* Goodyear Cord Tire now, at no extra price—your Goodyear Service Station Dealer has it in stock.

You may be sure also that it is of the same high quality that has made more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

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to close them, the apprehension of criminals would be practically impossible. If reformers were cognizant of this fact their howls of protest would be stilled. The wise hunter does not close the path to the watering place of his game. He lies in wait there.

The man with a price on his head knew this. He also knew that so earnestly was his presence desired at the police headquarters of a certain large Eastern city that his career as a successful criminal had come to an end for good and all

Never before had he shot a victim. He was not a killer. The gun he carried was more of a persuader than a weapon. But he had been placed in the unfortunate position of choosing between certain capture or the instant removal of his victim. Also, a sum of forty thousand dollars was involved in the transaction, and it had taken two months of patient watching and planning to get his hands upon this money; so, all things considered, he could really not have done otherwise than shoot.

He felt sorry for the man—almost; but he comforted himself with the thought that anyone who is stupid enough to protect his employer's money with his life deserves little consideration. For such he felt a boundless contempt.

His career up to that point had been a pleasantly lucrative one, mildly exciting at times, but usually fraught with little danger. He laid his plans with careful attention to detail, and so was able to execute them with precision and speed. The world was his bank, his gun his letter of credit, good for any amount.

For one year now he had been living in Cardinal. He had made friends. His deposit of thirty-nine thousand dollars in the Cardinal Bank had stamped him as a man of means. Through Colonel Enderly he had let it become known that he was a retired merchant with faith in the soil, and that he stood ready to loan money in sums of from one to five thousand dollars on first mortgages secured by farm land, and nearly all his money had been thus placed during the year. He had become known as an ardent devotee of gun and rod, a solid citizen and a not-too-exacting creditor.

The talk of the crowd on the porch fretted him; not because of any sense of fear—he felt very secure now; but the mild braggadocio of Dawn annoyed him. He did not like Billy, although his dislike was not a personal one. Billy Dawn represented that which he had been engaged in fighting all his life—the law. But impersonal enmity is stronger than personal hostility. Aversions engendered by a difference of temperament are never so bitter as factional ones. A man who represents a division of society which menaces one's own becomes identified as an instrument of that menace, therefore an enemy in the truest sense of the word.

It was with difficulty that he restrained himself from replying to Dawn's speech with the satirical observation which was on the tip of his tongue. His contempt for small-town constables and backwoods sheriffs was abysmal.

Arising with a curt so long to the crowd, he walked down the street to the Sierra Hotel, where his room was. As he passed Aronson's jewelry and watch-repairing establishment he remembered that the jeweler had told him that his watch, which he had left there two days earlier to be repaired, would be finished today, so he called for it; but was informed that the mainspring was broken, and that being out of mainsprings the repair man could not fix it until the next consignment of repair goods arrived from Los Angeles the following week. On his demurral, Aronson loaned him a dollar watch until his own could be fixed.

"It's an old one, Mr. Ross, but it keeps good time," Aronson told him. Ross was the name under which he had elected to hide his identity. "Only be sure to wind it often. When these cheap watches get old they run down quickly."

Ross nodded.

"I'll remember to wind it often," he said as he stuck it in his pocket and left the place.

II

THAT evening as he sat by the open window of his room smoking he tried to dismiss from his mind the picture that kept recurring to him—the picture of a lone horseman riding up the cañon road on a jet-black horse, with a sack of money in his hand.

As he remembered the young sheriff's words, "If he tries the desert he's my meat," his deep-set eyes narrowed to mere slits. Resolutely he got up and knocked the ashes from his pipe. He shook himself as if to rid himself of the notion. Still, as he undressed for bed, the idea haunted him, and it was long past midnight before sleep finally came to him.

At breakfast the next morning he found himself weighing the possibility of the idea with a chill of apprehension as if he had already committed himself to it; and during the day, the idea persisting, he gave himself up unreservedly to the contemplation of it.

It was not that he needed the money. His income from his mortgages was ample for his wants. But his pride in his profession had been strong, and of late he had begun to wonder if in his one year of hibernation his brain had lost some of its alertness and cunning.

A dull aching fear smote him at this thought. After all, the matching of his wits against a county sheriff's would be no fair test. He promised himself if he did stick up Warren for the pay roll he'd do it in a manner commensurate with his talents and experience. He'd put one over on Dawn that would make him wonder why he had been handed a sheriff's badge.

The more he thought about it the more the idea appealed to him. Warren, the manager of the Lost Mule Mine, twenty miles up Cardinal Creek, came to town every Friday for his pay roll.

Ross knew that Warren rode unarmed and that he did not follow the wagon road, but took a short cut across Trout Ridge by the way of Evolution Meadows, a little-frequented trail.

Ross was perfectly familiar with this trail. He had hunted over it often during the past year. The tamaracks of Evolution Meadows afforded excellent shelter for a determined man. For two days he toyed with the idea. Then he began to put his plan into execution.

"It's Billy Dawn! I Thought You Were Out Chasing the Hold-Up Man"

The first thing he did was to let it become known that he was going deer hunting for two weeks. At Curran's Hardware Store, where he bought a box of high-powered shells for his rifle, he ran into Dawn buying ammunition for his new automatic. His running into him was not altogether accidental. He had seen Dawn enter the store a moment before, and he wanted to impress the sheriff with his going away. This was necessary for the success of his plan.

The younger man nodded to him pleasantly as Ross entered the store, and he acknowledged the greeting briefly. While he waited for Curran to wrap his box of shells he remembered Aronson's words, and pulled the old watch from his pocket and began winding it. Dawn, leaning against the show case beside him, flashed a row of fine, strong teeth with a smile.

"Aronson's got you toting it now, I see," he said, pointing to the watch.

Ross glanced at it, then at the sheriff.

"Yes, my own is out of commission. He loaned me this."

"I guess every man in Cardinal has carried that watch at one time or another," Dawn explained. "I carried it myself for a week, about six months ago."

"Oh," said Ross as he replaced the watch in his pocket.

"Going deer hunting, I hear," Dawn said then.

"Yes."

"Which way?"

"Down Lone Palm Springs. Deer were reported there last week," Ross replied easily.

"That so?" the sheriff exclaimed in surprise. "They're coming out of the mountains early this year then."

"Yes, on account of the heavy snowfall on the divide, I suppose."

"I guess so," the sheriff agreed. "Be sure you take a good supply of water with you, Mr. Ross. The water holes between here and Lone Palm Springs have dried up. There's not a drop to be had the whole thirty miles, and we won't have any rain for at least a month."

"I will," Ross replied. He picked up his purchase from the show case, nodded to Curran and left.

The next day, Tuesday, he spent in getting ready for the trip. From Crews, the packer, he rented a donkey and packsaddle; also a small tent.

When he gave his order list for the supplies that he would need to Milliken, the groceryman said, "Wish I was going with you, Mr. Ross. I haven't had a week off for over two years."

Ross pulled his check book from his pocket.

"Get your gun and come along with me," he invited him heartily.

Milliken shook his head.

"Can't get away," he said with a sigh. "Thanks just the same."

Ross smiled inwardly. He was safe in inviting the groceryman to accompany him. Milliken's assistant had quit the week before and he had been unable to secure another.

When he handed the man his check for the order he said with well-simulated persuasiveness, "Why don't you close your store for a couple of weeks and come with me? You need a rest."

Milliken laughed.

"And let Barnes across the way cop all my trade while I was away? Not much! I suppose you want this delivered right away," he added, reaching for the blotter on the show case behind him to blot the check.

"Yes, send it over to Crews any time this afternoon," Ross replied. "I'll be packing my donkey there in the morning. I want to get a daylight start so as to make Lone Palm before dark tomorrow night."

"I'll see that it gets there this afternoon," Milliken promised him.

III

LONE PALM SPRINGS is a small oasis in the upper end of the Mohave Desert at the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is one of Nature's oddities—a bowl-shaped declivity in the flat floor of the desert, with a spring of ice-cold water bubbling out of its center. On the eastern rim of the bowl rises a barrier of jagged rocks, and through a cleft in these rocks the waters of the spring flow for a short mile or so, and are then swallowed up in the parched bosom of the desert.

There is a legend among the Piute Indians that Lone Palm was once a lake whose shores abounded in game and wild fowl, but that a great earthquake rent the barrier in twain and permitted the water to escape. Be that as it may, today Lone Palm Springs is still the resting place of migrating wild fowl crossing the desert; and from November to May, when the high mountain meadows lie buried under many feet of snow, and feed becomes scarce on the lower slopes of the Sierras, brown deer and jack rabbits come to eat their fill of the high lush grasses which grow there.

Arriving at Lone Palm Springs with his pack burro an hour before sundown, the man with a price on his head unpacked the animal and staked it out to grass. Then, taking his rifle, he picked out a likely spot in a willow thicket overlooking a small deep pool. In the earth on the shores of the pool he had found several deer tracks.

After half an hour of patient waiting he was rewarded by hearing a soft rustling in the willows on the other side of the pool. The next moment the branches parted and a young buck came tripping lightly down to the edge of the pool. It was a short, easy shot, and the report of his rifle had hardly died away when the animal reared on its hind legs and fell over backwards, dead.

Returning to camp with the animal slung over his shoulder, he pitched his tent and cooked supper. After he had eaten he lighted his pipe and by the light of his camp fire proceeded to give the camp the air of permanency necessary for the success of his plan. He cleaned and salted the carcass of the buck to keep the meat from spoiling, then slung it over the low-hanging branch of a near-by tree.

He rolled into his blankets early and slept long and hard after the thirty-mile tramp across the desert, and all the next day, Thursday, he spent resting. He had strenuous work ahead of him.

At dusk that evening, after watering the donkey, he changed his corduroy suit for an old gray one which he had not worn for over a year, and which no one in Cardinal had therefore seen. He also discarded his hat for an old cap. His money, keys and papers he left in the corduroy suit in the tent. All he kept in the pockets of the suit he wore was his pipe and tobacco and Aronson's old dollar watch. Before leaving he cooked himself a generous supper of fried venison.

When he had eaten and put out his camp fire he filled the water canteen, slung a small sack of provisions and his rifle over his shoulder and started back towards Cardinal across the moonlit desert. He did not stick to the trail, but followed the contour of the mountains. Two hours before dawn he entered a narrow cañon four miles to the west of Cardinal. The trail which led up this cañon crossed the main trail—the one Warren used—half a mile below Evolution Meadows.

Daylight was just breaking when he entered the meadow, and after a brief survey of the place he picked out a clump of tamaracks overlooking the trail and settled to wait. The place he had selected was admirably suited to his purpose. The trail made a sharp turn here, and was very steep. A horseman coming up the trail would have his hands full guiding his mount.

Shortly before noon Warren rode into the meadow on his way down.

He was a youngish man, and very fair. He sat his black horse like a centaur. His broad-brimmed hat was pushed back upon his head. So close did he pass that Ross could see the beads of perspiration upon his forehead. He was singing as he rode, an old rollicking song of the plains. The man with a price on his head smiled grimly. Warren would be singing another tune soon.

Pulling Aronson's dollar watch from his pocket, Ross noted that it lacked ten minutes to twelve o'clock. The distance from Evolution Meadows to Cardinal was a good ten miles. It would be five o'clock before Warren returned; so, after winding the watch, Ross ate some lunch, lighted his pipe and made himself comfortable for his five-hour wait.

Sunset in the high altitudes comes later than in the lowlands. The meadow was still flooded with sunlight when Ross heard the hoof beats of Warren's horse a quarter of a mile down the trail. With his rifle in the cleft between two bowlders, he waited, and presently he heard Warren's voice urging his mount up the steep trail.

Ross permitted the man to pass his hiding place. Then as Warren pulled his horse to a rest on a level bit of ground thirty feet away, after rounding the steep, sharp turn, Ross ordered him to drop the canvas sack on the ground and throw up his hands.

Squinting along the barrel of his rifle, he saw Warren's body tense at the command. The manager of the Lost Mule Mine was no coward; but he was taken completely by surprise, held up from the rear on a steep trail too narrow even to turn his horse; so he did the sensible thing—dropped the sack and raised his hands above his head. Ross then ordered him to get off his horse, and without looking back to keep on up the trail on foot.

"If you as much as turn your head you're a goner," Ross told him, being careful to use the same deep-pitched tone in which he had commanded him to throw up his hands.

Warren said nothing to this, but dismounted and proceeded up the trail on foot without turning his head as he was ordered. When he was a good five hundred yards away Ross pulled his cap down over his eyes and slid down the bowlder to the trail below, picked up the canvas sack and led the black horse around the turn in the trail. All this time he kept his eyes on Warren to assure himself that the man had not turned his head.

Then, waiting behind the outjutting bowlders until Warren was nearly out of sight, he swung himself into the saddle and urged the horse down the trail as fast as it could pick its way. An hour later, just as dark was beginning to fall, he stopped for a few minutes and buried the canvas sack under a bowlder, impressing the location on his mind by certain landmarks about the spot.

When he emerged from the cañon the desert lay flooded in moonlight. Dismounting, he tied the horse to a tree. Its black coat was flecked with lather from the hard riding.

His next move was a clever one. As part of his plan, it was necessary to abandon the horse; but it must appear that the animal had been abandoned because of lameness, so he proceeded to make it lame.

The trick he used was an old one. He had learned it from a race-track tout years earlier. He and the tout had won a snug sum of money by backing a certain horse against the black favorite of the track, whose going lame at the crucial moment had been assured him by the tout. Ross smiled at the recollection of that bit of easy money. The tout had explained afterwards with great gusto how the laming of the horse had been accomplished, to the discomfiture of its backers.

From the tail of Warren's horse Ross pulled one of the longest and thickest black hairs he could find, and wound it as many times as it would go, and as tight as he could pull it without breaking it, around the horse's leg at the fetlock joint, just above the hoof, tying a knot securely after each turn. Then, smoothing the black hairs of the fetlock back over it carefully to hide it, he turned the horse loose with a brisk slap. The animal started off at a trot. Ross smiled to himself as the horse disappeared up the cañon. In a few minutes the tightly drawn hair would begin its work. In fifteen minutes the horse would be too lame to do anything but walk. In due time the fetlock would swell and burst the hair, but for at least ten or fifteen hours the horse would be very lame indeed.

With a backward glance at the departing horse, Ross started for the Lone Palm trail, which he struck after a short hour's walk.

He took his time. There was no hurry now. The news of the robbery would most likely not reach Cardinal before daylight. At least no pursuit would be attempted until then.

He was well pleased with himself. Everything was going according to schedule. Being the only man absent from Cardinal, and a comparative stranger there, suspicion would be directed against himself as naturally as water flowing downhill. Dawn's first move would be to assure himself that he, Ross, was really at Lone Palm Springs, and that he had been there all the time.

The only safe route out of the desert lay by the way of the Springs. A fugitive would be forced to follow this route or perish of thirst. The sheriff would at least want to know if any stranger had passed through there.

The man with a price on his head smiled softly as he thought about the little trick he was going to play on Billy Dawn in a few hours. The contemplation of it amused him vastly, and the more he thought about it the funnier it seemed. Once or twice he laughed out loud at the drollness of the idea. He could have proceeded to Lone Palm at once. The sheriff finding him there, with every ocular evidence of a permanent camp, would have his suspicions allayed at once. His alibi was perfect. He could retrieve the sack of money at his leisure—in a month or two after the thing had blown over—but his artistic soul revolted at this. He had decided to put frills on this last job of his, and frills he'd put. He'd hand this cocksure country sheriff something that'd make him the laughingstock of the whole country; something that no sheriff could live down in a lifetime.

IV

ON THE desert fifteen miles out of Cardinal there lie two huge piles of lava rocks—the Twins, they are called—flung there like the slag piles of some giant furnace. The rocks are molded into curious and fantastic shapes due to the cooling process after old Mother Earth spewed them forth, seething and white-hot, in some prehistoric era. The trail to Lone Palm Springs passes between them, as through a short, narrow gorge.

It was a little past midnight when Ross climbed up the jagged face of the western twin to a ledge twenty feet above the trail. In looking over the ground on his way to the Springs he had picked out this ledge. It was just big enough to accommodate him comfortably, and it afforded an uninterrupted view of the desert for miles in both directions without danger of being observed himself.

From a standpoint of defense the spot was strategic. A determined man with plenty of food, water and ammunition could have held an army at bay indefinitely. It commanded, indisputably, the narrow gorge through which the trail passed, and its approaches.

The man with a price on his head made himself at home at once. He did not deem it safe to light a fire, so he ate a cold lunch of hardtack and cold fried venison. Then lighting his pipe he stretched himself flat on his back and yawned sleepily. A little while later, when he looked at his watch, he noted that it was nearly one o'clock; so, winding the watch, he pulled the gunny sack over his head to protect his face from the chill night dew, rolled over on his side and went to sleep.

The sun was just rising over the eastern rim of the desert when he awoke. After a hurried breakfast, he looked to his rifle to assure himself that it was working smoothly, then settled down to wait. At eight o'clock, when the sun was already high in the desert sky, he saw a cloud of dust in the distance towards Cardinal. A few minutes later he made out a lone horseman coming along the trail at a brisk trot. The sheriff of Cardinal was losing no time.

When Billy Dawn pulled his horse into a walk at the approach of the pass between the Twins the man with a price on his head laid the barrel of his rifle across a bowlder and waited. He used the same method as before, permitting the sheriff to pass him; then called out to him to halt, from the rear.

Dawn pulled up his horse sharply. His hands rose in the air with unwilling slowness, and Ross smiled.

"Lower your left hand and throw your gun and handcuffs on the ground," he commanded in a deep, gruff voice, "and don't try any foolishness or the buzzards will get you. Hurry up!"

The sheriff hesitated for an instant, but only for an instant, then did as he was told.

"Now get off your horse and hoof it back to Cardinal. The faster you go the better for your health. I'll be watching you from here, so you better keep going. Sorry to take your cayuse, but the other one went lame on me," he added as the sheriff slipped to the ground.

Dawn squinted up towards the ledge wherefrom the voice came. He saw nothing but the short, gleaming barrel of a rifle. But he heard something—or rather thought he did—the faint, yet quite distinct ticking of a watch upon the lonely quiet of the desert. For just the fraction of a moment he paused, straining his ears to listen. He decided that his senses were playing a trick upon him.

"Keep your eyes to yourself," Ross cautioned him, "and clear out—fast!"

The sheriff cleared out for the very good reason that there was nothing else to do. He was mad enough to bite a ten-penny nail in two, but dental exhibitions were not in order.

For half an hour Ross watched him from his aerie, trudging along toward Cardinal, his leather chaps flapping like the wings of some huge ungainly bird. At the end of that time Ross slid down to the trail, picked up Dawn's new automatic pistol and a pair of very shiny and efficient-looking handcuffs. Removing the clip of shells he threw it among the rocks. The gun he buried in the sand beside the trail, but the handcuffs he stuck in his pocket. He would have use for them later. Then, vaulting into the saddle of the sheriff's bronco, he galloped off toward Lone Palm Springs.

It was exactly noon by his watch when he arrived at his camp. Looking about him briefly to assure himself that everything was as he had left it, he turned the horse towards the mountains, and in half an hour entered a small narrow gully densely timbered with scrub pine and tamarack.

When the vegetation became too dense for riding he dismounted and led the horse into a deep, dark thicket. Then he unlimbered his rifle, pointed its muzzle in the horse's ear and pulled the trigger without compunction. The horse reared briefly, then fell over dead.

The discharged shell he threw with a wide sweep of his arm into the gully below the thicket. Then, with a final glance at the horse to assure himself that it was dead, he returned to his camp at the Springs. Watering his donkey and staking it out on a fresh pasture, he cooked himself a well-earned dinner and proceeded to arrange his camp for the final scene of his personally conducted drama.

First he changed back into his corduroy suit. The old gray one he burned up, together with the cap. Then, cutting the second hind quarter off the killed buck, he buried the joint of venison in the soft earth near the pool. The rest of the carcass he washed carefully, removing every trace of salt from the meat to make it appear that the buck had been killed the night before. Then he arranged his cooking utensils in careless confusion about the fireplace. He put two dirty plates, two cups—two of everything necessary to make it appear that two people had eaten there a short time before—on the ground near the fire. He even poured a little coffee into each of the cups and added a pinch of sugar.

When he was done he surveyed the result with a smile of satisfaction. His stage setting was as perfect as his alibi. He had left nothing undone.

V

POP McCRAW was jogging along the creek road in his old flivver when a voice hailed him from the bank of the creek. He jammed on his brakes and stuck his head out from under the frayed top as the old car gave a brief sputter and came to a stop in the middle of the road.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated in surprise as a travel-stained and dusty man crawled down the bank. "It's Billy Dawn! I thought you were out chasing the hold-up man"

"I am—I was," Billy corrected.

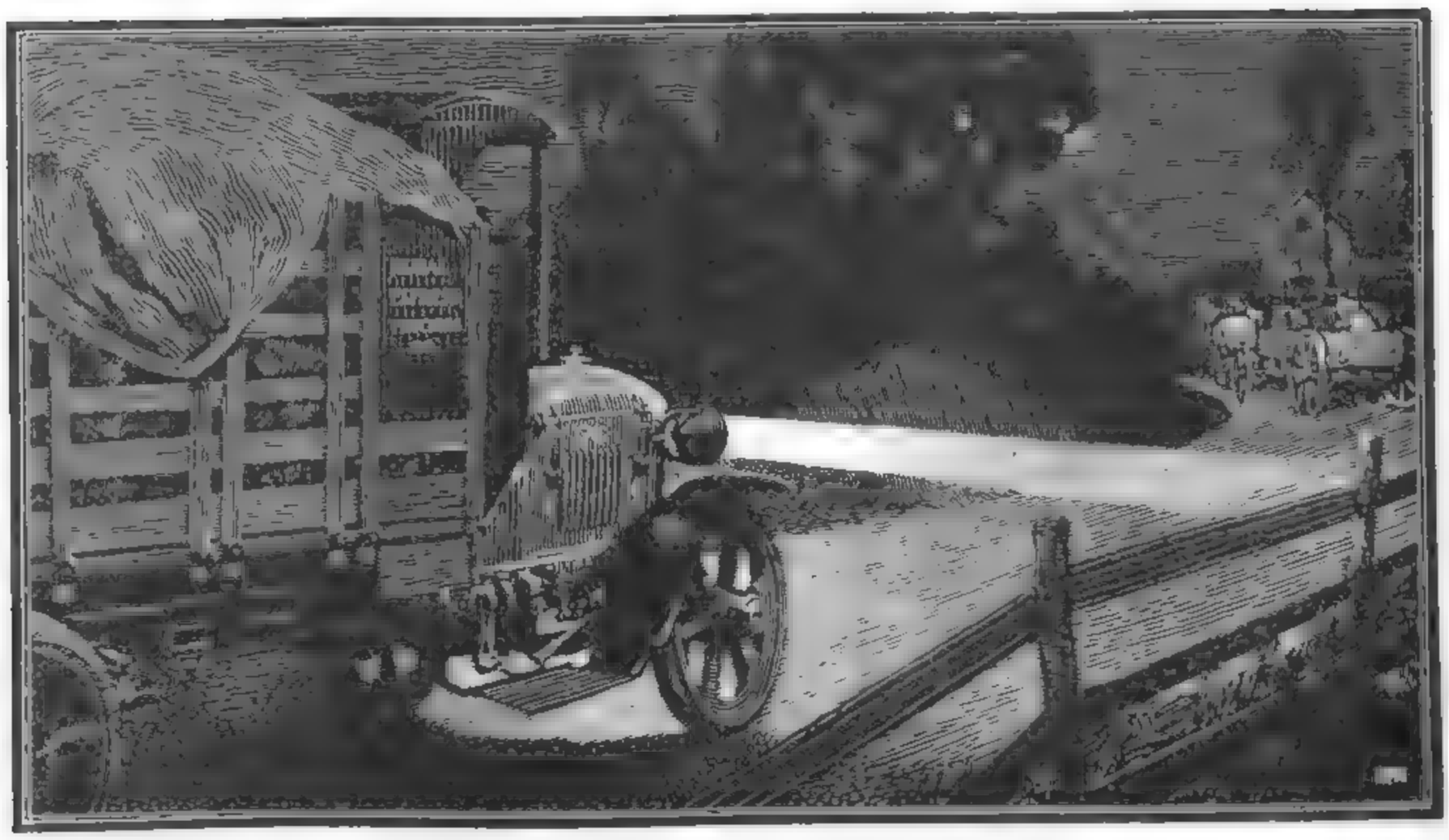
"Did you get him?" McCraw asked with bated breath.

"Get—hell!" the sheriff snorted. "The son of a gun got me!"

"Eh? What?" McCraw's toothless mouth dropped wide open with amazement.

In language interspersed with picturesque profanity the sheriff explained what had happened. When he had finished McCraw leaned back in the rusty seat of his flivver and laughed till the tears ran down his face. Dawn's blue eyes flashed.

(Continued on Page 46)



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General Motors Trucks

GMC

"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"

(Continued from Page 44)

"I don't see anything funny to laugh about," he snapped.

"What—ha-ha-ha—what are you—ho-ha—going to do?" McCraw asked.

"Do?" the sheriff exclaimed. "I'm going back and get him, that's what!"

"Fat chance," McCraw scoffed. "It's nearly four o'clock now. He's got eight hours' start. He'll be out of the desert by daylight tomorrow morning."

"Oh, I don't know," Dawn replied with some heat. "Listen, Mac, I want you to drive down to my place and saddle the roan pinto and bring him back here. I don't want the boys to see me or I'd go myself—understand? And bring my old six-shooter. You'll find it in the bottom drawer of my desk."

"I understand," said McCraw with a grin. "All right, twist her tail for me," he said, pointing to the crank.

The sheriff straddled the road in front of the machine.

"Better bring along a canteen of water too," he said, "and if you value the short years of your miserable life you'll keep your mouth shut about this. If the boys get hep I'll know who told 'em."

"I'll keep mum," McCraw promised.

"You'd better," Dawn muttered as he gave the crank two vicious turns.

"Oh, by the way," McCraw shouted above the rattle of the engine, "Warren phoned in from the mine this morning and said that his horse got over his lameness. Looks like the black cuss played possum on the hold-up man."

"That so?" Dawn replied. "Funny," he mused as the old machine bumped away down the dusty road.

While he waited for McCraw to return with his pinto and his six-shooter the sheriff stretched his weary limbs under the grateful shade of a sycamore on the bank of the creek and thought things over. The result of his musings was not pleasant. If the thing ever got noised about—and it would, sooner or later—his days as sheriff of Cardinal County would be over. He'd be a butt of ridicule from one end of the state to the other. The more he thought about it the more furious he became—also the more determined to bring in his man.

He had no definite suspicion against anyone. All the inhabitants of the little town had been more or less accounted for with the exception of Ross, and Ross had left on his hunting trip days before the hold-up occurred.

By a process of elimination Dawn came to the conclusion that it was the job of a comparative stranger—probably some discharged employe of the Lost Mule Mine who knew Warren's habits. That the man was an old hand at the game was evident by his cool and efficient manner of handling the job. Banking on getting out of the desert on Warren's horse, he had not permitted the sudden laming of the animal to rattle him, but had killed two birds with one stone—helped himself to another and at the same time delayed pursuit by several hours.

If the man had been altogether a stranger he would not have taken such careful precautions against being seen by Warren and himself. A mask would have been all that was necessary to prevent positive identification. Clearly it was someone whom Warren or himself, or both, knew at least by sight.

He thought of the ticking of the watch in the highwayman's pocket which he had heard, or thought he had heard, on the still desert air. But the ticking of a watch was a pretty slender clew to hang highway robbery on. The more he thought about it the more puzzled he grew; also, the more determined he became to get his man. Whoever he was, he'd follow him to the ends of the earth.

When McCraw returned with the roan pinto and his six-shooter and water canteen the old man also handed Dawn a small bulging knapsack.

"I had the missus fix you up a bit of lunch. I reckon you'll be needin' it."

"Thanks, Mac," the sheriff replied gratefully as he swung himself into the saddle.

"Good luck, boy!" the old man called out after him. "Be careful you don't get yourself kilt. We'd miss you, all of us."

Dawn waved his hand.

"I'll be careful," he shouted back.

VI

IT WAS nearly midnight when Dawn rode his tired pony into Lone Palm Springs. As he did not see any sign of a camp fire, he judged that Ross had turned in early, so he cupped his hands and cooeyed long and loud. His call was answered too promptly for a man who had been asleep; so, wondering, he rode towards the sound, and saw Ross' tent in the moonlight between the willows.

Against a young sycamore near the tent Ross himself was standing.

"It's me—Dawn," the sheriff said reassuringly as the man did not move.

"Thank God!" Ross exclaimed fervently. Then his head dropped forward on his breast.

Dawn dismounted and ran to his side. He found that Ross was handcuffed to the sycamore and that the handcuffs were his own—the ones which the highwayman had taken from him that morning. Running his hand into his vest pocket for the handcuff key, he released Ross. As he did so the man fell forward in his arms, exhausted. Hastily securing some blankets from the tent, he spread them on the ground and laid the apparently half-conscious man upon them. Ross' lips moved.

"Never mind telling me now," the sheriff said.

Making a fire quickly, he noted the dishes scattered about the fireplace and the remains of the last meal—self-explanatory evidence of the boldness of the man he was trailing.

After Ross had drunk several cups of hot coffee Dawn permitted him to talk. He explained that a man had galloped into camp just as he was preparing dinner at noon and had asked him for something to eat. The stranger had stayed just long enough to eat, and before leaving had handcuffed him, Ross, to the tree for apparently no reason at all.

"He had reason all right," Dawn answered grimly. He told Ross then what had transpired. "The handcuffs are mine," he finished.

Ross stared at the sheriff in well-simulated surprise.

"Well, I declare!" he said in awed tones. He pointed to the carcass of the buck suspended from the tree. "He took a leg of venison with him when he went."

"You're lucky he didn't take your shirt," Dawn laughed. "That guy would swipe the dome off the state capitol if the governor turned his head." He looked at Ross and drew a long breath. "Handcuffed to a tree for nearly twelve hours! No wonder you are all in!"

Ross rubbed his chafed wrists.

"Just supposing you hadn't come along," he said. "I don't dare think what would have happened to me," he added with a shudder.

He was enjoying the situation immensely. It promised infinite possibilities. He chose his next words carefully.

"You know, I don't notice horses much," he said. "Warren's black is the only one I'd be positive about anywhere. But I thought the one the fellow was riding looked familiar."

Dawn's face sobered.

"Poor old Ben," he said softly. "He'll be ridden to death. The fellow evidently doesn't know much about horses, either, laming Warren's black the way he did." He paused. "Funny thing about Warren phoning from the mine and saying that the horse was all right again. Probably just turned his foot on a loose rock going down the trail."

The man with a price on his head turned his face away to hide a smile. This was precisely the information he wanted. The fetlock joint had swelled and burst the hair, as he had figured that it would. His safety was beyond question now.

"Better stay and rest yourself and your horse until daylight," he told the sheriff after they had eaten. "I've got blankets enough for both of us."

"Thanks! I guess I will," Dawn replied.

A little while later, when the two men rolled themselves into their blankets on either side of the fire, Dawn said: "Never mind about getting breakfast for me in the morning. You need your rest after what you've been through. I'll hop into the saddle at the first sign of daylight."

"All right," said Ross. "Put the coffeepot close to the fire so the coffee will keep warm—it's only three hours until daylight," he added as he pulled Aronson's old dollar watch from his pocket and laid it on the ground near his pillow.

Dawn moved the coffeepot close to the fire, then turned over on his side for a brief three-hour sleep. But he found that, tired though he was, he could not sleep. He lay wide awake, staring at the star-shot sky and listening to the myriad tiny sounds of the desert. Soon he grew conscious of another sound, close at hand, which seemed to drown out all the others—the steady, insistent ticking of Aronson's watch on the ground at Ross' pillow.

At first he attached no significance to it, but soon there came to his mind the recollection of that other ticking, the one he had heard when he was being held up in the pass between the Twins.

He scoffed at himself, at the absurdness of the notion, and closed his eyes resolutely and tried to go to sleep, but the ticking of the watch beat an incessant tattoo on his half-conscious brain, as if it were trying to convey to him some message.

And then suddenly the solution came to him with the blessedness of inspiration. It was so simple that he wondered how it had escaped him before. Reaching cautiously for his handcuffs and his gun, he threw his blankets aside and sat up.

"Ross!" he called out sharply.

A muffled "Uh-huh" came from the blankets on the other side of the fire.

"Turn over and put your hands behind your back," he said quietly. "Quick now! I've got you covered!"

"What the ——" the astonished man bellowed as the sheriff flung himself upon him and slipped the handcuffs around his wrists and snapped them shut. "Are you crazy?"

"Not so crazy," Dawn came back calmly as he arose and permitted the manacled man to sit up. He turned and tossed some sticks on the dying fire, and in the resultant blaze of light he looked his prisoner straight in the eyes and said, "You can't get away with it, Ross!"

"Can't get away with—what?" Ross demanded. His tone was defiant, but Dawn detected the note of fear behind it.

"Holding up Warren and hanging it onto a stranger," said Dawn.

"Pipe dream!" Ross retorted with a sneer, but his upper lip trembled.

Dawn shook his head.

"It's no pipe dream, Ross," he said. "I got to hand it to you, though. Tying yourself up to a tree with my handcuffs was a mighty clever stunt." He regarded his prisoner with undisguised admiration. "You had me fooled from the start. Your stage setting, too, was perfect; but you slipped up on one little thing."

Ross' face turned the color of chalk. Still he played for time.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he insisted doggedly.

"You will in a minute," Dawn grinned. "Ever hear of an old gent by the name of Father Time?" he asked. "An old cuss with white whiskers and a scythe and a funny little glass full of sand, with the middle of it squeezed in like the waistline of a wasp? That's the guy that stayed on your trail when I lost it."

"I'm no good at riddles," Ross retorted savagely. "Suppose you explain."

"Sure you're strong enough to stand the shock?" Dawn asked solicitously.

His prisoner growled something unintelligible in reply.

Dawn took Aronson's old dollar watch from the ground and held it up in the firelight.

"When you told me that you were handcuffed to the sycamore for twelve hours you convicted yourself on the spot. This old biscuit has to be wound every seven or eight hours to keep running. I ought to know. I carried it myself for a week, as I told you, and there are a dozen men or so back in Cardinal who can swear to the same thing. That fixes you good and plenty. A man with his mitts handcuffed behind him would have one sweet time winding a watch in his front vest pocket. It ain't done, that's all! Too bad you didn't think of that along with the other little details."

Ross' face was a study in hate and malignity. He tried to speak, but his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

"I reckon you handcuffed yourself to the tree along about dark," the sheriff went on. "If you had only thought and let the watch run down, what a difference it would have made! Now then, where's my horse and Warren's money?"

"Find out for yourself, since you're so clever!" Ross sneered.

"I'll find out all right," Dawn came back cheerfully—"I mean about the horse. The money I'll leave to the judge."

He reached for a stick in the fire and held its glowing end towards Ross' cheek.

"I hate to do this to a helpless man," he said, "but I'm not going to have my old Ben pony walk himself dead of thirst in the desert. So kick through or get scorched."

Ross cringed away from the burning stick, his face white with fear.

"I—I shot him," he stammered. "You'll find him in the brush up the cañon."

Dawn dropped the burning stick.

"You shot him—killed my old Ben?" he repeated, his voice awful with passion. "You—you damned cur!"

For a moment he stood, fists clenched, towering over the prostrate man; and Ross, cowering in fright, knew that he was looking at death. Then without another word the sheriff turned on his heel and began piling wood on the fire.

Ross watched him furtively as Dawn picked up his rifle, pumped the shells out of it and tossed the gun into the tent. Next the sheriff took his own six-shooter from its holster, broke it, removed the cartridges and threw it beside the empty rifle. Then, peeling off his coat, he took his handcuff key from his vest pocket.

"Turn over," he ordered Ross in a voice that cut like steel.

A moment later the handcuffs dropped to the ground.

"Get up," said Dawn, stepping back a few paces. Then as Ross rose to his feet he added, "Put up your hands! I'm coming!"

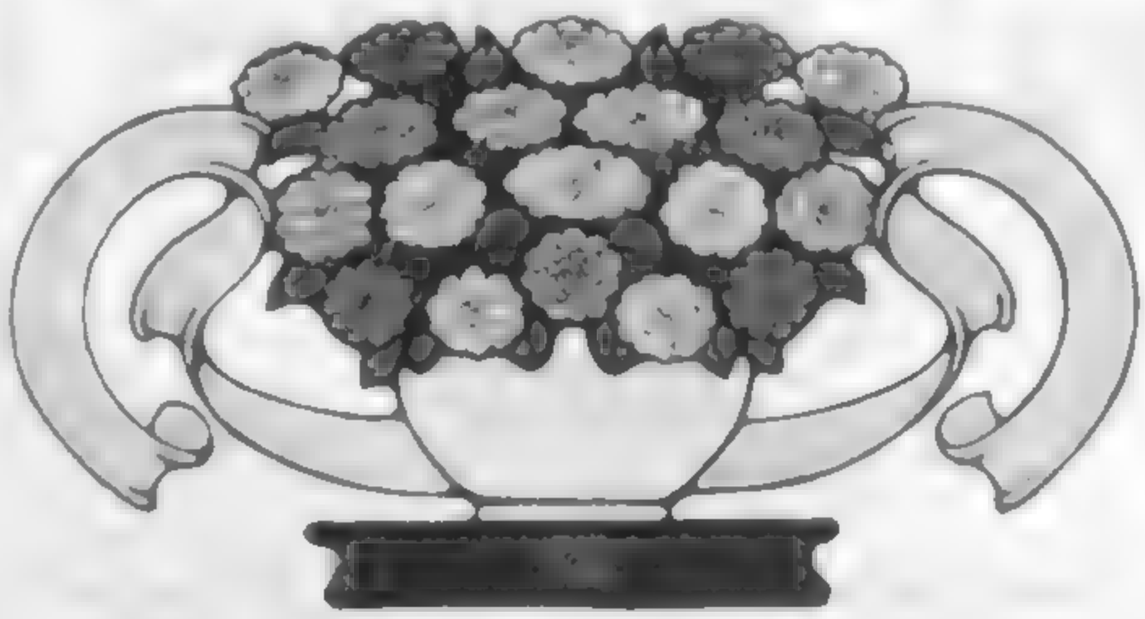
Ross was a big man himself. Physically they were well matched. Spiritually Ross had not the ghost of a chance. Still he fought. There was nothing else to do. His liberty and his life were at stake. He fought stubbornly, silently, with hate and fear goading him on, the blows that rained upon his face and neck stinging him into fresh paroxysms of fury and desperation.

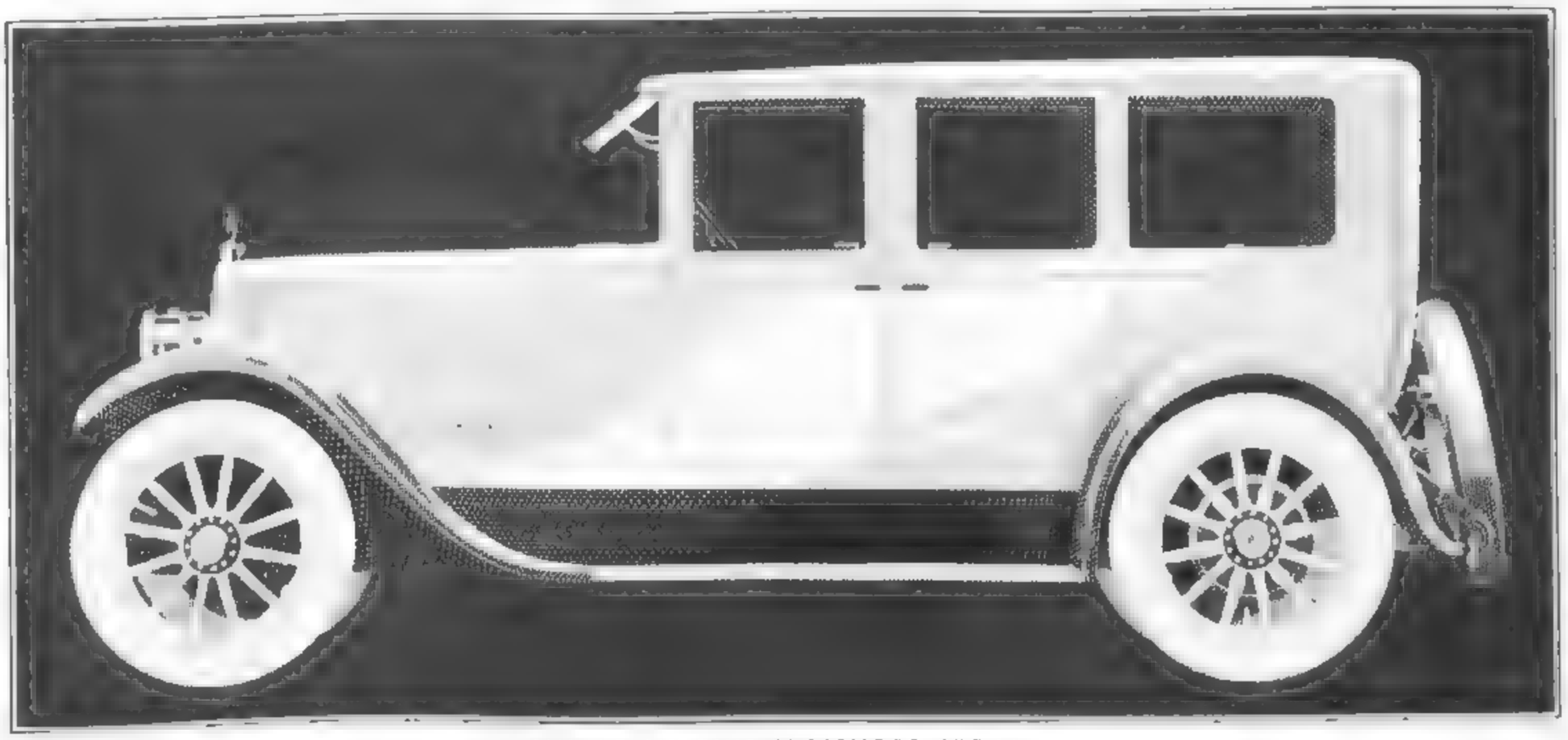
Wildly, blindly, he lunged out at the face and eyes behind the two merciless fists that pounded him with the maddening regularity and precision of trip hammers. Beyond those eyes he saw another pair—the startled, accusing eyes of the man whom he had shot down in cold blood a year before, the stern faces of twelve men, then oblivion.

When he came to his senses again the process was painful and long drawn out. His head hurt and his eyes were swollen nearly shut.

"Drink this," Dawn said curtly. "We'll travel as soon as you can straddle the pony."

He raised a cup of coffee to the man's bruised lips, and a moment later Ross heard the soft click as the handcuffs snapped shut about his aching wrists.





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PACKARD

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

THE POOR OLD NINCOMPOOP

(Continued from Page 23

It was one week and five days from the time that the score was started to the evening when James took Sylvia Lee out to dinner. He chose his table with care, in an alcove with a concealing palm at one corner and a window that looked out onto some not very pretty roofs and some very satisfactory sky. James thought as he looked across the brightness of the silver and the whiteness of the linen and the yellowness and greenness of the flowers at Sylvia Lee sitting opposite, that it was very like being in a real home—or in heaven. He thought he had never seen anyone so altogether lovely as Sylvia Lee. He shared the marvel of the other men in the advertising department that she should be earning her living in the big rough business world. James had never before had such an opportunity to gaze without rudeness. With the back of Sylvia's high-held head, and the way in which the loops and coils of her waving hair were piled upon it, he was craningly familiar; but to the Sylvia Lee who sat opposite him he was almost a stranger. He saw with new wondering vision the crisp locks of her hair that waved from under the jaunty tailored hat with its curling feather—brown hair, he thought, but with a thread of brightness in it where the light touched it, like the shine of metal. He saw the fresh color of her cheeks, the gray eyes with their hidden laughter, the lurking dimple.

About Sylvia Lee was a hint of mischief, a hint of demureness, something of the poise that comes to one accustomed to command the situation and herself.

"Well," she said at last, "you don't seem to have had many impulses toward conversation yet."

James flushed a little uneasily, and a nervous hand covered his chin; but he did not drop his eyes before Sylvia Lee's laughing gaze. James had come a long way since the night when he had fled speechless at the sight of her.

"I was thinking how beautiful you were," he said valiantly.

"Well!" Sylvia cried, and laughed. "Well! You certainly are improving!"

"Am I?" he asked. He was half pleased at her compliment and his own temerity, half hurt that she should take it all so lightly. "Has anyone else noticed it?"

"Oh, no," said Sylvia Lee, "I guess not. I don't think you're so much improved as all that!"

And then the soup came and the dinner had begun. It was well toward the dessert when she laid down her fork and leaned across the table towards him.

"Tell me," she said, "who's the lady in the case?"

James gazed at her, frankly bewildered.

"The lady?" he repeated. "In the case?"

"Yes," said Sylvia Lee, shaking at him a reproving forefinger, "the lady. You can't tell me," she went on with the wisdom of three years in business, "that a man will go on, satisfied with everything, and then suddenly begin to hunt impulses the way you have unless there's some reason—and probably it's a lady. Is it a lady?"

"Yes," said James miserably.

"Are you in love?" pursued the inexorable Sylvia Lee.

James gasped. It was a question that he had not asked himself. And yet ——

"Yes," said James.

Sylvia nodded.

"I knew it," she said. "Is she in love with you?"

"No," said James. This time he was very positive. "The fact is she—she doesn't take me very seriously. She ——"

"No," said Sylvia, "I suppose she wouldn't."

James pondered on what she meant by this. Once he started to ask her. Once he started to say that he didn't see why she shouldn't. Once —— It was because of these conflicting impulses that Sylvia's next question took him all the more by surprise.

"What's her name?" she asked him.

James checked the first impulse that brought a quick name to his lips.

"Myra Leach," he heard himself saying.

Miss Myra Leach, a school-teacher of his early youth, would have been amazed to know the part for which she was being cast. Her feelings could only have been equaled by the amazement of James Montgomery Mitchell—amazement at the trick of memory that had brought this forgotten name to his mind; amazement at the creature of impulse he was growing into.

"Myra Leach," said Sylvia slowly. "Myra—Myra's a pretty name, isn't it?"

"Yes," said James.

"Is she pretty?" asked Sylvia.

"She?"

"Myra."

"Beautiful," said James. "She's—she's beautiful."

"She would be," said Sylvia again. Then, "Tell me what she looks like."

James floundered.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "She's—beautiful. I—I can't describe anybody like that. I just know she's beautiful, that's all."

Sylvia did not press him further, and James entered rather breathlessly upon the safer subject of how he didn't seem to be getting on at all; of how Myra Leach didn't take him seriously. And presently the dinner was over.

"Perhaps you thought it was strange that I asked you all those questions," said Sylvia in the moment of his leaving her at her own front door—"all about—Myra Leach. But, of course, I can't help you much unless I know."

"Help me?" echoed James.

She nodded.

"Yes," she said. "Of course, I know what you want. You want me to practice on. You want me to teach you how to get on with Myra Leach. And—I think I can."

James caught at the hope her sentence held.

"Then I may take you out again sometime?" he asked.

"Sometime," promised Sylvia Lee, "when you have run up another score."

But when the post at the corner of his desk had been adorned with another row of cuts and dashes, and James asked Sylvia for the promised dinner together, she shook her head.

"I can't tonight," she told him.

"Tomorrow then," James begged her.

"Nor tomorrow, either," said Sylvia. "I'm going to dinner and the theater with Carter Fairbanks."

The bright picture that James had been painting in his imagination crashed into blackness. And though on the fourth night they dined together at the same place, with the same brightness of flowers and the same protecting palm and the same view of roofs and sky, the splendor had all faded from James' castle walls. For a tall, dark, outrageously good-looking specter named Carter Fairbanks sat beside Miss Sylvia Lee at James' feast, and life was no longer worth the living or an impulse worth the having.

II

"Like silver light on a silver sea,
Just so seems Sylvia Lee
To me."

SYLVIA Lee clapped her hands.

"Fine!" she applauded. "Fine! You're doing beautifully! Go on now! Let's have some more!"

It was August, and Sylvia Lee and James Montgomery Mitchell were sitting at opposite ends of the sofa in Sylvia's living room. Sylvia, in crisp organdie of the palest possible green, was teaching James how to succeed with the wooing of Myra Leach.

They had been very gay over it, and Sylvia's laughter had floated out repeatedly through the open windows into the hot dusk.

"Go on," she urged him again. "See if you can do as well next time."

"I could go on like that forever," said James. "Listen:

"Oh, Sylvia Lee, oh, Sylvia Lee,
Oh, never another can be to me
Like Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia Lee."

Again Sylvia beat her hands together in soft applause.

"You're almost a poet," she said, and laughed as if she found the thought infinitely amusing. "Isn't it a pity, though, that you can't use any of them for Myra Leach? They're wasted."

"Yes," said James. "But it's harder to make them for Myra Leach. Leach doesn't rime with anything poetical like 'sea' and 'me.'"

"But 'Leach' rimes with 'beach,'" Sylvia instructed him. "That ought to be just as poetical as 'sea.'"

"Yes," James scoffed, "I suppose you want me to say:

"Oh, Myra Leach,
Come and sit on the beach,
And join with me in eating a peach."

"Oh, well," said Sylvia, "if you want to cultivate an artistic temperament ——"

James laughed a little and was silent.

"Come," Sylvia prodded him, "say something. You mustn't have these long pauses when you go to call on Myra Leach."

"You're very beautiful," said James promptly.

"Well—yes. That's all right," Sylvia criticized. "Only you say it so often."

"But it's true so often," James objected.

Sylvia laughed.

"That was really good," she said; "but all the same you shouldn't say it so often. If you want to say I'm beautiful again, you might at least say it a different way."

"Your hair is beautiful," said James obediently. "It—it tantalizes me. I don't know what color it is, but it's the most beautiful color in the world."

"M-m," said Sylvia. "That's a good all-round remark."

A silence fell again between them, and this time his instructor did not urge James to break it. When he spoke it was of his own accord.

"Sylvia ——" he said softly.

She had leaned a little toward him as they talked, and one hand lay between them on the dim color of the upholstery. James laid his own hand over it; thrilled at the touch of Sylvia's fingers. He put out his arm along the stiff back of the sofa; very gently he let it slip down round her shoulders. He could feel the soft roundness of her arm where his fingers crushed the organdie.

Then suddenly Sylvia Lee slipped away from him.

"Oh, Myra Leach"—she said, and sprang up. "Myra Leach," she finished with a little laugh, "will like your technic, I know. You do so well now—you won't need many more lessons."

"Just a few more," James pleaded.

"Well—a few," said Sylvia.

It was plain that she was not angry at what he had done. That he could have borne. She spoke of it with a complete matter-of-factness utterly crushing. And presently he took his leave.

Sylvia went with him to the door. The long hot summer had left its mark on Sylvia Lee. There was something a little more fragile about her beauty, a little of the color gone from her cheeks, a hint of shadow under her eyes. The masses of her piled-up hair seemed almost too heavy for her to hold so high. In the brighter glare from the electric light over the entrance James looked at her sharply.

"You look tired," he said.

"It's the heat," said Sylvia. "I hate hot weather." Then she smiled. "However," she said lightly, "if summer comes, then winter's not far behind."

She flung up her arms in a pretty gesture of casting the seasons from her.

James, looking back as he turned down the street, saw her still standing there.

Then he went home and stood in front of his mirror and said to his reflection that he was a poor old pie-eyed nincompoop ever to have thought that way of a girl like Sylvia Lee. For he admitted to himself now that there had been a time when he had thought of Sylvia Lee—that way. Even after the handsome specter of Carter Fairbanks had intruded on the second feast he had nursed a tiny hope—a very, very tiny one, but still a hope. He thought that perhaps she did not really love Carter Fairbanks yet; that she only loved his genial rollicking ways; and he thought that perhaps if he could be genial and rollicking too —— With Carter Fairbanks as his copy he had tried conscientiously to become like him, and he had failed. He knew that it was beyond the bounds of possibility that he should ever be able to slap Old Arkwright on the back and say "Well, how's the world with you?" The utmost premeditation could not have accomplished such an assault.

After that he had tried to do things that Sylvia would notice—startling things that would catch her fancy. It was about that time that he had bought his car, a deep maroon affair with smart black lines. It was not exactly his taste in automobiles, and yet it appealed to him as being somehow an impulsive-looking car to buy. And when he had learned to drive it and had taken a day off from the office to sit for five hours in the sun for the privilege of driving an inspector round the block and getting a license he swept up one night with a flourish to the curb in front of the home of Sylvia Lee, filled with excitement at the thought of her surprise. And then Sylvia Lee had called down from the landing that she was awfully sorry but she was going out. She did not even come down to look at his grandeur of maroon and black—seemed to take it for granted that he had always kept a car. As he drove away the only clear thought in James' mind was that now he believed the rumor that there was a cliff by the river on the Trenton road where people who did not want their cars any more took them and drove them over.

It was not long after that that he went to ride in an aëroplane; not because he thought he should like it—he hated the swoop upward, and the height, and the feeling that he could not get out if he wanted to—but because he was sure that it was the sort of thing that Carter Fairbanks would have done. Besides, it would give him something to talk about. He spoke of it starkly to Sylvia when next he saw her.

"I went up in an aëroplane last Saturday," he said.

"Did you?" said Sylvia Lee. "Wasn't that fun? Carter Fairbanks and I went up a week ago. We went over to the Maxwell hangars, and one of the mechanics there that Carter knew showed us all round. And then we went up, and Carter gave the man his whole week's pay and told him we'd ride as long as it lasted. Wasn't that sweet of him? And we looped the loop and took a nose dive. Oh-h!—she flung out her hands in a charming gesture of flying—"it was just like coming down in all the elevators on earth at once."

Officially, James' last hope died that day. Who was he to compete with Carter Fairbanks, who knew mechanics at the Maxwell hangars? But he still clung to the fiction of Myra Leach, aware that it was the one tie that held him to Sylvia Lee. If Sylvia knew, then he could not go any more for those painful happy evenings when he could sit by her and touch her hand and know that she was near him and pretend that there was no Carter Fairbanks as well as no Myra Leach.

III

THE twenty-third of August was a bad day from the beginning. It was hot—oppressively, swelteringly hot, when collars withered at their foundations and people who worked at desks stuck fast to the warm varnish. James Montgomery Mitchell, turning out copy for the Optometric News, mumbled abashed good mornings and lapsed into silence. The others carried on a desultory grumbling at the heat, and took turns at trying to persuade the janitor that by blasting or otherwise the long-sealed east window might be opened.

Perhaps the whole thing happened because of the heat; perhaps it even penetrated the front offices and came into contact with Mr. J. B. Wingfield, president and chief owner of the Wingfield Optical Company. The front offices were reached by means of a marble staircase, and were furnished with expensive ornate furniture, and rugs that hushed the footfall and gave the intruder a desire to whisper. It was rumored among the typists in the transcribing room that the door knobs were of solid gold.

At ten o'clock J. B. Wingfield summoned Old Arkwright to the front office. A summons to the front office took place on only two occasions—for a promotion or a row. This time it was for a row. Mr. Wingfield had just been going through the advertising turned out by Arkwright's department during the past six months, and had decided that it didn't have any punch in it. He said so to Mr. Arkwright with unnecessary redundancy. Mr. Arkwright's fist had a punch in it right then for Mr. Wingfield; but he did not deliver it, because he was fond of the idea of keeping his position as advertising manager. Accordingly he let Mr. Wingfield do all the talking. This was a mistake; for with the burden of the conversation resting with

(Continued on Page 50)

DO YOU KNOW WHY THE GEAR-SHIFT IS DIFFERENT?

The design of Dodge Brothers gear-shift takes into consideration the natural inclinations of the driver.

To start, you throw the lever forward. To reverse, you pull the lever backward. And when the car is running in high gear—which is about ninety per cent of the time—the lever is in a forward position, out of the way, where it does not interfere with passengers, robes, or luggage.

Moreover, the transmission, developed and patented by Dodge Brothers, is so designed that the countershaft—used in intermediate speeds and in reverse—is disconnected when the car is in high. There are no gears in mesh. Power is transmitted directly from clutch to rear axle.

This exclusive feature prevents the loss of power through friction, reduces gear-box noises and eliminates a vast amount of wear.

That is why the gear-shift of Dodge Brothers Motor Car *is different*.

DODGE BROTHERS

The price of the Business Coupe is $980 f. o. b. Detroit

The Comfort of Perfect Freedom

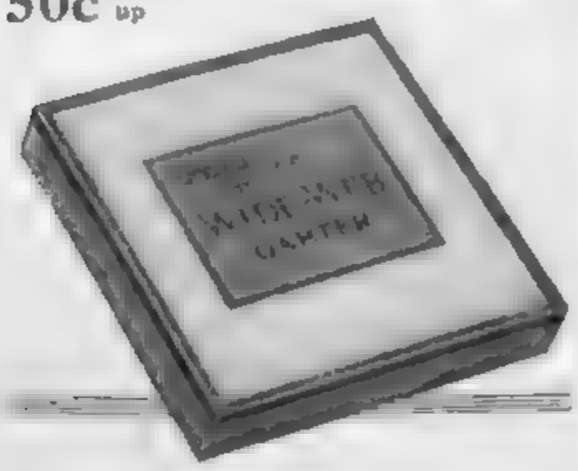
Freedom of muscles and circulation. Freedom from slipping garters and sagging socks. Freedom from tightness and binding. Make your next garter purchase Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs and enjoy the comfort of perfect freedom.

Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs insure absolute comfort because they do not depend on tightness for their support, but on the happy combination of the width and weave of the soft wide web. Ask for Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Web No. 86—there is no finer garter made.

Pioneer Suspender Company
Philadelphia, Pa.
For 45 years manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters

PIONEER *Brighton* WIDE-WEB GARTER

Single Grip 35c and up
Double Grip 50c and up



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him, he felt that he ought to say something impressive, and he therefore said what he had no intention of saying when he sent for Mr. Arkwright—that if he didn't see some pep in the advertising department pretty soon Mr. Arkwright could consider himself fired

Mr. Arkwright came back to his semi-private glass box in a red rage. He said, and everyone in the advertising department, as well as scattered individuals in the purchasing and sales departments, heard him say, that he would be damned if he would take all the cussing for the whole blasted department, and if there was any firing done there he was going to begin it. Of course, this attitude was unreasonable, that very thing being included among the major duties of all advertising managers; but the heat was again probably responsible. In any case, it was very wearing to members of the department who had to sit still and listen to this sort of thing for the two uninterrupted hours before lunch. Even Carter Fairbanks did not shout out across the office with his customary vigor when he wanted to know what the date was or how to spell ophthalmometer, and James Montgomery Mitchell in particular wore the look of one who wished that he had not come.

Everyone thought that when they returned from lunch the office storm would be over. But everyone was wrong. Old Arkwright reëntered the advertising department, shaking both fists in the air over his head and announcing that then—right off—that minute—they would have a conference on departmental policy, and that anyone who wanted to keep his job had better look alive. James Montgomery Mitchell looked anything but alive as he rose from his desk and started for the conference room; one hand wandered aimlessly over his mouth and chin; his eyes were fixed on the floor. No one, indeed, looked happy. In this frame of mind Old Arkwright was capable of any extravagant action, including the dismissal of his entire force. The Arkwright temper was well known.

The conference room was in reality a large, well-heated closet, furnished simply with an oval table and several chairs. As the members of the department filed in they found Old Arkwright already seated at the head of the table. His big face was very red; so, too, was his considerable bald spot. Over his ears the sparse hairs stuck straight out like bristles, and he worked his chin with a curious up-and-down motion suggesting a hidden pump by which he was pumping up force for fresh explosions. At his left sat Kitty Bellew, her mouth agape with terror, her pencil poised over her stenographic notebook, waiting for someone to say something. Sylvia Lee came forward promptly and sat down beside Kitty; Carter Fairbanks took the next seat as a matter of course. Then came Tom Beecher; then McFadden, the circulation agent; then Lennox, who did the trade-paper layouts; then Butler, the dealer-helps man. To James, creeping softly in the rear, was left only the undesirable place at Arkwright's side. James advanced upon it gingerly, and sat down with the air of a man prepared to take the consequences. He did not lift his eyes from the well-scratched edge of the table.

"Well," said Arkwright.

He said it viciously, as if only the presence of ladies kept him from saying something different. In the single word there was a challenge and a rebuke and a command.

Carter Fairbanks, naturally, spoke first. He said that although he was not in complete possession of the facts, from what he knew about the situation he was led to believe that Mr. Wingfield had acted in a most unreasonable manner. Not only had Mr. Wingfield never before gone on record as making any statement of dissatisfaction, but it was obvious to anyone who kept in touch with the current tendencies in advertising that the work turned out under the supervision of Mr. Arkwright was in every way—er—up to the mark.

Butler, whom twenty-three years of helpfulness to dealers had incapacitated for ready thinking on other subjects, ventured that he thought that was just right, by Jove.

Lennox said that he'd like to see old J. B. himself get out anything that could compare for a minute with the last few issues of the Wingfield Eye.

McFadden added that to his personal knowledge those last window cards had the trade knocked cold, and that they were going out like hot cakes.

The talk went on after this wise. Only James said nothing; he still sat with his hand clamped round his chin and his eyes fixed on the spot in the table edge where someone had begun to carve a Greek cross that had not come out right.

But the department head, though satisfied that he was right, of course, was not entirely appeased. What he wanted was something that he could take to J. B. Wingfield and throw in his meddling, dissatisfied old face. He couldn't go up to the front office, Bill Arkwright couldn't, and tell Wingfield that after talking it over with his subordinates he had decided that there was nothing to what Wingfield had said, and that they had voted to go right on the way they had been going. He wanted to go up and tell him what was what from the beginning, and he wanted a big idea or two behind him so that Wingfield could see that what he said was what was really what. Along these lines Arkwright worked himself into a fresh fury and roared anew. He demanded to know what they thought the Wingfield Optical Company hired them for, and what they thought he had asked them in there for, and whether they thought it was a pink tea, and whether they thought it was a Quaker meeting, and whether they thougnt there was a fine for speaking, and what they thought about it anyway.

Everyone looked again to Carter Fairbanks, but Carter Fairbanks was silent. In the very height of his frenzy Old Arkwright's glance happened to fall upon the silent James, seated at his right, and the sight drove him almost to the bursting point.

"You!" he shouted with all the force of his capable lungs. "You! Why don't you say something?"

James Montgomery Mitchell looked up at the purple countenance of his superior and past it to Sylvia Lee. Sylvia Lee was sitting straight across from him. She was looking at James, but as she sat she was leaning ever so slightly toward the left in the direction of Carter Fairbanks.

Inside of James Montgomery Mitchell something seemed to whirl round and snap.

"One-two-three-four-five!" he repeated silently to himself.

Then he took his hand down from his chin and banged with it on the table. It was not much of a bang in comparison with the banging of Old Arkwright, at which the ink was accustomed to leap straight up from the inkwells and spill itself over the table. But it was a bang, and it could hardly have been more effective if it had been a cannon shot. Even Arkwright, by the sheer force of his surprise, was suddenly silent.

"The trouble is," said James coolly, "that the policy of this office is all wrong."

"Well, I'll be damned," Arkwright muttered.

"Probably," James agreed with him. "But we won't discuss your future now. We're here to talk about Wingfield advertising."

"Well, I'll be ——" began Arkwright again.

But James checked him with a quick gesture.

"You've said that before," he told him.

Arkwright, however, was not wholly to be suppressed. He descended to sarcasm.

"Perhaps," he said, "you can tell us what's the matter with our policy."

"Yes," said James, "I can."

Then he leaned forward and put his arms familiarly on the table and began to talk.

"The whole trouble," he said, "is that we are going at this thing from the wrong angle. We've been harping ever since I've been here on the quality and durability of the glasses we turn out. That's all wrong. People take quality for granted. As for durability—there's nothing in it. People don't buy glasses because they're durable. They buy them because they're pretty. Beauty! The Wingfield is the most beautiful glass on earth. That's the idea that you want to get across to people. Beauty! Beauty first! And if you can do it you've sold the world. See?"

He stopped. James had probably never said so many words all at once in his life.

And Arkwright saw; all in one dazzling moment he saw the possibilities. But he was not a man to give in too easily to the ideas of another.

"And I suppose," he said with a fine sarcasm, "that you can tell us how to put this thing across."

"I haven't thought it out much yet, James admitted, "but I can see the beginnings of it. We want to run a kind of beauty-or-bust-'em campaign. Our first copy ought to carry an idea something like this:

IF YOUR GLASSES AREN'T BEAUTIFUL
BUST 'EM
AND GET A PAIR OF
WINGFIELDS

For an instant Old Arkwright stared at James Montgomery Mitchell without speaking. Then suddenly he roared.

"Beauty or bust 'em!" he roared, and slapped his knee. "Beauty or bust 'em! Gosh, that's good! Beauty or bust 'em!"

And he jumped up without further ceremony and started for the front office. The conference was over.

As they all rose James' eyes turned involuntarily to Sylvia Lee across the table, crisp and dainty in gray linen. She smiled back at him.

"That was just fine," she said. "You certainly take the honors for the afternoon."

Then she turned to Carter Fairbanks at her side and laid her hand ever so lightly on his sleeve.

"Did you ask me to dinner tonight, Carter," she said, "or did I dream it, and is it tomorrow?"

"It's both," said Carter Fairbanks.

Then he put one hand behind her and drew her toward the door. And together they walked out of the conference room in the direction of their two desks in the corner.

All that afternoon there was high excitement in the advertising department. There were visits back and forth between desks, and talking in low tones; there were trips to the drinking fountain in the hall and lingering outside to discuss the prodigy. Tom Beecher nodded his head several times and said wisely that still waters were

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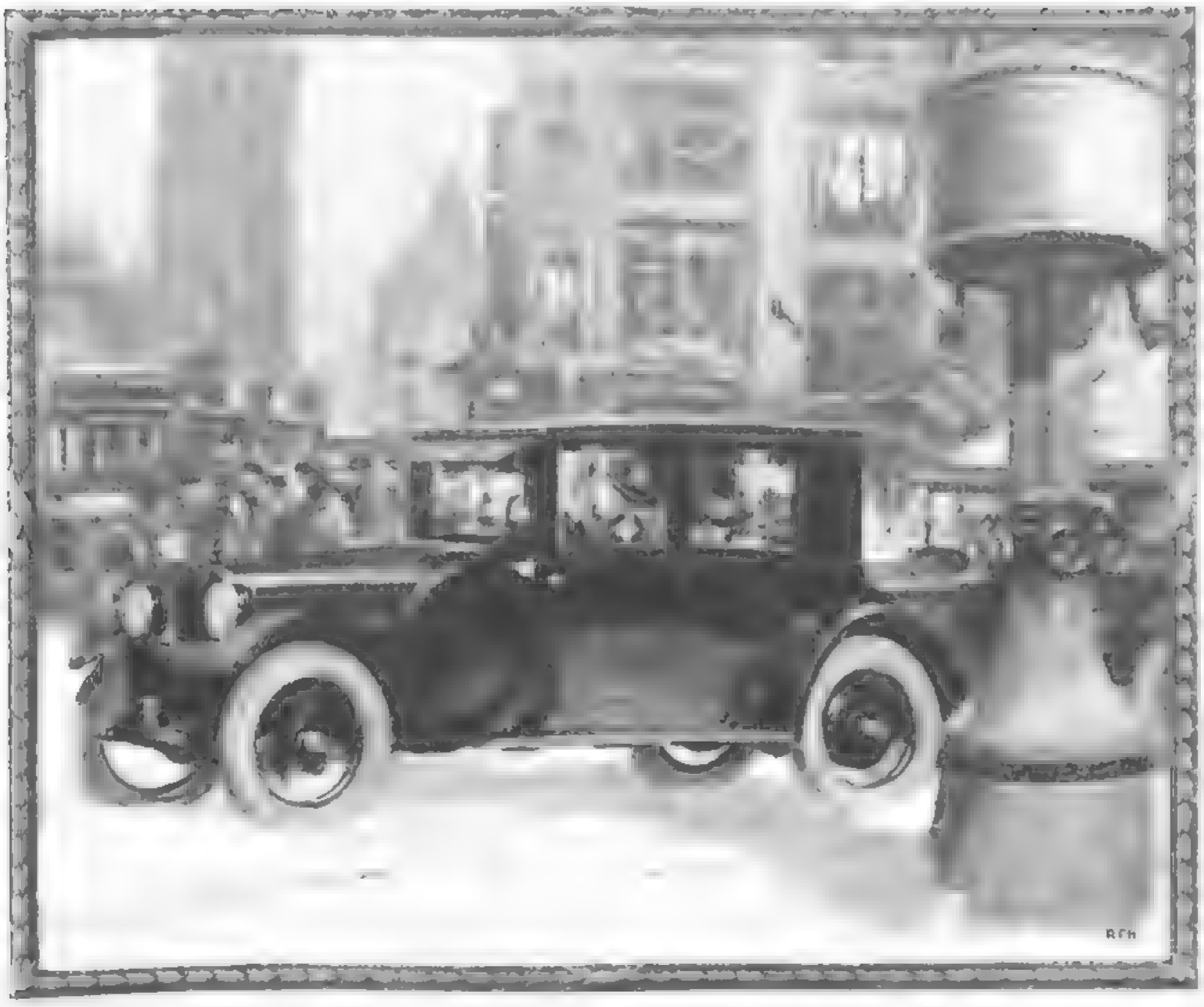
Tumwater Canon, Chelan County, Washington, Showing Wenatchee River at the Bottom



A Revolutionary Thing to Do

It changed the trend of closed car buying

Hudson did this revolutionary thing:

For the first time it made possible a closed car, under $2,000, on so great a chassis as the famous Super-Six.

The Hudson Coach puts values in the real things of automobile worth—utility, comfort, reliability and fine performance.

The Type You Will Want

The Hudson Coach gives every essential closed car advantage, at little more than the cost of the open model. It has a beauty of line you will like. It is the pride of thousands, because of appearance, comfort and utility.

It is sturdily built and enduringly finished. It has cozily arranged seats and ample carrying space for luggage. Doors and windows stay tight. There are no rumbling body noises. In utility the Coach is everything you can get in any closed car.

You Will Be Proud Of It

Best of all, you will enjoy driving the Super-Six. It is lively, quiet and requires little attention to keep it in tip-top condition. More than 140,000 are in use. With the new improved Super-Six motor, there is a driving delight unknown to earlier users.

These are the qualities that give longest satisfaction. Hudson did a revolutionary thing when it made them of first importance in a closed car to sell under $2,000.

Speedster - - $1425 **7-Pass. Phaeton - - $1475** **Coach - - $1525** **Sedan - - $2095**

Freight From Detroit and Tax Extra

Canadian Prices, F. O. B. Windsor; All Duty, Sales, Excise Taxes Paid

Speedster $2125 7-Pass. Phaeton - - $2200 Coach - - $2275 Sedan -$3150

(5,20zy)

Hudson Coach $1525

This Soda Fountain Profit-Maker

Pays for itself in from two to six weeks

At more than 7,000 soda fountains, old customers and new are saying, "Orangeade, please," every day in the year.

In fact, at the great majority of these fountains, enough people ordered orangeade or lemonade immediately after the installation of the new Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor to enable the owners to pay for the machine in two to six weeks from profits alone.

For the Sunkist Extractor makes fresh fruit orangeade and lemonade quickly, efficiently and right before the eyes of the customers.

Soda Fountains Now Get This Business

You know how much orangeade and lemonade is consumed in the homes of people in your community. It is the standby of millions and has been for years. And you also know that very little of this business has come to your fountain. This has been because you have never been in a position to serve these two drinks as they should be served -quickly, and with the fresh fruit juice.

But now you can. And Sunkist Extractor owners report that their business has increased immediately after the installation of the machine.

Save on Extractor-Size Fruit

Buy Extractor-Size fruit—extra large or small oranges and lemons—by the box, from a fruit wholesaler. Then turn this fruit into ten-cent drinks which please your customers, attract new trade and bring repeats.

Be the leader in your community in the serving of orangeade and lemonade—the delicious, healthful drinks from fresh fruit juice.

Start Building This Business Now

Buy your Extractor now. It will pay for itself before summer and show a greatly increased business during the warm months.

We manufacture and sell it at cost because it builds orangeade and lemonade business for you and orange and lemon business for us. We can make immediate delivery and will send you attractive window and fountain display material. Mail the order form today.

Sunkist

Fruit Juice Extractor

(Electrically Operated)

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Dept. of Fresh Fruit Drinks, Div. 502,
154 Whiting Street, Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship____ Express prepaid____
When Quantity
Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractors at $47.50 each. Less 5% for cash 10 days. (In Canada $67.50 delivered.) Less 5% for cash 10 days.

Kind of current____ Voltage____
Direct or alternating
Cycles____

This information can be secured from your electric light company.

☐ Send me additional information relative to the Extractor

*Name*____

*Street*____

City *State*

Continued from Page 50)

pretty likely to run deep; and Lennox expressed the feeling of the department when he said that you couldn't always tell what these quiet chaps were thinking about. On his next trip to the bubbler, McFadden added that he used to think that Jim was an awful stand-offer; but, of course, that was before he knew him so well. And a little later Butler crossed over to McFadden's desk with a yellow purchasing slip and a great show of business to whisper that he heard Mitch was a kind of a sporting chap out of hours—drove a big maroon-colored car and went off doing all kinds of fancy stunts in aeroplanes on his Saturday afternoons.

Later Old Arkwright came down from the front office and had James into the semiprivate glass box. And because it was only semiprivate, it was presently known to all the office that the next morning at nine o'clock J. B. Wingfield was going to call James up to the front office, and that J. B. had said that he didn't know why in thunder he should think of letting an outside agency handle their national advertising when they had talent like that right in the home office. And then Old Arkwright and James Montgomery Mitchell shook hands, and James came out again and sat down. There was no question of Old Arkwright's generosity, once he was started. Afterwards he confided privately to Kitty Bellew that he had always said that there was more get-up-and-get to that fellow than you would think just to look at him; and a little after that Kitty Bellew came out and told it privately to everyone in the office.

On the way out at five o'clock McFadden clapped James on the shoulder and asked him if he was going to be busy that night. James said yes, he was afraid he was. But when everyone had gone, and even the banging of the outside door had stopped, James seemed to forget all about his business; and leaning forward over the warm varnish of his desk he buried his face in his hands.

It was so that Sylvia Lee found him when she came back after the letter that she had meant to mail. He did not hear her quick footsteps until they were close upon him.

"Hello!" said Sylvia Lee in her bright matter-of-fact voice. "You don't look very merry for anyone who has just risen to fame and fortune."

James did not lift his head.

"What good does that do," he said impulsively, "when you don't love me?"

There was a long silence. At last James looked up, stricken at the mischief he had done.

Sylvia Lee, her face strangely white, was standing at the corner of his desk, clinging rather desperately to the post with its ridiculous cuts and dashes. Then suddenly she took a step toward him and put out her arms.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried. "Oh, Jim!"

It was a long time before either of them could speak coherently. Then ——

"But what about Myra Leach?" Sylvia asked.

"There isn't any," James confessed. "She was a pseudonym for Sylvia Lee."

And then it was his turn.

"But what about Carter Fairbanks?"

Sylvia Lee hung down her head.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "I kept going with him because—I thought you didn't like me any—and I didn't want you to think that I—specially—liked you."

She hid her face in James' sleeve. And then suddenly she was all earnestness and matter-of-factness again.

"It was perfectly fair," she said, "because, of course, you know that Carter couldn't be in love with any one woman very long."

It was almost immediately after this that Carter Fairbanks himself returned in search of the lady with whom he was about to dine. Halfway across the room, however, he met James Montgomery Mitchell, who laid impulsive hands upon his shoulders and wheeled him round and marched him back across the advertising department and indicated unmistakably that he was to return to the hall from which he came.

"Haven't you got any tact?" asked James amazingly as he pushed him forward. "Don't you suppose when two people have just got engaged that they want to have a few minutes alone together?"

Carter Fairbanks stood still in the hall where the final push had left him, a little dazed by the turn affairs had taken.

"Poor old nincompoop," said James.

Then he shut the door and went back to Sylvia Lee.

HUNGARY

(Continued from Page 36)

to be found only where talent dresses in the forms of dilettantism.

Banffy confirmed the statement of all the others that Hungary could feed herself and was better off, therefore, than her neighbors of Central Europe. But she had lost her mines and her industrial districts, and had no money to pay war indemnities or reparations. The Allies in Paris had shown ignorance and injustice, he claimed, in their action towards Hungary, and modifications of the Trianon Treaty must come about as the western governments learned their mistakes and the real situation. Banffy had just taken his seat in the Assembly of the League of Nations, where he seemed much liked and respected by his colleague delegates. Hungary, a new but popular member of the League, was considered to be well represented by this thoroughbred, tactful minister.

Impressions of Count Banffy

I asked him two or three questions, to which his replies were clear and interesting. He told me, rather at length, of the good feeling of his people towards the United States. So many Hungarians had come here and found well-paid work and comfortable homes that they wrote back of their fondness for the new land. They sent large sums to their old parents or to younger relatives who wanted to follow them here from their villages. Also, these ex-citizens of Hungary had sent back money and other comforts to their native land in the period of distress since the Armistice. Many Americans had joined in this movement, through the relief organizations, and the Hungarians' gratitude was very sincere. His people and government hoped and prayed the United States would take part soon in European reconstruction. It was so necessary on moral as well as on material grounds, for Americans were the only advisers who would command attention everywhere and would never be accused of interested motives. Materially, of course, American loans were of immense value to Europe, but I gained the impression from Banffy that Hungary was not looking for any money loans from us. That country's need is only for a small sum to stabilize its currency, and apparently such arrangements may be counted on from other sources. In fact Banffy talked little of Hungary's financial distress. He seemed hopeful, too, as to eventual economic coöperation among the Danube Valley countries. One can't but admire the Magyars' spirit and feel they are a very fine people, facing their troubles with courage, trying to make the best of a bad business. I noticed no snarling or bitterness, no meanness or smallness in their manner or their words, and their courtesy is invariable as far as I could judge. Count Banffy is but an example of his thoroughbred nation as history proves it to be.

The Hungarians talk of it only when they are questioned, but they really did not want the war, and their aged statesman, Count Tisza, energetically opposed Berchtold's policy in the cabinet meetings on the Ballplatz in July, 1914. Tisza even ventured an extreme measure, and wrote a protesting letter to Emperor Francis Joseph. This direct appeal had no effect, and the pro-German group in the government carried the day.

As compared with the Teutons' barefaced lies, the official records of Hungary's attitude are impressive. Though once the war was launched the Magyars stood by their sovereign and the latter's allies, though their soldiers fought like lions instead of deserting as did some of the peoples belonging to the Austrian Empire, as war prisoners the Magyars were a very human simple crowd. They and the Austrians were in sharp contrast to the Germans in Russia, and were greatly liked by the peasantry among whom they lived and worked. When they took Russians prisoners they treated the muzhik decently. We had no difficulties getting information as to who among our war prisoners in Austria-Hungary were wounded, ill or dead. Also we could send clothes or food to them in the Austro-Hungarian prison camps, knowing that the packages would be properly delivered. Altogether our relations with these Hungarian enemies were such as to leave no ill feeling between the peoples, once hostilities ended.

A Deserving People

During the peace negotiations the Hungarians in Paris were treated as a negligible quantity; and the treaty conditions were made particularly hard on them. A mere glance at the map tells of the punishment inflicted: Two-thirds of their country cut away, and with this at least a half of their population given to rival neighbors. Of course these lopped-off provinces were the richest, and Hungarian losses by the treaties are greater, in proportion to her wealth, than the Germans' are. In their reduced condition, with mines and industries thus put beyond their frontiers, the Magyars were ordered to pay a good share of the war indemnities. Small wonder they get hot talking of this claim. Small wonder that occasionally someone exclaims: "Oh, the foreigners! Do they want to understand us?"

If one expresses sympathy they are at once ready to tell all their troubles; and they are well worth listening to. The extravagance of their exploits, whether in fighting or in enjoyment, takes the visitor's breath away. Now that fortunes are reduced, the Hungarian nobles, whether they are sporting men or lovely women, face their discomforts gayly, wear old clothes smartly and live in small apartments. They still meet and make merry when they can. Twice I went to the opera and supped out afterwards with friends; and these parties were delightful though the opera was more economically run in every way than that of Vienna, and the great opera house seemed shabby and run down. Hungary is economizing these days, but though hunger and other ills are standing at the door, though because of this general misery one might expect injustice, one finds generosity instead. One finds also respect for private property in principle and practice. I heard nothing of land confiscation. It is the only place in Central Europe where this is the case, I am told.

A Republic With a Regent

Conditions of life are a paradox. Magyars are not used to counting, yet must economize. Society plays cards, races and entertains almost without money. An enormous capital city must live on a tiny land. They are a proud and independent people, yet are largely in the hands of their money lenders. Hungary is a republic, yet is governed by a regent. I asked a question about this, and was told theirs was a royal republic in contrast to the English democratic kingdom. Archdukes and archduchesses lead society, though the king died in exile. Logic isn't always a Hungarian trait, evidently, though democracy of spirit and manner is.

Hungary doesn't beg for aid, yet she seems one of the countries best worth helping in Europe. The Magyars in America liberally helped their compatriots in the last few years, without asking their adopted land to join in this to any great extent. Neither did they complain of their troubles or advertise their virtues. Somehow all the time I spent in Budapest a poem of François Coppee's ran through my mind. Based on a tale of the Tartar invasion, it tells of the establishment of the commanding khan in Hungary. In his desire to propitiate the people over whom he had won a military victory he invited the local nobles to visit his court. From his throne he scattered handfuls of gold coins among them. His act roused no enthusiasm, and addressing an old aristocrat who stood near him, the khan asked why the Magyars did not gather up his largess. The old man turned, and with his head thrown back he answered: "You forget that to gather your gold, sire, we should be obliged to stoop."

A Scientific Difference Makes This a Better Plug

The day of the old clay-porcelain spark plug is gone, so far as Champion is concerned.

Champion scientists have ushered in a new day—with a finer, better kind of long-lived spark plug service.

These men are nationally-famous experts in ceramics. They are devoting their scientific powers and inventiveness to the task of providing Champion users with the most efficient spark plug in the world.

But their knowledge extends far beyond spark plugs. As a group, these men represent the final word in ceramics progress, in the world today.

To all appearances, a Champion is just a few bits of metal and porcelain.

Never were appearances more deceiving. For here, in Champion, they cloak the *greatest scientific advance* in ceramics that the world has ever recorded.

That white Champion Double-Ribbed core is the most wonderful electric insulator science has ever evolved.

It is the symbol, and the fact, of the Champion superiority now so widely recognized.

It has proved itself in the last year's output of 30,000,000 Champion Spark Plugs—on 60 per cent of America's motor cars.

Proved itself superior to loss of insulating properties. Superior to break-down, even in airplane engines. Superior to the cracking, shattering effects of temperatures that change in a flash from freezing cold to flaming hot.

You see that there is such a thing as spark plug superiority; that Champion is the plug that has it, and that you should be enjoying its benefits in your car today.

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You will know the new Champion by the Double-Ribbed core. Buy them by the set. The dealer who values your good will, will recommend Champions. A type and size for engines of every make and model

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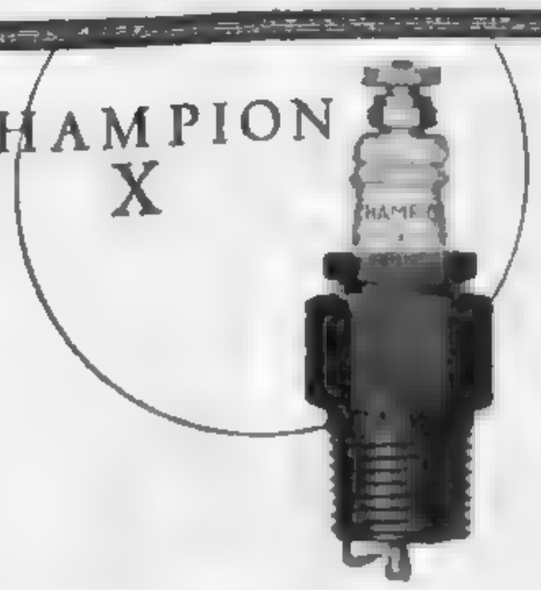

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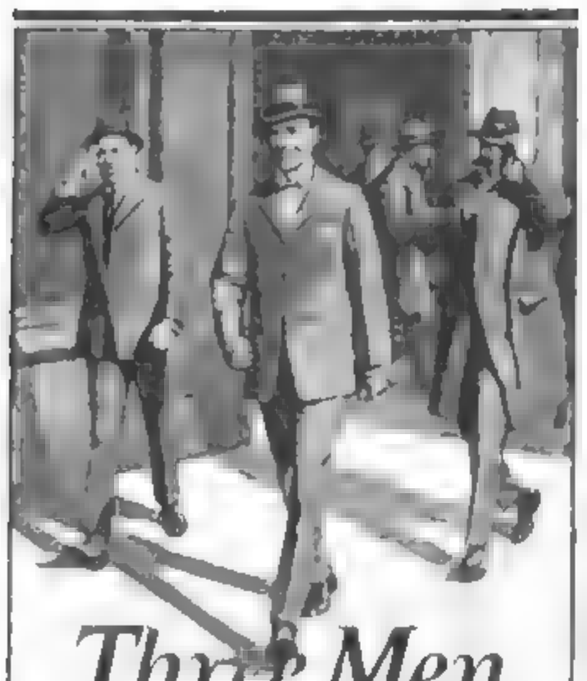

Three Men
—and a day
in Early Spring

ONE of these men feels *just right*. One is *too warm*. One is *chilly*—even with an overcoat. And the cause of this difference in comfort is UNDERWEAR!

Between-season weather may make heavy "winter flannels" irksome;—but don't jump from frying-pan to ice-box by a dangerous sudden change to *Summer-weight* COTTON. Taper-off *gradually*—with this revolutionary new KNITTED Athletic Union Suit! *It contains WOOL!* But there's no "scratch". No body-restriction. It COMBINES the free-and-easy "short-length" comfort of the lightest, softest *Summer* Underwear with the commonsense protection hitherto found only in heavy Winter *"full-lengths"*.

WEAR IT and discover the *perfect* Undergarment—not only for chilly, changeable weather, but for fully three-fourths of the year. And during the other fourth you will instinctively seek the safe, cool, *lisle comfort* of *"Amho" SUMMER Athletic*—of the light, absorptive KNITTED "short-length" type.

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WINTER
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A knee-length, sleeveless, light-weight, loose-fitting Union Suit—KNIT of highest grade WOOL and Cotton, mixed.

Ask for this really wonderful underwear at any high grade Men's Shop, Department Store or Dry Goods House. You have a choice of various weights, in natural color or white. Boys' and Youths' sizes up to 36. Men's sizes up to 56.

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We have on hand a limited number of our Book, "Short Lengths" containing last complete Physical Culture Exercises for Men who want to Keep Fit. Send for a copy FREE

AN AMHO PRODUCT

THE GROWING GOLF GERM

Continued from Page 20)

He hopes to repeat, but long since has passed his thirty-thousandth stroke without signs of success.

And, returning to statistics for a moment, there is an old gentleman out in Texas, an addict after passing sixty, who has figured that it has cost him ten cents a stroke ever since he started playing. He plays three days a week and averages about 100 strokes for the course. Golf, he calculates, costs him around thirty dollars a week, which would figure him about ten cents a stroke.

"When I got that figured out," he informed us, "I knew why the Scotch are all good golf players. At ten cents a stroke they devote themselves to learning the game so that they won't have to take so many strokes. But somehow, when I get into a bunker I forget to be thrifty."

In the big cities like New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and Detroit the needs of the golfer are getting to be a serious problem. They even have gone so far as to figure in politics. Public officials, particularly those dealing with parks and playgrounds, are regarding the growing army of golfing voters with considerable respect and attention. Fortunately most of these park officials are golfers themselves, and as a rule are very sympathetic toward the constant cry of the golfer for more links, more room. Even so, there are not nearly enough public links to accommodate the demand.

New York has three or four excellent public courses, as have other cities, and it is not at all unusual along in June to see a line of players formed at the first tee by sunrise. They drive off in the order of their cards, the waiting line continuing to grow until well in the afternoon.

Among these devotees of the public links the idea that golf is merely a fad was dissipated several years ago. It is now a daily or weekly necessity. These golfers come from every walk of life. That they love golf purely for golf's sake is shown in the fact that few of them bother to have caddies. In New York it is a sort of tradition that a regular dyed-in-the-wool fan carries his own bag of clubs. If a player appears in line without a partner he will take on the man next to him without a question of social standing. Not so long ago I saw a dentist earnestly fighting it out with the head porter of one of the hotels.

There are two methods of deriving revenue for the support of these public links. In most of the cities the golfers pay an annual tax of from five to twenty dollars. The tax receipt entitles the player to a metal tag which he affixes to his bag, and it is good for all season. The other method is a regular green fee of from fifty cents to one dollar for each round. The golf appropriation has become a regular part of every municipal budget where public links are maintained.

Golf-Ball Ethics

A professional at one of the Chicago links declares that the public players are even more observant of the ethics of golf and the care of the courses than are the members of private clubs. This is also true in New York. This public privilege is genuinely appreciated by those who cannot afford to belong to private clubs.

There is one point of golf decorum, though, that few public golfers will abide: They will buy secondhand balls from caddies or anybody who happens to find and collect them. On private courses this is considered very bad form, on the theory that it encourages caddies purposely to overlook lost balls and later sell them. But as the public golfer usually has no caddie, no amount of ethics can convince him that he shouldn't buy a secondhand one-dollar ball for a quarter if he gets the chance. If he is a beginner he loses many balls and it is too expensive a luxury.

At Van Cortlandt Park, in New York, there is a lake which affords a nice little income to boys who dredge it for balls that are driven in from the tee. One elderly man drove eight balls in succession into this lake last summer, and then disgustedly threw in his bag, clubs and all. That was a big haul for the boys.

In some cities, limited in public ground, the building of more courses is a serious financial problem. They must get through appropriations for the purchase of land in addition to the cost of construction. That kind of land is expensive, often coming as high as five hundred dollars an acre on the average. In cases like that—there have been many—the land alone often comes to around sixty thousand dollars, and more. The cost of construction is as much again. Two semipublic courses have been built recently by a big hotel company in Westchester County, New York, that called for an outlay of more than $1,000,000. This included a clubhouse and an enormous amount of filling and cutting away of terrain.

In the matter of building expenditure no sport has grown like golf. No other sport can even touch it. Tennis courts are comparatively cheap. A baseball park may cost $2,000,000, but it lasts for years. The golf expenditure goes right on increasing actually and proportionately every year.

With this ever-growing demand for public links, and the continual crowding, there is an accompanying demand for more private links. Once a man has the virus firmly planted in his system, and learns to play fairly well, he wants to get on a private course where he may take his time—have more room.

The Germ Carriers

In New Jersey there is a country club with an excellent golf course and tennis courts built and operated by and for negroes. Its affairs are in fine shape and the demand for membership is growing.

A New York golfer, formerly a billiard-room keeper, claims to have discovered the secret of the complete change of mind of America toward the game. He claims that the indubitable proof that golf is distinctly a disease is that it has developed germ carriers.

"I used to laugh at golfers who came around here," he says. "We used them for the butt of coarse jokes. Then one day a man came along and explained to me the difference between a wooden and an iron club. I felt a peculiar sensation. I even agreed to go out the next day and see what he did with those clubs. That man was a germ carrier. I had been infected and didn't recognize the sensation. I went out the next day, hit just one ball, and now the disease has attacked me in virulent form. At times my business as billiard-room keeper actually annoys me. But I certainly have gained in health. And," he added in a whisper, "it's a cinch I'm a germ carrier."

To prove his statement he told how with one inoculation he converted a group of race-track bookmakers, sheet writers, a former saloon keeper, an actor and a baseball umpire. It was a very good illustration of the complete refutation of the old idea that only retired bankers, lawyers and merchants were golfers.

"I belong to a club now," he said, "and one night up here I made a date with a bookmaker, a major-league umpire and the telegraph operator in a bucket shop to go out for a foursome.

"One of the party lived near the golf course and invited us to stay at his home the night previous to our match. His wife had an excellent dinner for us, and had arranged a card party in addition.

"A few minutes after we reached his home we all went up into his den. There we began discussing strokes and handicaps. It was necessary that we make the match even by giving each player his proper handicap. We talked and talked until the wife implored us to come down and eat the dinner which was getting cold. We managed to eat a few bites, and immediately beat it back to the den, where we talked, argued, reminisced and instructed one another until two o'clock in the morning. Not one of us ever touched a card; and the party, so far as the wife was concerned, was a bust. Can you imagine a thing like that happening ten years ago?"

This germ-carrier idea must be correct. George Ade, the humorist, is most certainly a germ carrier. Returning from Florida to his country home in Indiana, forty miles from any city, he spread the germ in that section so rapidly that he now has an eighteen-hole course and has organized a club of fifty members.

He started by practicing some short shots at a sunken tomato can near his front porch one day. Several neighbors were present and all wanted to take a try at it. In a little while more tomato cans had been sunk. Feeling that the germ had been implanted, Mr. Ade telegraphed to a club in Chicago asking for all the discarded clubs of any kind that happened to be lying around. A big bundle of them came. In a few days the whole countryside was having a swing at the ball. The result was inevitable. First they built a nine-hole course, later extending it to eighteen. To accommodate the many members a log-cabin style clubhouse was built, with a big fireplace.

The members bring their own lunches, the women often adding hot chocolate and toasted cheese, a good time being had by all, as he says.

This constant demand for more courses in the small towns as well as in the big cities has developed many by-products in golf. The golf architect is a notable one. He designs the courses, laying out the greens and fairways so as to make the links sporty or easy, as the case may be.

Several companies have been organized who take the whole job of building a golf course on contract, everything complete, even to the clubhouse and the proper kind of grass for the fairways and the greens. These contractors say that a good average course should be built for between forty and fifty thousand dollars, not counting the cost of the land. These contracts usually call for the architect's fee, which is often as high as $2500. There are five golf architects in this country who earn as much as $25,000 a year.

In the small cities and towns the architect is not considered so necessary as around the cities where wealthy members like to brag about the perfection of their links as to construction as well as for expert play.

A leading architect tells a good joke on himself and others whose services are always in demand. In England the construction committee for a historical course wanted to make a change in the location and surroundings of a short hole. A prize of £200—about $1000—was offered for the person submitting the best plan. Nobody was barred, whether professional architect or what. More than three hundred plans were submitted.

"There's no use in talking, gentlemen," said the chairman, after long consideration; "that plan is the best." He pointed to one not so expertly drafted. The others agreed with him.

Having thus decided, they looked to see who was the architect. The plan had been submitted by a seventeen-year-old boy who was a caddie but who had never studied architecture in his life.

Specialists in Greens

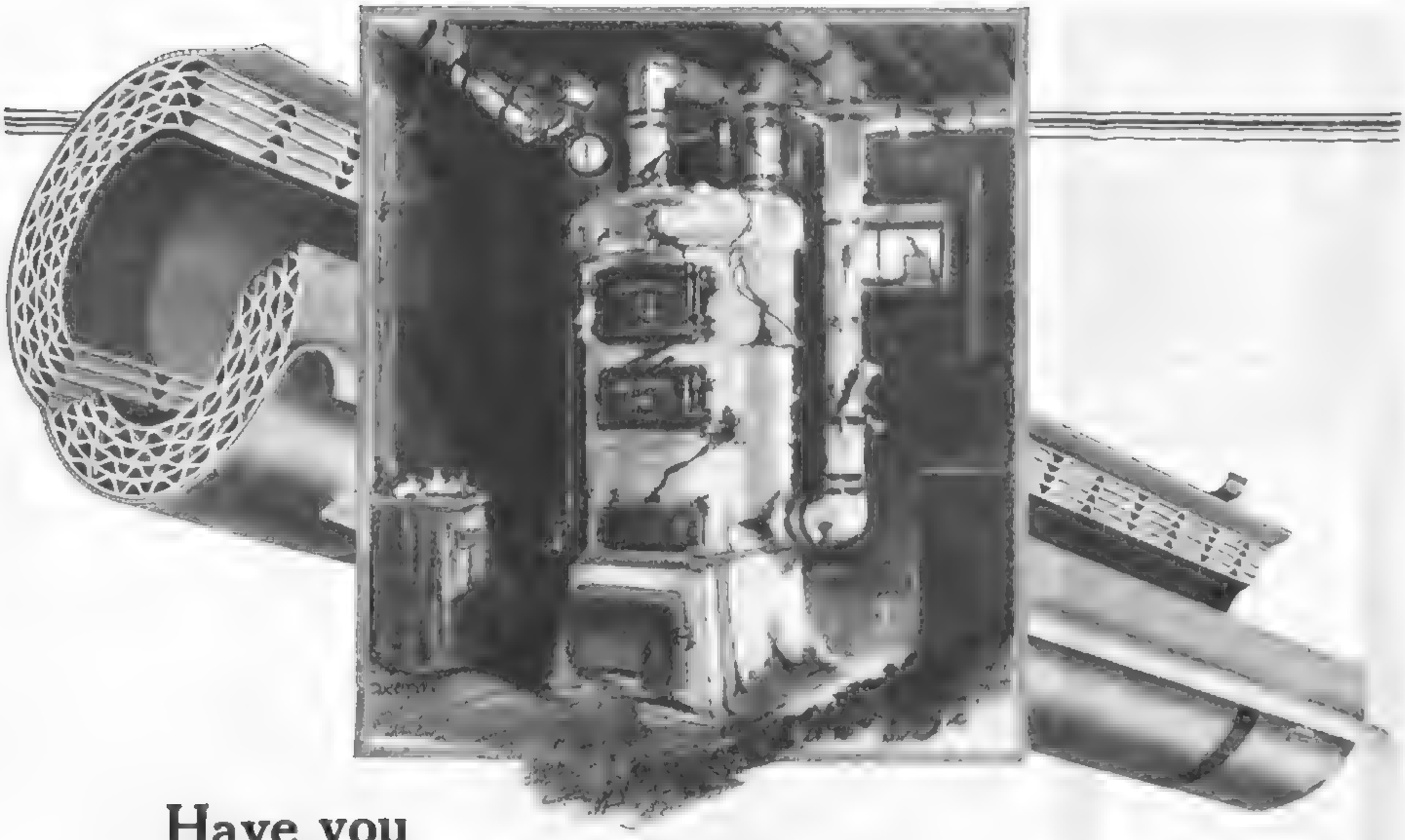
A by-product of golf-course construction that is now intensely specialized is the culture of the proper grass for fairways and greens, according to the climate and the particular kind of soil. A large company devotes itself entirely to this in New York. There are many others throughout the country.

In some sections, particularly around Pinehurst, North Carolina, parts of Florida and parts of California, it has been next to impossible to get grass to grow firm and smooth on the greens. As a result most of these courses have what is known as skin greens—no grass at all, but a smooth hard topsoil like a bare tennis court. A grass green must be practically perfect or it won't do at all. A particular kind of grass is used for this. It must be cropped so close that in smoothness it resembles the green cloth of a billiard table. It must be almost as smooth of surface, though not necessarily level. The science of putting is to figure out the convolutions in the surface of a green and direct the ball so that it will take these and roll into the cup.

An exhaustive study of soil, and so on, has been made in an effort to make grass grow on the golf greens in Florida, but without marked success. In certain localities the experts have got it to where it gets a nice start in early spring, or what we in the North call late winter, but usually it burns to a crisp in the middle of the summer and is worse than no grass at all. A bare surface, properly cared for, is much better than a poor or irregular growth of grass.

On most of the courses irrigation systems have been installed so as to keep the greens watered regularly. This is done by

(Continued on Page 56)



Have you a Cinderella in your cellar?

CINDERELLA shivering in rags was pathetic even in a fairy story. But in real life, when the Cinderella is your heating system, tattered and out at elbow, it's a tragedy and you do the shivering.

Ragged covering, or no covering at all, on pipes and heater means that the hottest fire has a hard time to make itself felt upstairs. Where the lack of covering leaves pipe or heater exposed, heat pours out. That is why so many cellars are too warm while the folks two flights up have to put on wraps. And you have to buy more coal than you need that is high in price and hard to get.

Save heat and save money with Improved Asbestocel

You'll be a lot more comfortable if you have your heating plant properly covered. A good heat insulation, like Improved Asbestocel, keeps your house warmer and yet cuts your coal bills. This means that the insulation pays for itself in a season or two.

Improved Asbestocel, the insulation with the red band, is the material you should use, because tests have proved that of all the household coverings on the market, this one saves most heat per dollar of cost.

Here is the reason: Improved Asbestocel is made of crisscross corrugated sheets, which prevent the free circulation of air through the covering. (It is moving air that carries off heat.) This crisscross construction is found only in Improved Asbestocel.

Consult your plumbing and heating contractor. He can apply the insulation in two or three days, and without disturbing your fire. Have him cover pipes, flues, ducts and the heater itself.

And of course when building, see that Improved Asbestocel is specified.

To make sure of getting Improved Asbestocel, look for the red band on the inside end of each length. Send in the coupon. The sooner you do it, the more money you save.

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The same people who repair your furnace and piping will install Improved Asbestocel for you. Plumbers, steamfitters, sheet metal workers and ventilating concerns all over the country apply it.

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Mail the coupon below to your heating man, or to us

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Send today for your copy of handsome book COLONIAL ENTRANCES
All sizes for modest homes or elaborate public buildings.
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Design 237 Modern Ionic. One of ten classical designs shown in "Colonial Entrances," a valuable book you should have

(Continued from Page 54)

subsurface pipes with pressure from an elevated tank. In some places underground tanks have been installed.

After several years of study, the grass experts say they are close to a solution of the problem in parts of Florida and North Carolina. It is their belief that in a short time grass greens can be had anywhere.

A great menace to the welfare of golf greens is the earthworm. Long ago they learned how to take care of it. Late in the afternoons or very early in the mornings the attendants pour gallons of ordinary soapsuds over the smooth grass. The worms come up to the surface as if by magic, and by the thousands—literally by the thousands.

On a course near the upper Hudson River the attendants demonstrated this system. On one green they raked off nearly a wheelbarrow full of worms. If we had known that as kids, it occurred to me, couldn't we have saved a lot of digging for worms when going fishing?

So much care is not required for the grass of the fairways—the wide stretch from the driving-off tee to the green. This does not have to be so smooth. At the same time the grass must be there. When a course gets burned from the summer sun these fairways get so hard and dry, if not properly cared for, that expert golfers cannot gauge their drives properly. It makes for bad sport. These fairways are kept clipped with mowing machines run by motors.

Unless the germ carriers, as my friend calls the golf evangelists who go around spreading the doctrine, have done a very good job, the organization of a club and the construction of a course are sometimes difficult and tedious undertakings. Those infected by the germ want the course all right, but don't know how to go about it.

The best system, according to old-timers, for a small city, say, of 5000 population, is for a few men to get together and lay out a few holes on their own land, provided they are neighbors. They will quickly want more, and there will be enough converts to give part of their unused land to lengthen the course. The building of a clubhouse will come easy. This system avoids the purchase of land, which usually goes up in price if a company wants to buy. In other words, the neighbors will have got together in exactly the proper spirit that is needed for a successful country club. Later they will get suggestions and make improvements.

A Bold Speculation

The editor of a golf magazine says that several courses have been built in this way for less than $15,000. They used their own rollers for smoothing out the surface and did the plowing and grass sowing with labor from their own farms.

The most common system is the organization of a company and the sale of stock to charter members. It is not so easy in a small community that is not rich to raise $50,000 by the sale of stock. It is much easier and more fun for the neighbors to get together and actually start building the links.

Around the big cities, though, the neighborhood scheme is out of the question. The prospective members do not own land, as a rule; and if they did it would not adjoin. So it is necessary to get options on many acres of open land. That costs money, especially when the landowners learn that a company is being organized to turn the whole into a golf course.

Cheaper land means a greater distance from business. This has been overcome largely by the automobile. In fact, many golf enthusiasts declare that the automobile has done more than any one thing to make the United States a golfing country. Without it the course in the rural districts patronized by three or four small towns would be impossible. Yes, the automobile and the germ carrier have done the trick. And this necessity for automobiles in connection with golf has been responsible for the building of many good roads in outlying sections.

A noticeable result of golf in the small towns is the appearance in nearly every big tournament now of young men from districts never heard of before. Expert golfers—championship material—are coming from the small towns, as do the professional ball players. Nearly all major-league players come from the little out-of-the-way places where they have plenty of practice and room to develop. The cities are too crowded to give young fellows a chance. Public golf links are as overcrowded as the public baseball diamonds.

A difficulty with public links is the problem of fixing certain hours for play so that the attendants may have an opportunity to keep the courses in condition. There are few slack hours in which the men may look after the greens and drive lawn mowers over the fairway. Your public golfer wants to play all the time. As a result the grass cutting has to go right along while matches are in progress. One man who drives a grass-cutting machine on one of the New York public links declares that to hold that job one has to be accustomed to shell fire. The players simply yell "Fore!" and drive right on through, regardless of what may be in the way. Matches frequently have gone awry by balls striking the traction mowers and bounding away into the rough or the woods.

Even winter does not stop the enthusiasts, provided officials will permit the use of the links. During one winter around Chicago and New York the public players used golf balls colored a deep red so as to play over the snow. A heavy downpour of rain is nothing. A small matter like that is not even noticed.

As a result of this crowding and the growing desire for more private clubs the promoter has bobbed up as a natural by-product of the game. This type of financier and organizer is not of the get-rich-quick kind, however. He must be sufficiently well heeled to stand a long wait.

Several citizens in a Long Island village had been trying for a long time to get enough people interested in building a course. The other villagers did not warm up because they did not understand. It was discouraging. Finally a young man showed up on the scene. He told these golfers that if they would give him their indorsement as to his honesty of purpose he would do the trick. They did.

Without asking for a cent from anybody in the village, the young man began quietly to take options on land located a half mile from the village center. Eventually he secured 120 acres of land in one body for $30,000. With that he engaged an architect and went right to work constructing a course. At the same time he let the contract for a clubhouse. He was looked upon as being crazy.

"What's the idea?" old-time citizens would ask him. "Where do you expect to get your revenue?"

"Never mind," he said; "I'll get that. This town needs a golf course and I am going to build one for it. I'll be the club myself and I will charge one dollar a person for green fees. I'll come out all right. I'll also serve lunches at the clubhouse and give parties."

The whole enterprise cost him around $90,000. Evidently he had plenty of money to back him. There was never a delay due to shortage of working funds.

When all was completed the village felt very proud of what they called their golf course. Young people, married couples and even a few elderly people patronized the place just as they would a hotel, paying as they went.

In less than six months that village had the golf fever. Prominent devotees began to want to manage it. They wanted to have a say-so as to who should mix in at the parties and on the links. That was just what the young man wanted.

"All right," he said; "I built this course on speculation. Organize your club and I will sell out."

A club was organized with a capital stock of $150,000. The stock sold very readily. The young man was paid $125,000 for his property, a rather sizable profit.

The only risk this man took, he says, was in the people taking to golf. Being a golfer himself, he insists that was no risk at all.

In many of the ultra-fashionable hotels near the big cities a good golf course is considered a very necessary part of the equipment for entertaining guests. Often the hotel company owns and operates the links. In less pretentious summer resorts where there are many small hotels and boarding houses golf links have been built by the towns as an added lure to tourists and vacationists.

The advertising slogan of "Boating, fishing and golf" has become almost as common and as necessary as the time-honored "Quiet surroundings and excellent cuisine."

Golf in Merchandising

As an aid to salesmanship a knowledge of golf, even though it be limited, has not been lost on business men. On a train going from New York to Philadelphia in the late summer a man sitting next to me, a stranger, looked up from his paper.

"How'd the golf match suit you—the result?" he asked.

"I was not altogether surprised." I fenced for time, not having a clear idea of what he was talking about.

"Not surprised?" he repeated. "You never for a moment thought Sweetser would beat Bobby Jones like that! There is the best golfer in the country. Why, I was in to see some people about a steel order today and every one of them was down hook, line and sinker on Jones. They agreed ——"

"Did you get the order?" I inquired.

"Oh, certainly! We are going out and play a foursome next week, and ——"

The regulation golf conversation followed.

As this is being written the newspapers are carrying on their front pages a striking paragraph from the statement of the president of a manufacturing company in St. Louis. The one in front of me is headed "Golf Supplants Booze as Sales Stimulator."

The official of the company says, "Where a salesman would entertain a customer with rounds of highballs in the days before prohibition, he now is establishing friendly relations on the golf course."

A neighbor who travels the southeastern territory selling ship equipment along the seacoast took on a vigorous spell of golf last spring. Up to that time knickerbockers, caps and golf bags had been his particular objects of scorn. He returned from a trip the other day.

"Well, at last I've put over an order in that Georgia town," he declared; "but I'd never have done it but for what I know about golf. They've got a peewee nine-hole course down there that I can do in forty-two. Say, I've just run on a club—a sort of jigger-mashie—if I'd had that, well ——"

A HAPPY DAY IN THE WIDE-OPEN SPACES

(Continued from Page 21)

conversation is more easily followed, dealing as it does with the science of motoring in all its branches, and what Mrs. Grow said to Helga and what Helga said to Mrs. Grow; while in the Will Grows' car the presence of the younger set renders it practically unintelligible to anyone who did not attend the high-school dance or the last meeting of the Entre Nous Club with Miss Grow, Miss Schmaltz, Mr. Wallace or Mr. Fish.

Moving along the highway, then, as swiftly as the other seekers of the open spaces will permit—time being taken out only twice: once for tire trouble and again to retrieve Eddie Jr.'s plaid cap, which blew off—they scan the roadside for a place to lunch. They flash haughtily by the signs which proclaim alluring fish or chicken dinners and kosher meals; they slow down a little to get a glimpse of the notorious Wild Thyme Road House, where, according to Grandma Grow, who is a great newspaper reader, there are pretty goings on; and they stop once at the Itsy Bitsy Tea Room, ostensibly for a glass of water, but really just to see what it looks like. All the most invitingly shady, lunchable-looking woods, as if by coincidence, are heavily fortified with barbed wire and stern-faced signs which threaten fines and imprisonment to trespassers by order of H. F. So-and-So, owner.

It's a funny thing about those signs. Mrs. Grow doesn't give a rap for them. She reads and believes all the educational ones about the town of Lye having eighteen hundred inhabitants, inclusive of the state

(Continued on Page 58)

The Double Proof of Oldfield Dependability

THE success of Oldfield Cord Tires goes back to the high character of service they have rendered unvaryingly from the beginning. They have taken their place among the leaders in public preference because they have elicited extraordinary praise from the thousands who have adopted them.

Oldfield users discover more than exceptional mileage capacity. They are conscious of a sense of trustworthiness in these tires that enhances their satisfaction.

Oldfield Cords have proved their superiority on highways of every State in the Union. The resilient cord carcass and the rugged tread in symmetrical anti-skid pattern are combined in a balanced construction that makes driving easier, safer and more economical.

Oldfield dependability has been strikingly demonstrated not only in daily use, but in the hard, intense grind of the Speedway where they have carried the victors of every important race for over three years.

Thousands of dealers offer you these trustworthy tires at lower prices than other good tires cost you.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO., AKRON, OHIO

OLDFIELD *Tires*

Milwaukee Rapidelivery Speed Pump

TYPE 361

A powerful, masterful, perfectly designed Five Gallon Pump, with every part strongly built, assuring dependability and satisfaction.

One of the many fine types of Equipment made by the Milwaukee Tank Works.

Type 161 pumps [illegible] with little effort. Large [illegible] with both [illegible] Measure Feature.

Steel Cut Gears [illegible] Roller Bearing Guides give exceptional Strength and Accuracy. Visible Measure Indicator, Hose Drain Valve, assure Exact Measure. Adjustable Measuring Stops. Efficient Filter. Locked-in Meter on face of dial. Brilliant Night Illumination.

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Filling Station Pumps
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Send for Catalog Showing Complete Milwaukee Products

Milwaukee Tank Works

Milwaukee, Wis. U.S.A.

BRANCHES

Boston [illegible] New York [illegible] Norfolk [illegible] Pittsburgh [illegible]

(Continued from Page 56

poorhouse and the cemetery, and being the birthplace of Elbert H. Mugg, of Mugg's-Glue—It's-Good-and-Gooey fame, and being captured by the British in 1492; but No Trespassing and Private Roadway—No Automobiles she wouldn't think of paying a speck of attention to, unless, of course, they were backed up by a fence or a policeman, or something. You see, Mrs. Grow, who in her own home invokes the law to keep the Ruggles' dog from tracking up her front porch, and fairly foams at the mouth if Helga lets a perfectly respectable-looking agent get farther than the bottom step, considers all these rich people who fence off their places so other people can't enjoy them or even see the houses, or anything, just a lot of meanies.

Hurrah! Here at last is a gate that is open! Charles T. Guppy, the hairpin king, in the innocence of his recently acquired millions has opened certain portions of his beautiful estate to the public on Sundays and holidays. Certain portions, we said. Now, though the Grows think it's pretty decent of such a rich old geezer—most of 'em are so mean—the arrangement is not altogether satisfactory, for Mrs. Grow, once inside the grounds, is consumed with a desire to see the house, and, perhaps, even old Charles T. himself. So before they turn in the proper direction indicated by the friendly signs they spin up a decorous graveled driveway with Private—No Admittance prominently displayed at its entrance. Sure enough, just as they suspected, it leads straight to the Guppy mansion, and the Grows catch a thrilling glimpse of several persons on the terrace, who may or may not be the Guppys themselves, before a watchful grounds man shoos them on their way.

Fun With the Leftovers

By this time the Grow children are decidedly peevish, and it has for some time been an open secret that Grandma Grow has that gone feeling; so it is definitely decided to lunch in the secluded portion of the Guppy woods which fringes beautiful Lake Lappadocia.

A picnic lunch in the open spaces! One would say this quaintest of Anglo-Saxon outdoor sports were well-nigh indescribable if it were not for that enchanting poem, The Palace, written many years ago by the unapproachable Charles Stuart Calverley, from which we quote a single stanza—for "kerchief" please read "shoe box":

Kerchief in hand I saw them stand;
In every kerchief lurk'd a lunch;
When they unfurl'd them, it was grand
To watch bronzed men and maidens crunch
The sounding celery stick, or ram
The knife into the blushing ham.

"Grand" is, indeed, the only adjective that, to our mind, aptly describes the Grows' picnic lunch. Certainly it is the only adjective that any member of the Grow party would employ, unfamiliar though they are with Calverley's exquisite verse. The hard-boiled eggs, the lettuce sandwiches soppy with mayonnaise—the Will Grows always did use too much mayonnaise on their sandwiches—the pickles, the ants and daddy longlegs, the playful winds that whipped the paper tablecloth from its moorings with more or less disastrous results, the unfortunate dropping of a paper cup of boiling-hot coffee from the hand of Mr. Fish onto the new blue suit of Mr. Will Grow, the cutting of Mrs. Ed Grow's sister's husband's wrist on the jagged cover of the condensed-milk tin, the triumphant return of the two young Grows from a private exploratory expedition, bearing trailing branches of poison ivy—well, you know yourself what fun picnics are! "Grand" is the only word!

Feeding time is followed by a period of torpor for the older people and extreme facetiousness on the part of the younger ones.

Milt Wallace always has been a regular case, and you'd certainly think so now if you could see him chasing Minette with a spider. Mr. Fish, who was sort of quiet on the way out, has felt the call of the open spaces and developed into a perfect clip. He does wonderful card tricks, like forcing the nine of clubs on you against your will; and when Minette gets out her camera he puts on Ella Schmaltz's hat and makes Ella [illegible] and altogether is perfectly [illegible]. He really ought to be in vaudeville. Grandma Grow thinks [illegible]

The four young people discover that the place has a marvelous echo.

"Oh, you kid!" bellows the witty Mr. Wallace to the benign hills about him.

"You kid!" they answer faintly. [illegible] the whole intelligent [illegible] party that it is spurred to various whimsies such as "Attaba-a-by!" and "Hello!" All of which leads the Guppy family, who had planned to take their dinner guests for a quiet stroll along the shore of the lake, to decide that after all there's no place like home with all the windows shut and the blinds drawn. No, sir-ree! There's nothing quiet or stupid about old Nature if the Grows have anything to do with it!

And speaking of the lake, as we were a moment ago, it honestly seems as if Nature had created it in all its pristine beauty, and set it down in that exact spot, with the sole end and aim of solving the age-old problem now confronting the Grows—the disposal of the remains of their lunch. It is the immutable law of life that where there has been flame there must be ashes, and where there has been food there are bound to be crumbs, not to mention other odds and ends of foreign matter. True, in this case they could be gathered into the shoe boxes whence they came and given decent and immediate burial in the large green-painted receptacles, conspicuously marked Refuse, which the altruistic Guppys have hopefully placed about their grounds at frequent intervals; but after all, why, in pity's name, when the lake is only twenty yards distant and the nearest receptacle a possible thirty from the spot where the Grow family have chosen to locate? In the first place, even the slightest extra effort is precluded by the fact that everybody has eaten too much; while to make matters worse, Grandma Grow, who would as soon think of cutting off her right hand as of stirring a step without her digestive tablets, has forgotten them. And in the second place, the element of humor, so essential to the Grows' enjoyment of anything or any place, is completely lacking in the refuse-can idea. Somehow there is an indefinable charm in watching paper napkins and paper plates and paper cups sailing gayly across the shining surface of the lake; a *bizarrerie* about the splash of a condensed-milk can—a *je ne sais quoi* to an attempt to submerge orange and banana skins only to have the gently lapping waves deposit them farther down the foam-flecked shore, that makes the neat green receptacle appear, in comparison, a stodgy thing. With its grim, prim, gaping maw, it seems to threaten the fair freedom of the open spaces; and as such the Grows simply ignore it.

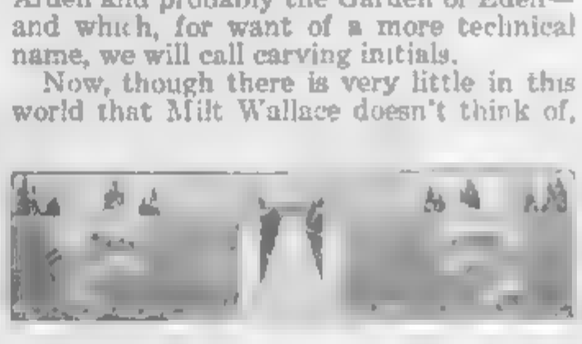
After an interval of discussion as to whether there is enough cake left to bother to take home, and if it wouldn't be better, after all, just to give those extra sandwiches to the birds, they repair en masse to the water's edge, there to hurl merrily cans and crumbs and eggshells into Nature's own garbage can, as beautiful Lake Lappadocia may henceforth be considered.

Vandals at Play

That this idea of Mother Nature's wise provision for the needs of her children is not wholly original with the Grows, the similar bits of flotsam and jetsam, fringing the shore as far as the eye can see, bear mute testimony. At the identical moment probably no less than a hundred such picnic parties along Lake Lappadocia are ignoring Mr. Guppy's green and silent pleas, and are similarly hurling their cans and crumbs and eggshells with cries of glee into the open spaces. There is something exhilarating in the thought!

But aside from sheer animal spirits and *joie de vivre*, there is a tenderer interlude. Eventually Milt Wallace and Minette Grow stroll away from the ribald crowd and seat themselves on a rustic bench placed, by the Guppy munificence, beneath a towering oak. And it is as certain to follow as the night the day that they will play the old, old game that has been played in every wooded open space since the Forest of Arden and probably the Garden of Eden—and which, for want of a more technical name, we will call carving initials.

Now, though there is very little in this world that Milt Wallace doesn't think of, let me tell you, it may be that autosuggestion is responsible for a good deal in this particular instance; for there is hardly an available inch on the bench, or on the oak for that matter, which does not convey the idea that C. J. W. or L. M. or T. C. B. or K. F., as the case may be, has sat here at one time or another. Sometimes there are addenda in lead pencil, such as addresses. One cannot repress a thrill at the thought that Lily H., of Yonkers, N. Y., and Byron M[illegible] of Hoboken, N. J., whispered sweet nothings on this bench. One feels one has been almost witnessing the beginnings of an international romance. Though none of the information is especially definite—even the painstakingly carved inscription that C. M. T. is a Pig, omitting the essential details—there are enough hearts and arrows and I Love You's to soften the frivolous mood of both Mr. Wallace and Miss Grow, and inspire the former to feats of wood carving that almost demolish the bench, to say nothing of the oak. Indeed, such might have been the case had not the side-splitting Mr. Fish diverted everyone's attention by conceiving the idea of leaving the names of every member of the party on the white fence which lines the roadway. An imperishable record of the day—names, addresses, dates and funny cracks of all sorts—is left for all who pass that way in future years to read; for Mr. Fish, in addition to his other accomplishments, has always had a pretty knack for writing on fences, adding mustaches to any ladies' faces appearing on billboards or ash cans, and so forth. He really is perfectly killing!



Home, Sweet Home

But it is high time the Grows thought of starting homeward. First, however, they must pick some flowers to take back with them. Doubtless the Guppys' gardener has a perfectly good reason for putting those Please Do Not Pick signs here and there; but as he is not there in person, the Grows pay no attention to them. After all, what are flowers for if not to be picked and enjoyed?—as Mrs. Grow so logically says while breaking off large branches of rhododendrons. Mercifully for the Guppy flora and fauna, the youngest Grow child, while helpfully pulling everything up by the roots, is stung by a bee, thus creating a diversion which is ended only when the packing up for the return trip begins.

Somehow or other everything and everybody seems a good deal bigger than on the trip out, and it is much more difficult to get them settled. The Ed Grows' car is rather quiet on the way back, although frequent sounds of pretty close harmony issue from the Will Grows' car, where the stream of badinage and repartee such as "Oh, you did, did you?" "Yes, I did!" "Well, who says so?" and the like, seems well-nigh inexhaustible. The progress of the Midge and the Pudge is slow, for so many have that day sought the open spaces that the turnpike traffic is a writhing serpent fouling the air with its gasoline-laden breath. Every car is loaded to the mud guards with jolly souls who have been having more or less the same kind of time the Grows have. That most of them are Nature lovers is evidenced by the wilted flowers that protrude from the pennant-draped tonneaus. One catches glimpses of Camp Fire Girls and Boy Scouts ranging in age from ten to sixty years, of stout ladies who have braved the rigors of life in the open spaces in khaki knickerbockers and silk stockings, of gentlemen driving their Midges and Pudges in bathing-suit tops and putties—tired, somewhat determinedly happy.

At last the lights of 22 Juniper Place! Mrs. Grow starts from a nightmare in which she has been dreaming that water from the dripping ice chest is trickling under the front door to greet her. Grandma Grow, who has been asleep most of the way home—she found her digestive tablets in a side pocket of the car, fortunately—rouses. How good the lights look! How glad they all are to be home! Home, soliloquizes Mr. Grow, is a pretty good place. The country may be all right for some people, but not for him as a steady diet. It's too quiet—unless, of course, you have the right crowd.

It is discovered that the Ruggles' dog has left muddy footprints on the front porch.

"The nerve of some people!" exclaims Mrs. Grow. "Wouldn't you think they'd know enough to keep their old dog off people's private property? I wish you'd put up a sign, Ed!"

The Curve!

THE VAN HEUSEN is truly smart. ¶ It is the *first and only* collar in history woven on a curve—*woven to fit*. ¶ In the curve is grace and vigor—*smartness*. ¶ The VAN HEUSEN needs no starch for style, no seamed band for sturdiness. ¶ Even the *fold* is woven into a curve. ¶ The "break" is permanent, not subject to the wrinkling whims of the pressing iron. ¶ Thus the VAN HEUSEN, *truly* curved, meets the skin smoothly and the eye smartly.

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION
1225 BROADWAY *Makers* NEW YORK CITY

A comet is more interesting than a star, because it is a star in action—curving visibly against the heavens. The smartness of a curve, and its beauty, are equally real in the man-made, man-worn VAN HEUSEN collar.

In the modern hard road are vistas of perfect curves. There is speed in the very sight of them, and beauty. Think of a perfect curve on a smaller scale, and you can understand the effect of the smartness of the curve in the VAN HEUSEN.

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

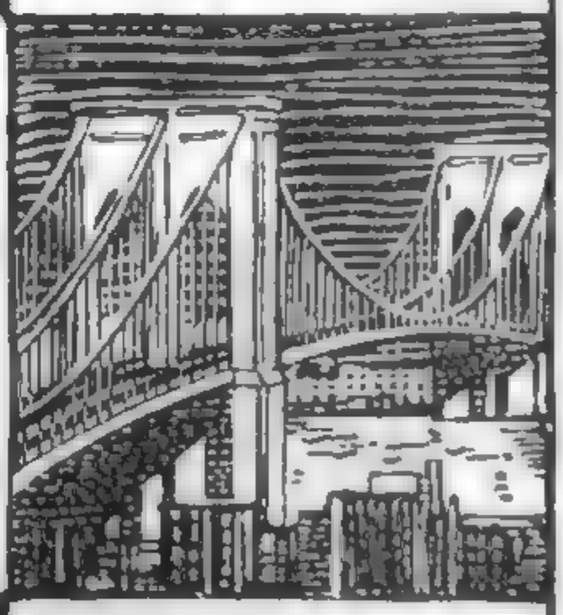
the World's Smartest COLLAR

VAN INCE, one of th… twelve curre… HEUSEN styles … —a smartl… curved col… of medi… height.

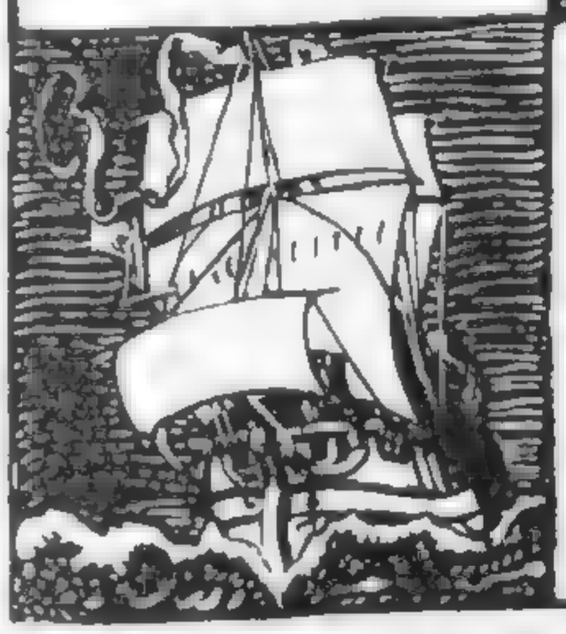
…n Ince

…CAUSE it … combines …mmer com… …fort with win… …ter crispness, … dealer will gladly show you VAN INCE.

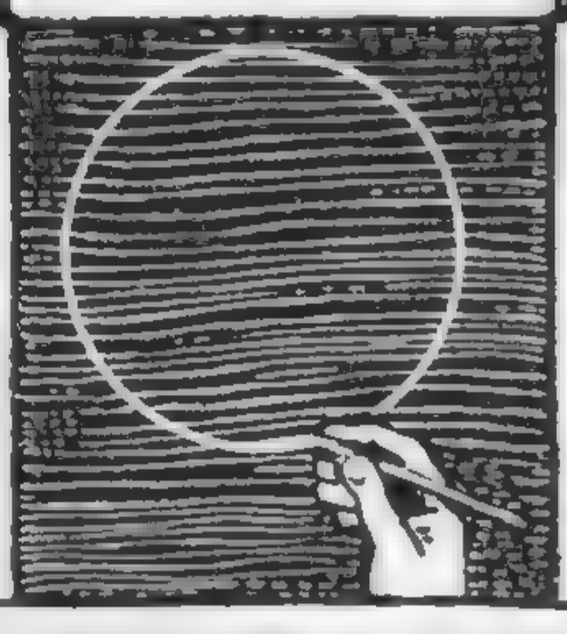
Artists and commuters alike see the Brooklyn Bridge, austere against the sky, a thing of wizardry. The secret lies in its sweeping curves, as does, more humbly, the secret of the VAN HEUSEN's smartness.



The charm of the Winged Victory of Samothrace lies in her symmetry, her curves. Mankind eternally finds curves attractive, whether in an ancient goddess, a soaring football, or a smart collar like the VAN HEUSEN.



Romance lies in the very sight of a billowing sail. The curve of a sail has magic—the magic of gracefulness and vigor. In this prosaic age, it is good to see a perfect curve anywhere, even in the smartness of the VAN HEUSEN collar.



In the 14th century, Giotto drew a perfect circle, and the Pope invited him to Rome to paint great pictures. Response to the art of a curve is universal, manifesting itself today even in so small a thing as the smart VAN HEUSEN collar.

Style that Wears
—and how to find it in Hosiery

MANY a man finds it easy to reconcile his liking for fine hosiery with his sound business instinct for *money's worth* since he learned the meaning of the identifying mark Allen A.

The unquestionable guide to style and quality *plus* durability.

Knitted for proper fit. Silk for appearance—with lisle tops and feet for longer wear. Small wonder that men find these Allen A Hose have *everything* they look for.

The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Makers of Allen A Underwear for Men and Boys

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN PRINCE CONSORT

Continued from Page 8

she could, but grandfather kept a much tighter rein on the purse strings than he did in the earlier days. He did not propose to lose his daughter a second time. Through her sad years of experience she had become a fairly efficient housekeeper and he had reached the time of life when creature comforts were tremendously important to him. On her part she was glad to accept the luxury of bodily comfort at any price

Three days before the date set for the Adirondack party I found myself absolutely without funds for the journey or enough to purchase even the cheapest kind of engagement ring for Theodora. After trying all the other possible sources I borrowed a mileage book and hurried to the little coeducational college town. I knew Phil had always been very careful of his money and I knew he was immensely fond of me.

He had not received my telegram announcing my arrival and the landlady of the ugly boarding house laughed when I asked where I would find him.

"Where you find all of 'em twosing night," she said. "Down at the girl's dormitory."

My amused and worldly-wise tolerance of the cheap little college was already reviving my downcast spirits. Even the cloying sweetness of Theodora's numerous letters seemed an adventure in contrast with courting any young woman who had to live in the crude brick building that fronted the bare campus. I stood outside the unpainted storm door, which shone so ugly in the flickering arc light from the corner, and grinned to think of the difference between Phil's and my ideas of wooing.

The ill-hung door would not open easily, the person who was trying to push it couldn't seem to manage it, and presently a wonderful voice cried, "Lift up the latch and walk in!"

The violence with which I obeyed the injunctions almost precipitated me into the arms of the prettiest girl I'd ever seen. She was so dazzling, even in the dim light of the hall, that she positively took my breath away.

Bobbing, unruly brown curls with a glint of gold in them; dancing brown eyes with piquantly arched eyebrows; lashes that looked long enough to trip up in—I stared at her until she blushed.

"Oh," she murmured, "I've guessed you. You're Phil Gorden's—you're the butterfly brother!"

"Entomologically speaking ——" I began, and then we both laughed together.

We didn't know in the least why we laughed, but we stood there in that bare, drafty hall and laughed until the bell rang once more and Phil limped in, smiling.

The Forgotten Errand

As I look back to that evening, it sometimes seems to me the only naturally happy evening of my life. It was probably one of the few times that I wasn't self-conscious of my own pitiful good looks. Our little hostess dragged her chum, a serious-minded young person, from her logarithms, the four of us struggled joyously for an entire evening with a leaky, cheap, nickel chafing dish—and I fell heels-over-head in love with the adorable brown-eyed lassie with whom my brother had been twosing.

She wasn't in the least afraid of me, she wasn't even impressed with me, seemingly, and she teased me outrageously, but I could scarcely drag myself away when the curfew rang in the outer hall.

Phil was very quiet when we walked back toward his boarding place in the frosty air.

"How'd you happen in, Hal?" he asked curiously.

It brought me back to my errand with a start of dismay. I had actually forgotten Theodora.

I mumbled something about wanting to see someone of the family at holiday time; I couldn't muster courage to talk to him until we were in his room.

I sat on the edge of an uncomfortable couch the differences between our quarters did not amuse me any longer—and managed to blurt out my necessity. He came over toward me, smiling, and caught my shoulders.

"You amazing cuss!" he cried heartily. "To have won a woman's love!" The financial part of the matter he simply ignored.

I began explaining, rather tamely, my promising prospects, but it was not until I got a sharp grip on myself that I could force my usually glib tongue into argument. There was not much fervor in my pleading. Somehow it was already dawning on me that I was doing something that was not so bright as I'd thought it. The contrast of Theodora's colorless placidity with the dazzling bit of fire and fun who had kept us laughing all the evening was disconcerting.

This feeling was further excited by Phil's frank relief that I was engaged. He confessed with charming boyish simplicity that he had spent a very miserable evening because Molly had been so impressed with me. He said he hadn't known her very long and hoped that he could some day ——

"You poor little lame duck," I answered, "you can't afford to marry a poor woman any more than I can. Wait till I've cinched my affair and I'll finance you through a social campaign that will put both of us on Easy Street. Just tide me over this beastly broke state and you'll never have to worry about money again."

The Flirtation With Molly

He was dubious about lending me the money, he seemed to resent my attitude. He admitted that he had the money; in fact he had saved six hundred dollars out of his allowance. He confided in me that he wanted to be a writer and he knew the first years out of college would be lean years; he didn't want to be stingy, but he couldn't see that I needed five hundred dollars. He was willing to lend me enough to go to Theodora, but he said he thought an expensive engagement ring was a fraud and the best thing to do would be to tell her that I was a poor man.

"Good Lord, I already have!" I exploded. "That's my romantic drag with her; she loves chucking herself at me, is crazy for love in a cottage, but she doesn't suspect she will have to provide even the cottage, and she has not the remotest idea what being poor really means. I couldn't keep my self-respect if she knew the truth."

We wrangled about the ethics and the finances with all the excitement of youth; it was late before we went to bed, and though my adroit arguments hadn't convinced Phil they had convinced me that on the whole I was doing a rather fine thing to marry Theodora—I believed that my good looks, my manners, my breeding would more than make up for her material side of the bargain. And I was bitterly resentful that Phil would not let me have the money.

We had a date to go skating with our friends of the previous evening and several other students. I decided the best way to punish Phil was to flirt outrageously with Molly. He was too lame to skate; he could only shiver on the river bank with the serious chum while the rest of us cavorted

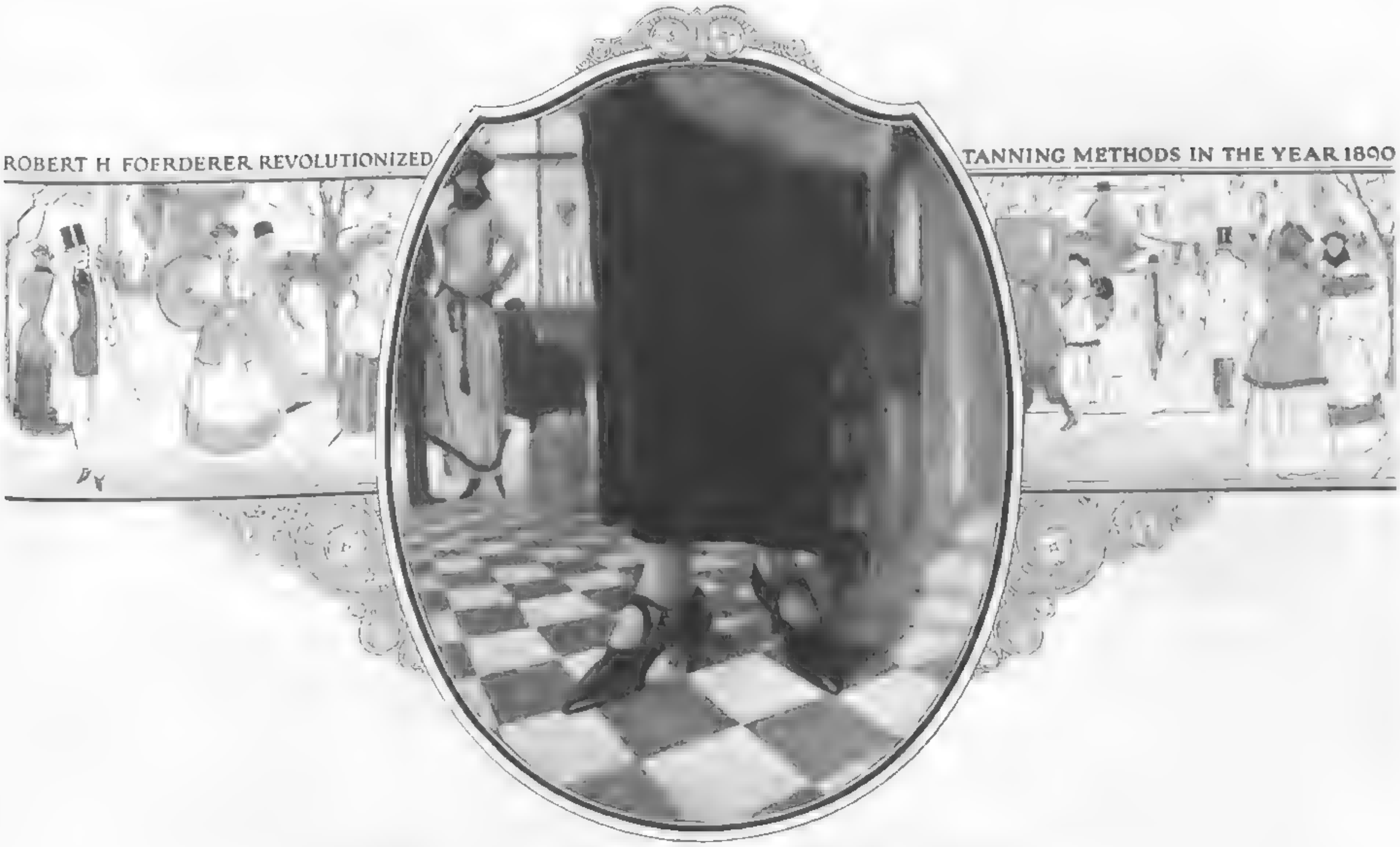
It was playing with fire instead of ice on my part. Whatever suffering my behavior caused him—or her, poor girl—was more than meted out to me in the years that followed. That one morning of Molly left a thousand poignant memories that can never be erased

We skated easily and happily together, our hands crossed, our glances meeting. Sometimes when I lifted her lithe little body around the curving bends of the river I fancied I could feel her heart beating and I had a mad desire to run away with her On the last curve of all as we raced back with the crisp wind stinging our cheeks, I caught her in my arms as we whirred behind a clump of conifers and kissed her.

And she kissed me too; she didn't mean to, I simply surprised her into it. She was still blushing when we caught up with the others, but she obstinately refused to lift those bewilderingly long eyelashes or to answer me

I shall never forget the startled look in those brown eyes when she did look at me. Phil reached out his hand to help her to the bank, and knelt to take off her skates. And as he did he looked at me significantly.

(Continued on Page 62)



The shoe history of the world changed on that day

It was a momentous day in the history of shoes when Robert H. Foerderer revolutionized methods of leather tanning and gave the world Vici kid.

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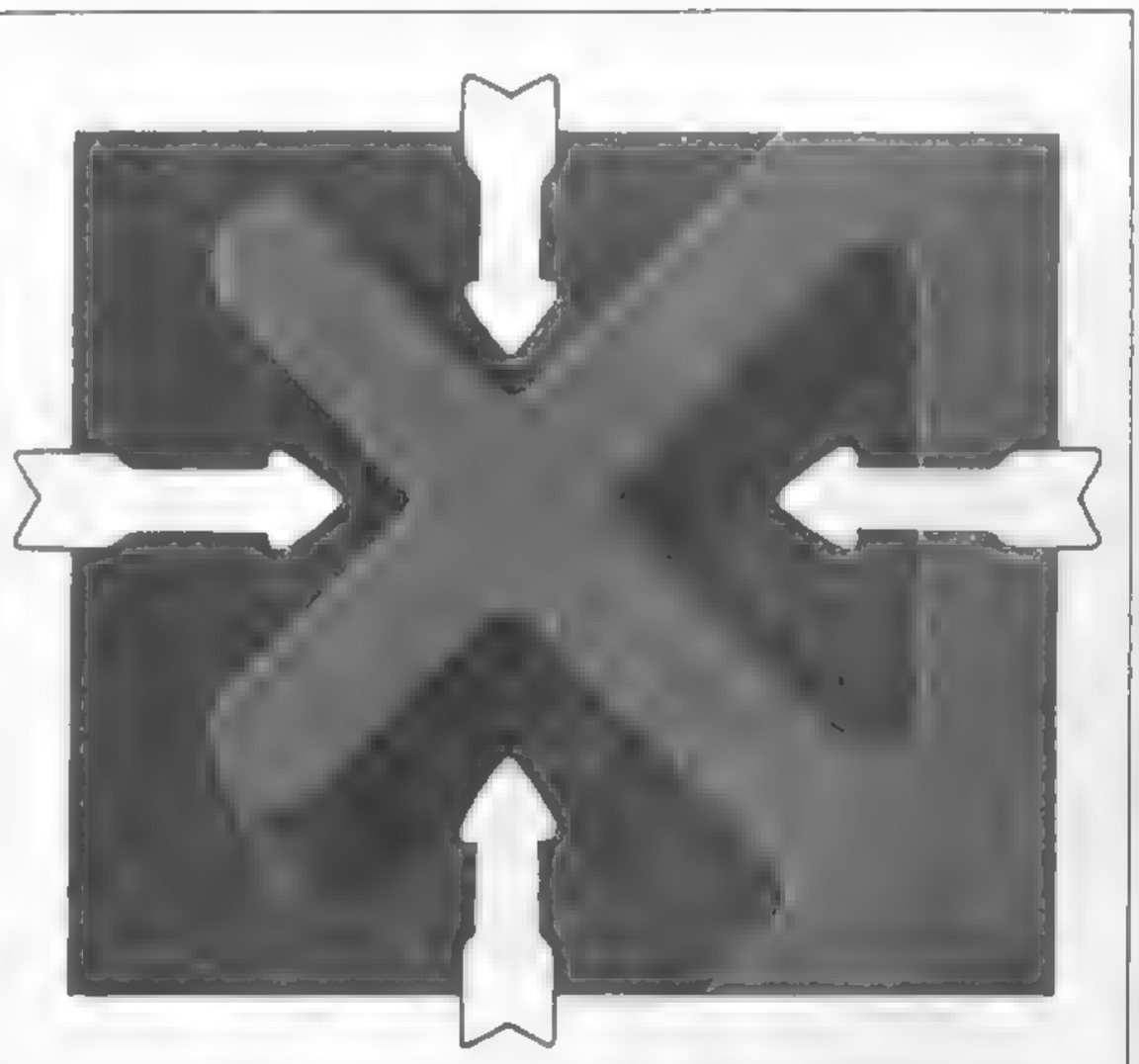

Note how the angles of this cross afford protection against slipping in ANY direction.

A real non-skid tread —and mileage, too

THIS magnified reproduction of one of the staggered crosses which form the tread of the Kelly-Springfield Kant-Slip Cord tire explains better than anything that could be written why this famous tire is so sure-footed.

Of a tough, exceedingly elastic compound, the series of high crosses presents to the road a flat tread that resists to an amazing extent any tendency to slip or skid.

The Kelly Cord not only has a tread that removes the dread of skidding but it also contains all the long dependable mileage upon which the reputation of the Kelly-Springfield tire was built.

It costs no more to buy a Kelly

(Continued from Page 60)

"Hal and I have to hurry back to my rooms," he announced quietly. "He wants to get the noon train. Probably he's told you he only stopped here on his way to buy a treasure to lay at the feet of his princess."

I still had one little hand in mine when he began speaking. She didn't speak, but she reached out quickly for the cheap muff the serious chum was holding toward her, and when I said good-by, stammeringly, she had both hands firmly tucked away in that bit of shabby fur.

My forced gayety throughout the engagement festivities I rather enjoyed. I had enough of my father's histrionic ability to play the game well, and I fancy I had already begun the habit of gentle self-pity that let me pretend through so many years that it was I and not Theodora who was being sacrificed. Whenever I looked at my colorless fiancée I had a compassionate feeling for myself to think that for honor's sake—where the honor came in isn't exactly clear to me now—I was keeping a loveless bargain while my heart was filled with the charms of Molly.

I remember the afternoon I gave Theodora her ring, the beautifully odd ring that Phil's money had bought. The touch of her passionless fingers after the firm and joyous grip of Molly's live little hands seemed almost more than I could endure.

The ensuing year slipped by quickly. Theodora came up to college as her brother's guest on every possible occasion and I gradually grew used to the idea and congratulated myself that my feelings for Molly had been simply a momentary flash in the pan.

It was on the way to Theodora's for an Easter vacation that I came upon Phil and Molly and a lot of their dowdy friends in the ugly environs of a stupid junction station.

The three of us walked up and down the bare platform, Molly teased me a little about my approaching June wedding, and Phil watched us eagerly. He confided in me, when Molly had gone back to her girl friends to leave us to gabble family gossip, that Molly and he were not yet engaged, that she wouldn't consent to any sort of agreement until they had both been graduated. He spoke rather anxiously of the loan he had made me the year before and asked me if I wouldn't begin paying it back as soon as I assumed the new position an uncle of Theodora's had made for me. He still had another year of college, it seemed that our elder brother had appealed to him for funds for a Holy Land trip that he deemed necessary, and the little lame duck hadn't been able to save any of the money he had hoped to hoard against the lean scribbling years.

Playing Errand Boy

Their train left first, a laughing group of co-eds struggling into a shabby day coach. I honestly intended no offense when I swung Molly's bag toward the Pullman porter.

"Don't give it to him!" she cried with the prettiest possible little gesture of humility. "I have to go in with the peasants—while you go on to your princess!"

It was the only conscious rebuke that Molly ever gave me, but it cut more deeply than she could ever guess.

She answered Theodora's wedding cards—I took a savage delight in asking to have them sent, hoping it would hurt her—with a sweet little letter that was almost condescending in tone. She couldn't go to the wedding, she said, but she knew that they would sometime learn to love each other because "the little lame brother of your Prince Charming has limped into my heart, as I dare say Hal has tramped into yours, and I'm sure we shall all be happy ever after."

Theodora and I crawled through the first few years comfortably enough. I took certain pride in seeing she had her money's worth, and I found my share of the comforts doubly enjoyable after my years of penury.

I was a charming escort, I was always carefully dressed, I never missed an appointment with her. I even did her errands with a sort of dogged cheerfulness, which was a bit galling, for she was very dictatorial in her manner and made absolutely absurd demands.

We kept up the farce of my position for less than a year. My first six months' salary paid my initiation fees into the various clubs that Theodora's family made a tradition of belonging to. Theo herself was curiously indifferent to so-called social success, but she deemed that the head of the family—she meant no irony when she called me that—ought to belong to the right crowd. I resolutely intended to pay Phil with the next money I could get my hands on. But we quarreled—that uncle and I. I was manifestly unsuited and untrained for the position he had given me, and though we frequently discussed what I would do in the spring or in the fall about work, I never again took any position.

We acquired a huge city apartment, two motor cars, a microscopic country house that first year. With the arrival of our little son, Theodora decided we needed a place at the shore for his babyship.

Building that house let a maelstrom of foolish, useless errands descend on my shoulders. We did not call them errands, of course; Theo made a great pother about them, but I knew that my skilled servant could have done them far better than I. The house was not quite finished when we received the invitation to Phil and Molly's wedding.

I haven't the remotest idea what possessed Theo to decide we must attend that wedding. We had never made any pretense of keeping in touch with my family. But we had a new motor car, our house was not done, the wedding was to be in New England, and Theo decreed that we take the New England trip. The last moment before starting she decided on a sudden whim to take the baby and his nurse.

The Same Old Molly

We had a good deal of trouble with the new car and we didn't arrive in Nashua until about an hour before the wedding. We were all tired and a bit cross, and Theo's voice had assumed the maddeningly polite monotone with which she issues orders when she is exhausted.

She simply filled my arms with absurd bundles when I got out of the car—the hamper of the baby's bottles, the package that contained the idiotic salad service we were bringing as a gift. I expected, of course, that a servant would open the door for me. I managed to push the bell with my elbow as I glanced back idly at the impatience with which the weary nurse and cowed chauffeur were obeying Theo's irritating commands.

"Just pull up the latch!" cried a resonant voice.

My heart stopped beating. I just escaped smashing all the fool bundles. And I learned then—what I ought to have known five years before—that one little phrase of Molly's rich young voice was more important to me than all the conversation that Theo's careful drawl could ever pour into my unwilling ears.

It was my self-pity that saved me from making a fool of myself. The simplicity of that wedding—Molly roguishly surprised everyone by opening the door to welcome them—nearly broke my heart. She was more wonderful as a woman than she had been as a girl.

The same adorable curling hair, the same great questioning teasing eyes, the same delicately boyish hips—there was a warmth and a humanity about her that made me heart hungry.

They weren't going on any wedding trip; just going to the tiny apartment they had fitted up in Boston. Phil had written some weeks before, tactfully suggesting that I pay him some or all of the money I owed him. I hadn't any possible way of getting it except to borrow it. If I borrowed it from anyone except Theo I would have to explain matters eventually, and I couldn't borrow it from her without lying. She was rather curious about where I spent money, even small amounts, I found, as we grew older. She preferred to pay everything by her personal checks.

I honestly meant to earn the money sometime. I still had enough respect for myself so that I wanted to earn the money with which I had bought my luxury in life. But whenever I suggested work to Theo she would reiterate that she had enough for us all, that all that tommyrot about work bored her, and if I wanted to do anything I'd better go into politics or law.

Politics or law! She would never have consented to my taking the time for a legal education if I had had the inclination, and politics is the last game in the world for a man whose wife demands the pleasure of his company morning, noon and night eight days a week.

(Continued on Page 65)

Pipe corrosion gives no warning

A WINTER'S day, with a Norther howling over a desolate prairie. A pipe on the locomotive has failed. Corrosion, the deadliest enemy of piping, has gotten in its work. The hostlers in the roundhouse could not tell that the pipe was corroded. For corrosion works usually from the *inside.*

Most of us think of corrosion only after the pipe has gone bad. The time to think of it and guard against it is when installing the pipe. There is but one safeguard against corrosion and that is a pipe which resists the gnawing action of rust.

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(Continued from Page 62)

Our children—we had four of them—were never very well children. Theo was enormously fond of them, she spoiled them outrageously, and my occasional attempts to interfere were met with such disagreeably hysterical objections on her part that I soon ceased. They were colorless little tads, rather lovable; all of them had Theo's pale brown hair, gray eyes and none-too-clear skin. While they were tiny we lived in a perpetual upheaval of journeying hither and thither to remedy Archie's anæmic condition or to brace up Horace after scarlet fever. Or else we were racing madly back to town for adenoid operations, appendicitis operations—Theodora seemed to take a melancholy delight in the stage setting of a sick room. She would dress herself as nearly like a nurse as possible and insist on my spending endlessly unnecessary hours on hospital porches for fear of a turn for the worse. She discussed details of the children's various illnesses before them constantly. It sometimes seemed as though she were maliciously intent on making them into miserable little hypochondriacs.

We decided to celebrate our tenth wedding anniversary with a country housewarming; we'd sold our old place and built an elaborate new one with some money her grandfather had left her. Theo set her heart on having the party a family affair. She even made me drag my ministerial brother, whom we'd not seen since he married us, from the Middle West. Family on my part meant a scattered group of persons who rarely bothered to see one another. I'd seen Phil only once since his marriage, and that when we had both attended my grandfather's funeral. Mother was positively lashed to the old home by the thousand and one strings grandfather had attached to his will.

I rather fancied that my entire family were awed by my—that is, my wife's—possessions, and though I thought my attitude toward them perfect, I dare say that in my way I was as maddeningly condescending as Theo was toward me. Her own relatives were a jolly enough group; they understood one another perfectly. By far the most human of them was my old chum, Bob, and he frankly called his family aristocratic bourgeoisie.

Molly and Phil were the last to arrive; they brought with them a pair of youngsters that simply took my breath away. Angelic young scoundrels—"one free, and one half past four," as the baby of the pair explained—bubbling with health and mischief, both with their mother's dazzling color. They wore very droll clothes—some artist friend of Phil's had designed them—and they had a poise that made me want to wring my own young hopefuls' necks.

They were uproarious, irresistible, the whole household bowed down before them. The housewarming was to last three days. At the end of that time it is an actual fact our own poor kiddies seemed normal for the first time in their fretful half-invalid lives.

More Philandering

The second day Phil asked me with anxious embarrassment if I couldn't get him the five hundred. By some melodramatic irony of fate it was just an hour afterward that I saw Molly examining Theo's engagement ring.

"It's exactly the sort of ring Prince Hal would buy a girl!" I heard her glorious voice murmur—I fancied wistfully. Then she held up her own modest pearl. "Look, Theo! Phil bought mine with poems about me! It took him forever nearly to sell enough to do it, but he wouldn't let anything but the poems go into it."

The last day of all was a very elaborate function to which several hundred guests were invited. I had slaved for weeks over the bromidic details of the affair. An outdoor play preceded a dinner that was to be followed by a dance, with a garden masque and tableaux to fill in the interval between the dinner and the dance. We had engaged a professional tableauist to arrange some of our guests in poses in a great gilt frame cunningly lighted.

Frankly the day had been annoyingly tiresome. Theo was tired from the strain and exceedingly sharp in her criticisms of me when details occasionally went wrong. I am usually pretty level-headed, but it was warm, I was irritated and I drank far more than was good for me at dinner.

It was inevitable that the poser chap should catch at Molly, but I was utterly unprepared for the glory that greeted us when the curtains parted languorously and showed us Molly as Lady Hamilton. Her beauty was too much for my wine-exhilarated spirits. After the applause had died away I hurried to the door of the improvised dressing tent and waited for her to come out. I coaxed her into a tea arbor, and under the cover of that wonderful night with the seductive music drowning the last scrap of my self-control, I got down on my knees and made a maudlin fool of myself pouring out my years of pent-up emotions, blaming myself, debasing myself for my cowardice, my avarice. I don't know exactly what I intended to do; I had only one thought in mind—to let Molly know how I adored her.

A Gold-Plated Errand Boy

When I stopped for breath Molly put her rough little hand on mine; it was the first time she had ever touched me since the day I kissed her. She spoke so quietly that she completely sobered me.

"Look here, Hal," she began in a very matter-of-fact way. "I suppose I ought to get majestically angry, the way they do in books or plays; or that Theo ought to come in suddenly and find you, or something of that sort happen—but this isn't very startling. I know you've been going around thinking you loved me all these years. I know you loved me that first time you saw me. But"—she was so tender and pitying she might have been talking to a child "even if we did kiss each other once, that doesn't mean that we're either of us leading blasted lives forever after because we can't keep on kissing. I suppose I could have loved you for a little while—you were a regular Prince Charming in those days—but, you see," she added quaintly, "you wanted to be a Prince Consort instead. And it's such a beast of a job"—she was quite calm and judicial now—"I don't wonder you're bored with it. Why, you're just a gold-plated errand boy—not a real interest in the world except a mawkishly sentimental one in me. I've been going to stop that this long time. You might just as well stop being sorry you didn't stoop to me. I wouldn't have married you in a thousand years. I'd have found you out."

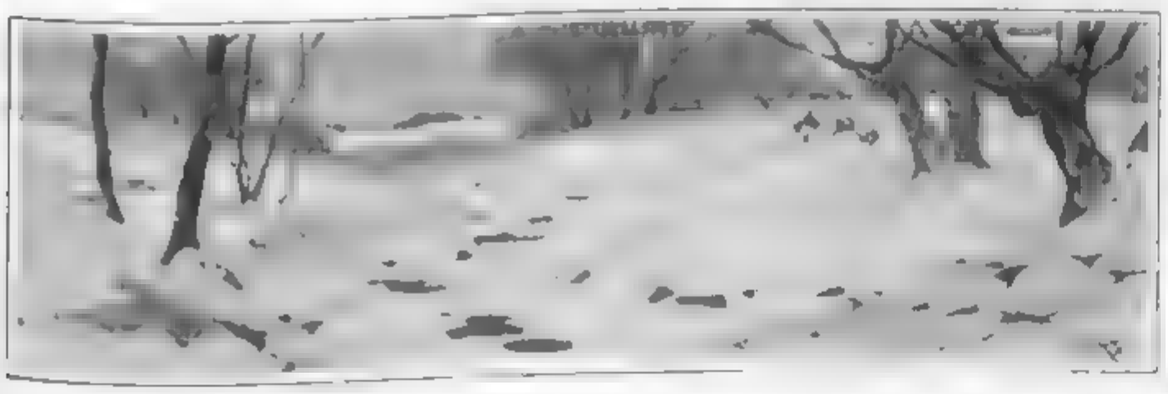
"But you married Phil," I stammered.

"Bless him, yes!" she murmured. "He limps instead of struts! And he's getting somewhere."

When I straightened out the accounts for that housewarming I did the first juggling I've ever done with Theo's money. I got the five hundred and the interest and sent it to Phil.

It's years since then. I haven't seen Molly in all that time, and I love her more madly than ever. I can't beat it out of me. It's no comfort to me, it constantly nags and irritates me. It's so melodramatic a bit of retribution that I've no patience with it.

I'm still doing Theo's errands well. Tending to opening and closing our various homes and arranging for all our outings and operations. I work hard at my trade, but I don't advise any other young American to go into it. The prince-consort business isn't overcrowded in our country, for the simple reason that most men have the common sense to see it isn't an American job.



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CARL LAEMMLE

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* * *

And remember, finally, that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS. Don't forget to write.

Carl Laemmle

President

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ABISHAG

(Continued from Page 13)

Damp cobwebs sailed from the blazing sun to chill Laban's face and he hugged the living body against his chest. There was another man coming through the grass. Jesse, this time, his hair reddened by a drop of light that rode his head.

Laban nodded as his half brother came across the wall in a fine leap and said, "True, Jess?" and Jesse nodded back.

They shook hands clumsily around David's width, and soon Jesse said in his strange, slow voice, "Dry up, Dave! Laban'll be ashamed of you, son. It was comin' soon, anyways. Dry up, sonny."

Jesse had always this air of cool authority. He stood now, naked to his waist, with soap drying in the roots of his hair, which seemed darker, the color of molasses.

He said, "I was gettin' bathed —— Come on, Dave. The kid didn't sleep any last night, Laban. He's all shaken up. Don't mind him. He ain't seen you in five years. Come on, Davy!"

The tamed car carried them back to the dooryard, where hired men were awkward and two old hired women began to pet David. The telephone jangled ceaselessly and people came; Laban's three uncles, Jesse's two aunts with their husbands. Gray Luther Cole rode a great horse up to the steps. He was David's other grandfather; utterly deaf, beautiful.

He roared tenderly at Laban, "Well, man's grass, ain't he?" and cuffed David's head after tossing him a ten-dollar gold piece.

The long stone porch filled with whispering folk. Dogs thoughtfully looked at the horseless carriage. Old people murmured that it was well to end so, with a Bible spread on his knees and without pain.

Laban found Jesse knotting a black tie in his bedroom as the last sun sparkled on heavy walnut.

The young man said, "Funeral tomorrow, Laban? The kid'll feel better."

"Sure. You're lookin' fine, Jess!"

"I'm all right, Laban. Ain't grown much, d'you think?"

He had not grown taller since 1895, but his shoulders had swelled; and Laban poked his chest with a pipestem, grinning.

He said, "This Miss Pollard ain't downstairs? I wouldn't know if I saw her."

"No."

"What aged woman is she?"

"Twenty-one," said Jesse, strapping his belt.

"Get out! A girl that age goin' to marry him?"

Jesse picked up Laban's left hand with the sapphire ring on it and studied this, drawling, "There's ten in her family, Laban. My ma didn't like her, but she's a nice kind of a girl. Davy's fond of her. Her father's this new plumber. There ain't the hell of a lot of work for a plumber in Buford, really. . . . Laban, pa's left me the place in his will. You don't get nothin' but his bank stock and the cash. We'll fix that different after the ——"

"You go to thunder!" said Laban, terribly touched. "Pa gave me the money to go to Oregon on and I sold out for twenty thousand. You soak your head, son! You've run this place ever since you was in long pants! I wouldn't take an acre off you!"

"It ain't square, Laban. Ma influenced him, kind of, and ——"

"Dry up! She was nice to Davy, even if she didn't like me, and," Laban said, with justice, "women that believe in hell don't ever like them that just don't. Don't you worry about nothin'. The kingdom's yours and it ought to be. And if there's any whisky in the house, gimme a slug. I feel washed out like a handkerchief on a girl's lookin' glass."

He must tell everyone of Jesse's loyalty before his own mother's kin began to talk. Laban wiped his mouth and strolled down the short stairs into a dusky gathering of women.

Luther Cole roared, "Hey, Laban, I sent Davy in to fetch out Abishag. He was crawlin' under your gas'line buggy."

Laban said slowly, working his lips so that the deaf man might read them, "Who you callin' Abishag?"

"Read your Bible," said his father-in-law. "I ain't even religious and I know that much! You're plain ign'rant, Laban! Abishag was the gal they married off to the old king to nuss him. Come out here and show me this contraption."

He walked about the car suspiciously and yelled rudenesses as to its color and shape. It would be no good on the hills of Buford County, but he would buy it to keep in his livery stable, and young David might like to play with it.

"I hear you spoil David outrageous."

"You'd got him all spoiled before you packed him East. Hey, Laban, you and Jess got to do somethin' in the way of kindness for Annie Pollard. Her dad's shif'less and her ma's sickly. I got two of her brothers workin' to the stable, but they ain't old enough to hist a collar on a hoss, reely! You an' Jess fix the gal up with a check, now, so's some young feller'll marry her. She's a nice gal," said Cole, "but her folks is down out of Jersey and her dad plays the stinkenest hand of poker I ever seen."

His harsh deaf-man's voice rolled in the oblong among trees and buildings of mossy gray stone that were fading in the dusk.

"Well, we'll do somethin' for her."

"You better! Better marry her yourself. She's black-headed, and you like 'em so. She better get married right off or she'll be an old maid," said Cole. He had let his one daughter marry Laban when she was fifteen and had the poorest opinion of women who lingered unwed after twenty. He bellowed, "She's the right age for Jess or one of my boys. She spoils Dave awful. It was him sicked your pa on to marry her."

His wife swooped and arrested the narrative, telling Laban over a puffed shoulder, "He's getting perfectly scandalous, Laban! Says whatever he thinks. He tells Davy the awfulest stories about the Civil War. Ain't Davy grown up handsome? We'll have supper ready in a minute."

The peace of four hundred acres shut in the house so that its quiet babble seemed a chant, and Laban was soothed when his son found him on the barnyard gate. David's voice had descended to a singsong basso and he was ready to talk about horseless carriages.

"Was one came through from Pittsburgh back last year, the day before Jess' ma died. Busted down by the station. Mr. Pollard helped fix it. Dad, where d'you put the oil in, huh?"

"This Pollard's a plumber?"

"Well, he does anything mechanical, kind of, dad. He's from Hartford, C'necticut, first off. Annie got born in Trenton, though. Dad, she'd just stopped readin' to grandpa and gone off home when I came and found him. Dad, what'd you do with my Indian hut back of the pig pen, huh? Dad ——"

He wiggled in close to his father and pawed him with hard fingers, childish in excitement. Night brought some early fireflies that shed glow fleetly among the trees. The bell rang and Laban stalked up the steps with an arm over his child. Supper was prodigally laid for all these mouths in the red dining room, and Luther Cole roared, "Hey, Laban, here's Annie Pollard! Come and set with her so's she can pet Davy."

The girl had a black shawl drawn over her dress, and her hair was smooth now.

Laban pulled back a chair for her and stuttered, "Think I saw you walkin' down the road, right now."

"Davy told me you'd bought a carriage in Harrisburg and were driving down in it. Like it?"

"Why, I ain't got the hang of it yet. I got along just so-so."

Laban admired her. Her tawny hands trembled in her lap; she talked of horseless carriages. She said that steam cars were more reliable; her lips worked behind her napkin. She was a fine woman, the gorgeous Indian princess of a calendar. He watched her nails dig in palms paler than her fingers. A breast of jelly twitched like a melting huge garnet when she passed it over Laban's wrists to young David, and her hand was snow when she dropped a spoon. The lamps in painted-china shades made the whole room pulse as they swayed in a breath from the fields. Men spoke of hay. Women, bending past sons and husbands, spoke of dresses to be mended. Jesse sat in his father's chair and it was plain that all these people knew about the will. His was the kingdom, and Laban admired him too."

"Jess is the only king that hasn't been yellow-headed in the memory of man, Miss Pollard."

"He looks like his mother, sort of."

"Oh, your folks moved here before Jess' ma died off?"

"Yes; we came down from Trenton in '98."

She was angry at something. Cheated out of a fine home and the dignity of being Mrs. King? Or that she wasn't dead? He was conscious of her turmoil near him. Her fingers, when his hand fell to find his pipe, shut on it.

"I'll drive you down home, Miss Pollard."

"I'd be obliged if you would."

David wanted to climb on the back of the buggy, but Laban ordered, "Here, you stay home, son," with some stern vigor, and the boy merely ran down to the gates beside the trotting horse, his yellow head bobbing in the starlight. He yelled goodby from a gatepost, and Laban whipped the horse along the road, then reined in. The girl panted for a time.

"Mr. King!"

"Don't cry! If you can help it ——"

She sat still and Laban let the horse walk. The valley drifted from all guessing in folds of shadow and his mind chased David, trotting back to the house on big feet, the night cooling his reddened lids. He would stop to finger the tires of the motorcar and maybe sit on the cushions. The dew would pierce his cotton breeches; he might take cold. Laban forgot this woman.

"Mr. King ——"

"Hey? I ain't askin' any questions ——"

"I told your father I just couldn't marry him right before I left this afternoon. Maybe it might have—upset him."

Laban's teeth met the point of his tongue. After a while he said:

"Oh, no! He ain't been well in two or three years, Jess kept writin'. Had pneumonia bad the winter my wife died too. Jess looked for him to go pretty soon. If I was you, I wouldn't worry. But it's white in you to tell me. I wouldn't worry. He was old."

The horse curved into a hollow lit street of Buford, and lads were idling with pallid frocks under the trees before these houses built long ago of stone from the hills or of brick baked by Laban's grandfather. Annie Pollard drew up her shawl over her face.

"This is certainly a change from where I've been livin' out in Oregon."

She said "I expect so," hoarsely, and cleared her voice to go on. "We live right beside the post office."

"You needn't to worry about my sayin' any ——"

"I can tell when a person's generous. We're awful poor. It looked like the best way to do. He was awful nice to us. Only, when it came to bein' laughed at for marrying a man as old as—I couldn't."

"I don't blame you," said Laban, "for nothin'," and helped her out before a dim sign that announced Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Windmills Repaired, in letters anxiously large.

David got down from the gatepost when the buggy slued to turn between whitewashed stones, and Laban stopped to let the boy tuck himself against his father.

The new bass said, "I guess she's awful sorry."

"What for, Dave?"

"For grandpa dyin'."

Laban said, "Oh, sure! She's a nice girl, now."

"Yes. Dad, there was something funny happened. Dad, I've been waitin' to tell you. I don't guess," David whispered, wetting his father's ear, "that you'd better tell Uncle Jess. It's this: I was puttin' grandpa's boots on for him s'mornin' and he said he was scared to get married with Annie, because folks'd laugh at him for marryin' a young girl when he was so old, kind of. He asked would I tell her that? I said I didn't dare to, but he made me say I'd tell her. And I was goin' to drive her home and tell her, only but she went off first, see? I was helpin' Jess take a bath ——"

"Why, Jess is twenty-three. I never had to help him get clean."

"He's got to scrub the back of his head, ain't he? And his shoulder's still stiff where he busted it last winter out in the woods. I always scrub the back of his head for him when I'm round. Anyways, Annie got away before I could speak to her. So I went downstairs and ——"

(Continued on Page 68)

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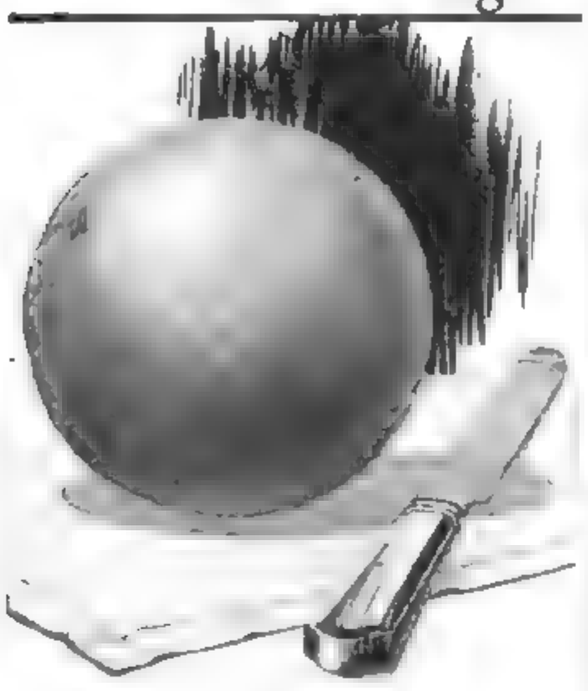

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(Continued from Page 66)

"Well, it can't none of it be helped, son. Why ain't I to tell Jess?"

David said, with impatience: "Cause he'll blow me clean to hell for not doin' what grandpa told me. Dad, Jess is awful nice an' all, an' I like him next best to you, dad; but he's awful dutiful about everything. I could tell him I'd got to help him scrub the back of his head, but that wouldn't come even. He'd take the tar out of me for not doin' what grandpa said to ——"

"Hey, does Jess thrash you?"

"No, but he'd talk at me. I'd just as soon get thrashed as have Jess talk at me like when he's mad. It's fierce! He can talk like his mamma did when anybody cussed front of her. Like that!"

"Get out! Nobody can talk like Jess' ma did when her blood was up! She could rip the hide off a cow! If it wasn't for her, son, you'd have got born right here in Buford, not in Oregon. She clean talked me out of the state of Pennsylvania. You never heard her talk in her young days. She was gettin' weak and kind of am'able before I sent you home. Sonny, she could used to grab Ecclesiastes in one hand and Jeremiah in the other and speak until the skin was raw. They don't make women like her no more. She was what you might call a survival."

David weakly said, "Gee!" stunned by this stately noun, but insisted, leading the horse away, "Well, Jess can send it pretty fast, dad. He can cuss good too! Well, not so good as Grandpa Cole or you could, but pretty good."

"Son, Jess ain't got the temper to reely cuss. Jess is too good-natured to get the brimstone in it. You've got to have a streak of devil in you to cuss -well, beautiful. The Kings have always been good-natured, mostly because we're lucky and have good digestions. Jess' ma was a McCumber and they've all got gravel in 'em somewheres. They're stuck up, to start with, the whole family. Lord knows why! Old Theophilus McCumber may have been a gen'ral back in the Rev'lutionary War, but when your grandpa married Jess' ma her folks came to the weddin' down off the hills hoppin' from grass to grass so's the stones wouldn't hurt their bare feet! They've always been scornful of plain human beings. I hear Jess' ma didn't like this Miss Pollard."

"Dunno," said David, out of a stall. "Well, she didn't like any girls. Whenever Jess took a girl ridin' or to a dance or somethin', his mamma always acted like she—whoever this girl was—was a murderess or somethin', or like that. Hey, dad, Jess learned me to box! I'll show you af—after the funeral."

The kinsfolk went spreading off into the fans of farm land stretched along the valley, into Buford in carriages of Luther Cole's stable; and Laban watched Jesse say good night to tiresome old women, to remote, garrulous Kings fluttered by this momentous death, to some brown-haired, disapproving McCumbers. The dutiful Jesse shook hands and took consolation with his endless, grave smile and Laban admired him violently. Jess' hair was dulled by lamplight, and he stood in the hall under a hanging pink globe adorned with tiger lilies, alert, nodding to questions and answering in his soft, queer voice, trained on verses of the Old Testament.

"Yes, yes. See you tomorrow. Thanks for droppin' in. G'night. G'night, Cousin Bertha—yes."

It was just that he should have the great farm and the grave glory of being the fifth King in the stone house. He would do all things properly; he belonged to Buford. It had seemed strange when he came to take young David home from Oregon in 1895, to see him anywhere else than here. Certainly, this was Jesse's place. He fitted Laban's fancy of what a King should be, someone sober and majestic, very kind, who seldom laughed at jokes and never made them. David thumped up to bed and Laban stood in the porch while Jesse made the rounds, a lantern shimmering when he passed beyond the half moon of gray glow shed on the dooryard by these lamps.

"Goin' to cut hay in the north field day after tomorrow, Labe," said Jesse, blowing out the lantern on the steps. "Looks right, don't it?"

"Sure!"

Jesse sat down and dragged a shoe off, saying heavily, "By hell! I knew there was somethin' in here! Piece of a match. Been killin' me all night."

"Well, why didn't you go take your shoe off?"

"I'd got to do the polite to the folks, Labe. Say ——"

"Say," said Laban, "I admire you like anything, Jess, and you've been a good brother to the kid; but ain't it time you stopped bein' polite and dutiful? Why don't you bust up to Philadelphia and get some rest now? You ain't been away from Buford but to get shot at in that dog-fight in Cuba two years back since you fetched Dave home in '95. This here's the year 1900. You started bein' good in the year 1877. You didn't even cry when you was a baby. Go on! I'll get the hay in."

Jesse rubbed a sock on the dewy stones and lighted a cigarette. He said, "Oh, I ain't got any more morals than anybody else, Labe."

"Go on. Your ma was a McCumber! You're good. It's no fault of yours. It's h'reditary, like Dave talkin' too much. Hey, the kid says your shoulder's still stiff where you busted it."

"It kind of is, Labe."

Laban sat down and passed a palm across the flat back. Jesse sighed and settled against him, suddenly very young in this shadow, and suddenly he gave a childish laugh.

"Hey, don't tell Dave, but I got my shoulder busted in a fight out on West Hill. I told him and pa I was gettin' in firewood. Got shoved down a rock off some snow. It was icy."

"Go on! I don't believe it of you! Who thrashed you?"

"He didn't! I thrashed him. Only I got up off'n him and my heel caught on this snow and I went hell-to-south down this rock, see? I never busted anything before. It was kind of stoopid, afterwards, lyin' in bed. Dave read me all the big medicine book. Never knew there was so many diseases. Say, Labe, you got married when you was twenty-one. Think a feller's better to get married young?"

"Who's the girl, Jess?"

"Oh, I ain't none. I wanted to know what you thought, though. Ma always spoke against it."

"She was jealous of you, brother."

Jesse admitted, "Well, she had notions about things, Labe. But about bein' married?"

Laban's humor flooded up. The grave King wanted advice. The humorist said, "Why, it's interestin', Jess! To try to study out why they want ribbons on a night dress and none on the parlor curtains, one week, and the other way next; or why she would laugh her head off on Sunday when I cracked jokes with a good-lookin' Danish hired girl and give me a buzz saw on Monday for tippin' my hat at a skinny widow with just one tooth. Say, when did you get that gold band on that front tooth, boy?"

"Christmas. Busted it."

"It's a pity. We've all got good teeth, and a gold band shows up. Well, I don't know anything more interestin' than bein' married, once. I never could see why she'd kiss Dave's toes off for spillin' his milk bottle and then slap him for sittin' in the ink. Better get married, Jess."

"Oh, well," said Jesse, "I ain't a girl ready to hand. Nor I ain't as good-lookin' as you, Labe. Women don't take to me much. Last time I tried to kiss one she heaved a monkey wrench at me. Well, let's go to bed. I ain't slept good lately."

"Why?"

Jesse got up and said in an awed fashion, "It's like—if I believed in that kind of truck—why, it's like a fortune-tellin' dream. I kept dreamin' that pa was dead. I'd see him die all kinds of ways. Scared me awake three or four times."

"Well, you knew his heart was weak. It's no wonder you'd dream of it. You look kind of used up."

"Well, I am, Labe; to tell you the truth I didn't like this gettin' married at his age There wasn't any way to stop it. Annie came out here to help Dave with his algebra and she'd read the Bible to pa. To marry her was a kind of charity. She's so dog poor and and nice. But it worried me some. I suppose she's pretty upset."

"Why, to tell you the truth, bud, I think she's kind of relieved," said Laban.

Jesse swung his empty shoe and nodded down. His long face eased into a smile without a goal. He smiled at the night or the noise of water falling over rock two miles away.

He murmured, "Dave wanted to try an' dive over Skunk Falls last week, but I didn't let him. You're home for keeps, Labe?"

"Honest, Jess."

"Well, that's fine," said Jesse.

Such a volley of sentiment made them awkward. Jesse blew out the lamps and said "G'night, Labe," on the stairs. Laban found David curled in a clean, ceremonial nightgown which contained something heavy—the crank of the horseless carriage. Laban tucked it under the bolster, but it crept out and gored his shoulder while he slept.

"Why didn't you fetch a monkey wrench to bed too?" he asked, rubbing the scar in hot morning light that gripped more fiercely than the light of Oregon.

"We'd ought to buy a monkey wrench. I lost ours las' fall," said David, busy with his black shoes and a towel. "Hey, when the kitchen sink busted at Christmastime, Annie Pollard fetched out a dandy wrench. You could turn a chimney with it. Awful heavy, though. It dropped off the sink and busted Jess' front tooth "

"Oh!" Laban yawned. Then he said "Oh!"

"Huh, dad?"

"How did Jess get his front tooth in the way of it, son?"

"I dunno. I wasn't there," David said. "Say, how much does a phonograph cost, dad?"

"You find out and I'll pay you for it, Davy. Say, Davy, who's Jess' girl?"

David didn't know. He fell into gloom that lasted through the mighty funeral and until suppertime, when Laban took him down to the station in the horseless carriage and the boy said, passing Pollard's shop, "Annie's father's had a phonograph all winter that nobody ain't bought."

"I expect he'd be glad to get rid of it, then. Hold your breath while I stop. "Hey," said Laban, peering at the door, "what's the yellow sign on the glass?"

Dull gaslight came through an announcement, Measles—Contagious, pasted on a soiled pane of the door, and Laban said, "You go to the drug store and get yourself a soda while I buy this place out, son. Go on!"

"Well," David politely drawled, fixing the gray beauty of his eyes on the great funnel of the phonograph between two washstands in the window, "if you should want me to help carry anything, dad, just whistle "

He trotted off. Summer Street was empty. The town of Buford had not finished supper, and the door of the drug store banged loudly behind David. Laban stared up the cobbles, packed like tiny foamless waves under the gas lamps, and the trimmed elms charmed him. This was civilization, after a wooden village in a raw clearing of prodigious timberland. He admired it heartily, a heel on the step of Pollard's shop, and the door creaked at his elbow.

Annie Pollard was still in her black gown worn at the cemetery, and her face seemed gray above it.

She said, "Oh, it's you!"

"Good evening. Dave always gets what he wants, Miss Pollard. I'm to buy him this talking machine. How much is it?"

As if a machine spoke, she said, "Ninety dollars. A hundred with ten cylinders. Two of the babies broke out with measles this afternoon. You'd better not come in."

"Had it twice before I was your age."

He helped her to lift the machine from the window and wrapped the wax cylinders himself. She leaned on the wall below a windmill's face. The zinc petals were silver in the greenish light, and Annie Pollard reached up a hand to touch one with the bills that Laban gave her. She wanted to talk.

Her body shifted on the grimy wall, and the demand of her eyes made Laban grin until, for fear of a laugh, he choked. "Hey, go and tell me what ails you, Annie! I'm thurty-eight and you're no fool. Go on and tell me. A girl like you don't try to kill herself ——"

"As soon as I bumped on the road I tried to get up."

"I believe you. Here, what's it all about? Your dad's poor and you ain't comfortable. What else?"

"Oh, we moved down here because we thought it'd be cheaper than living in Trenton. And you always see that country folks are friendlier than —— And if I did go round and help father with jobs, it's because I'm strong and the boys ain't old enough to be trusted with machinery.

(Continued on Page 71)

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(Continued from Page 68)

She was pretty mean to me. She needn't have acted like I was mud."

The deep voice made some tin thing rattle vaguely in the shadows of the clogged shop. The girl put a hand over her eyes.

"Who was mean to ——"

Laban stopped. Plain and slim as if it lived, he saw the shape of Jesse's vanished mother atalk down Summer Street, nodding in a fine gradation of approval to other matrons, to tame young men. That was it. Jesse's mother had done something. Then his wish to get the fun of the story rose.

He asked, "'N' then? Jesse's ma was a McCumber and the world's too tough for 'em. But why did you go and swat Jess in the mouth with a monkey wrench?"

"He told you!"

"He did not! You'll never meet a boy that's more of a gentleman than Jess is. Why did you?"

"He scared me! To have a boy that hadn't ever even looked like he was lookin' at me try to kiss me!"

Laban sniffed, "Then what?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I think he ought to be friends with Billy Cole again. Everybody says they were big friends before we moved here, and I know he don't more'n speak to Billy. And Billy helped to haul him home on a sled after they'd fought and Jess broke his shoulder ——"

"That was over you too?"

"And Billy was only teasin' him. I did let Billy hold hands with me, but Billy's engaged to the red-headed Huffcut girl as soon as she's old enough. Only but yesterday when your papa kind of laughed and said, 'Annie, you're in love with Jess,' why, I was so scared he'd tell Jess that I cried. To have an old gentleman ask to marry a girl because he likes her and's sorry for her is different to havin' him tell Jess and Jess feeling he maybe ought to, and—he always did anything your papa told him. When we went out to fix your windmill and Jesse's mamma told the hired girls to set us some dinner in the kitchen, and Jess came and talked to me so nice, I thought he was awful understanding and—after his mamma died and I began to give your Dave algebra lessons he never did anything but look at me—and the monkey wrench was on the sink and I'd just picked it up when he tried to kiss me; and when your papa asked me to marry him Jesse only said, 'Ain't she pretty young, pa?' and didn't even look at me and—if you tell anybody any of this I'll ——"

"Get out!" said Laban. "You give me the bellyache! I was married to a woman, wasn't I?"

"And old Mr. Cole calling me Absalom!"

"Read your Bible," Laban grunted. "The name's Abishag, sister. Here! You women always go clean round the block to say two words. I guess you'd have busted wide open before you'd say straight out what you meant. Now, do you mean it or not? I got to get home to supper. If you mean you like Jess, why, I'll find out if he still ——"

"Don't you dare!"

Laban picked up the phonograph and said, "You go soak your head, sister! G'night. I was feelin' pretty blue when I came in here, but you've made me laugh. I ——"

Someone whistled imperiously outside the shop in the note of a whippoorwill. Laban turned his eyes from the girl's wet face and saw David wagging an arm. There was a buggy halted beyond the red machine's glistening.

Laban kicked open the door and called, "What's what?"

"I'm goin' to Pittsburgh," said Jesse in the buggy. He coughed as Laban crossed the sidewalk and went on, "See, I'd written a feller I was in Cuba with that I'd come over and stay a while right after the wedding, and I forgot to write I couldn't come, Labe, and ——"

"It'll do you good, Jess. You need a rest, son. Better marry a millionaire's only daughter and fetch us a thrill."

"Oh, who'd have me," Jesse said, very loudly, "as long as there was anybody else they could get? I'm no good but to—to heave things at, and get in hay and all." The shop's door clicked. Jesse, his face smeared by an elm's shadow, dropped his voice and said, "Well, I'll stay three-four days, Labe. And I just fired that feller Cheney off the place. Drive ahead, Al. G'night, Labe. It's train time."

The hired boy beside him in the buggy growled at the horse and Jesse was jolted down the cobbles to the station.

Laban looked at the empty shop and chuckled, "Well, he spoke right out!"

"D'you guess Annie'll catch measles, dad?"

"No; she's too strong-minded, Davy."

"Well, what would he fire Cheney for, dad? Cheney's as good a feller as we've got on the place. Let's go home and see. How much music did you get?"

The expulsion of Cheney, a lank youth with large ears, was not complete. He lingered on the porch, and the two hired women nervously withdrew from his disgrace as Laban walked up the steps.

Having gulped twice, the fellow began, "I don't call it justice, Mr. King!" and sniffled into a straw hat.

"Jesse's usually pretty just. I'll hear what you got to say, though."

"All I did was to say to the boys what Davy's grandfather said about Miss Pollard. It ain't like I ——"

"Mr. Cole's stone deaf and talks like he was thinking out loud. But what's this you said?"

The youth gabbled: "Why, that you ought to marry Miss Pollard so's she wouldn't be disappointed. I was tellin' that, and Jess come out of the bathroom window in his underduds and tol' me I ought to be hung, pretty near, and that Miss Pollard was as good as your father's widow, and you couldn't marry her, and a lot more! I kep' tryin' to bust in and say somethin' back, and he give me a lift on the eye and ——"

"Oh, go get your supper," said Laban, "and keep your mouth shut on Miss Pollard! Jess is upset, like we all are. Thought you was talkin' disrespectful of pa. You can stay, boy. Tell the men that the north hay's to be cut tomorrow and put a wet sock on your eye. Jess certainly lammed you fine!"

David played the ten cylinders ten times after supper, and musingly stood on one foot before the fireplace still filled with white tuberoses.

He said, "I dunno why Jess would be so mad at that, dad. There's no sense to it. And grandpa wasn't goin' to marry her, anyways, like I told you. If you got engaged to a girl and didn't get married, why, I'd marry her if I thought she deserved it."

"You've got a kind heart, son. I'm sorry I missed seein' Jess mad. You tell me he can get so, and that Cheney's eye is a real medallion. But I never saw the boy mad."

"Well, he gets maddest when he gets mad at someone he likes. He likes Cheney, and Cheney's as big as him, so that's why he hit him. Just"—David yawned—"before his mamma died, she was scoldin' him for goin' with common people in town and he got so mad his face was green. He came into my room and busted his fist through a window."

"Who'd Jess been goin' with that the old lady picked on him?"

"I dunno. I never listened to her much. Dad, d'you expect they'll make kind of half-size horseless carriages pretty quick?"

The grass was raked in green ridges throughout the north meadow, and Jesse wrote lengthily from Pittsburgh about the crab apples. The grass turned yellow under terrific suns that changed David's pink to pale brown and forced him to wear a vast hat as he swaggered after his father among stacks.

"Dad, you wouldn't think that anything so green as grass could get so yellow so quick."

"You're filled up with wisdom, son. You tell me Jess gets green in the face when he's mad?"

"Like that," said David, plucking a pale clover too young for demolition by the blades.

"I think you're braggin'. Spit in his eye when he comes home so's I can see him turn green. I'd admire it prodigious. This hay could come in tomorrow. No, I'd like to see Jess mad—real mad, just once."

The fancy of the long, kind face brilliantly green about the gray eyes made Laban chuckle. He drove down to call on Annie Pollard in the yard behind her father's shop, where some nasturtiums were doing well in pots made of broken drains.

The girl assured him, "Oh, when I hurt his mouth with the monkey wrench he looked just so terrible that I thought he'd never speak to me again, Laban."

(Continued on Page 73)

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

CORBIN

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A new beauty in music that amazes all who hear

IN the very fact that they could reproduce music at all, the early phonograph records were marvelous sensations. Then in swift succession came such tremendous improvements as made the world gasp. Closer and closer reproduction came to the living, thrilling original. The most ambitious musical adventures were undertaken. No artist was too famous or exclusive to be approached, no music too noble or imposing to be attempted.

It seemed as if reproduction had virtually reached its zenith—yet, like a shadowy, forbidding form, there stood between the finality of perfection and its realization one seemingly insuperable barrier—the ever-present filing sound of the needle traveling over the record, insistent, intrusive; robbing the most enchanting music of just so much of its beauty as to leave the listener just short of satisfied.

And then came the good news that Columbia had perfected a process of constructing phonograph records in layers or leaves—permitting a hard, strong center or core, surfaced with a substance of such exquisitely fine texture and such unbelievable smoothness that the noise of the needle gliding over it is reduced to the ultimate thinness of perceptible sound.

Since Columbia New Process Records were announced, on October 31st of last year, discriminating music lovers everywhere throughout the land have enthusiastically hailed them as the greatest outstanding phonograph improvement since the invention of the disc record.

Here are revealed all those glorious colors and tints of tone, shading, control that the great singers have spent years to acquire. Here is that deft technique, the marvelous correlation of heart and hand that the talented musician has given a lifetime of patience and persistence to learn—melody unmarred by penetrating scratch or scrape; the very soul of music, uncontaminated by annoying surface sounds.

To play Columbia New Process Records is to discover a new beauty in phonograph music. To play Columbia recordings in comparison with those records which you have considered well nigh perfection is a revelation.

Note the Columbia selections listed here, then go to any Columbia Dealer and ask to have them played. You will be amazed and delighted with the quality of reproduction.

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Sally in Our Alley. Cherry Ripe.	*London String Quartet.*	A-3677 $1.00

Columbia

New Process RECORDS

(Continued from Page 71)

"I wonder what's some easy way to get him mad?"

"Men are as nasty to each other as women never thought of bein'! And he's so proud of you too!"

"Don't get high-tempered with me, Abishag! I know the guilty secret of your heart, like the poems say. How's the measly babies?"

Annie Pollard blushed.

"Jesse sent 'em a box of candy from Pittsburgh today. Mamma was going to write and thank him, but you say he'll be home tomorrow. I got a post card of the Botanical ——"

"You needn't show it to me. I believe you perfectly. Cheney's eye's still only half human just for sayin' Luther Cole's joke that I ought to marry you. Jess don't take no chances. Before he'd let any such idea get around where I could consider it he'd ruin this lunkhead's eyesight. G'-by, sister. I'll lug him down tomorrow night."

He might tease Jesse a little about this limping courtship. Laban evolved some jokes and forgot them next morning in an ecstasy of hay. Idle guests from the summer hotel on West Hill came to lounge in white skirts and breeches on the wall of cobbles. Luther Cole sent men to haul his share of the yield. Loads of the whispering stuff crawled as huge caterpillars on the baking turf, and the great loft's hollow echoed less and less. The dogs ran in the dooryard from flashing prongs and the sun swayed westward, while Laban bawled across the meadow's heat, bullying hired men and coaxing David to talk less. He fell into a mad poetry of effort; all the hay must be brought in. His shirt was an indigo-soaked torment as he led the best team toward the house and heard clocks strike four in Buford.

"Dad," said David, trailing a fork alongside, "you forgot to send a buggy for Jess."

"He can hire a hack at the station. There's no one to spare. Hoist yourself up and ride, son. You've almost done some work."

"Grandpa Cole says I pitch as good as ——"

"Get out! He don't know nothin' but horse! My shirt feels like a dishrag!"

The big horses walked under elms and into the dooryard just as a shabby phaeton rattled in the lane.

Jesse jumped from its step to the stone steps of the house and shouted to Laban, "Wait till I change my things, an' I'll be right there, Labe!" His black suit snapped through the porch and Laban heard him whistling up the stairs.

"Y'know, dad," said David, "it'd make him mad to miss some work."

"Mad? Hey," Laban ordered, on a flaring thought, "paste after that rig and ask the feller if Jess stopped at Annie Pollard's. Get!"

David raced after the phaeton's slow departure and came loping back as his father stopped the hay beside the barn's cool height.

"No, he come right along up. What's so funny, dad?"

"Son, you keep your face straight. You go up to Jess' room and tell him I got married to Annie Pollard yesterday. You ——"

"But you didn't, dad! You were out here ——"

Laban snapped, "I know I didn't! This is a joke to make Jess mad. He's in love with her, son. You go tell him just that! Hustle!"

David stood fingering his fork. He said, "Dad, I don't think ——"

"Go do it!"

David blinked and trotted slowly across the gravel, over brown shadows from the elms. He dropped his pitchfork with a tinkle on the steps and his shoes thumped stone. He looked back at Laban once and stopped to think. Then the door took his blue shirt.

Laban leaned on the barn's wall of wide squared bowlders and felt their coolness, digging a clover from his belt. Jesse still whistled in the ancient house some swinging hymn, stripping his good clothes off the hard body and pulling on loose things. He would do two men's work when this joke was over. The whistle stopped and Laban stiffened against the wall.

Immense heat, immense stillness and the joke beginning inside thick barriers. Laban stared. He resented the pause and frowned off at hills hemming the valley. Perhaps Dave had muddled it and Jesse didn't believe him. Laban said "Damn!" and the door opened in the porch. Jesse came walking swiftly to the edge of the stone and stood strapping in his belt about a faded shirt. He came down one step and stood again, looking.

Laban's chest hurt and his throat drew in. He tried to say, "Oh, here! It's ——" but the sounds did not move from his mouth. The face was nothing. The body rocked and a whimpering filled Laban's ears with its pain.

The noise rose and ended in a sob that was a shout. Then Jesse came down the steps and caught up the fork as he ran. Four lines of glitter writhed on the prongs and Laban heard his feet hitting clay and saw wetness dripping on the green skin as the face grew.

The man flung his body forward to meet death and the points took his shadow. Jesse screamed "No!" and the fork rang on the wall. His shoulders slumped against Laban's knees.

After a time Jesse's voice said, "Excuse me, Labe; you don't know how it was. I was kind of too slow, all along. I ain't mad at you. Excuse me."

Laban dragged him up and shook him, bawling, "You shut up, Jess! It's a joke! It's a joke! She's waiting for you down to her place. You might have got hung! Go right down there and kiss her, you big fool! Can't you see it's a joke, brother? Get a horse and go right down there!"

"Oh!" said Jesse. "Oh! Joke, was it?"

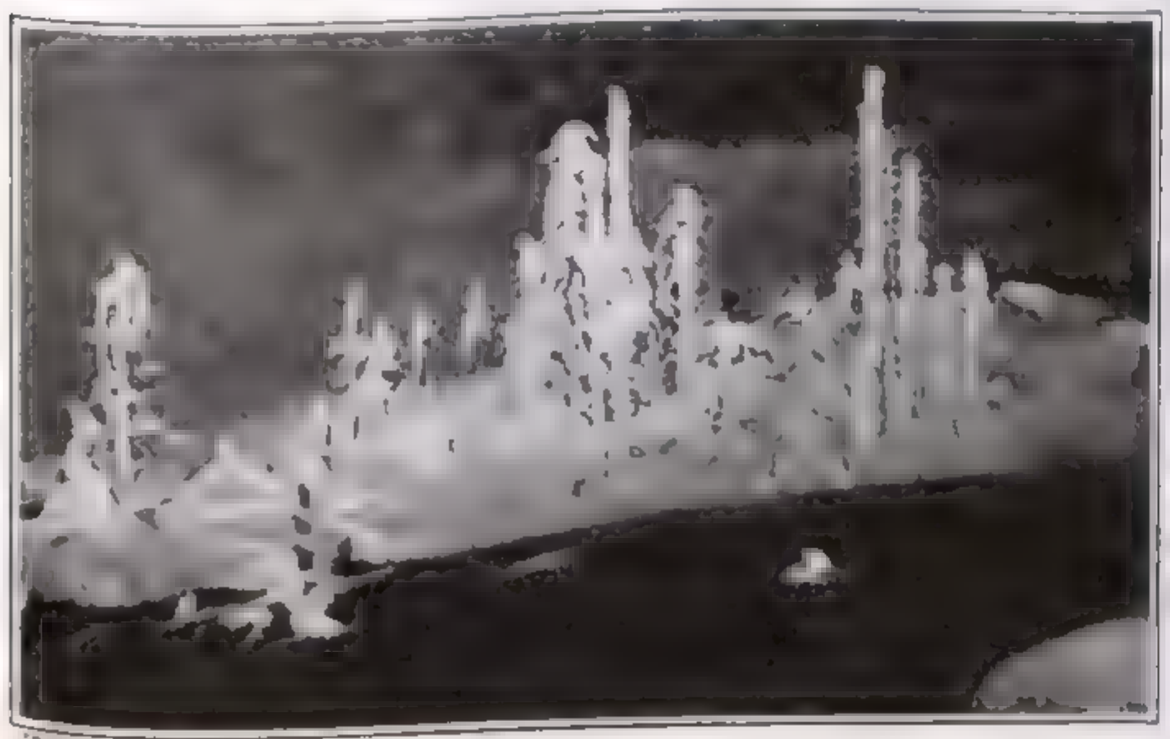
He wiped his face on Laban's shoulder and clung to him as if he was very tired.

Then he mumbled, "Labe, d'you guess she'd—want me?"

"Oh, go down and hurry or somebody else'll get her off you! Hurry!"

"All right, Labe. Say, I didn't scratch you?"

Laban whirled his brother off and shoved him furiously toward the lane. Jesse went in long lurches. Then he ran slowly. Then he ran very swiftly, although Laban saw now that he had but one shoe. The sun made his head beautiful as he ran.



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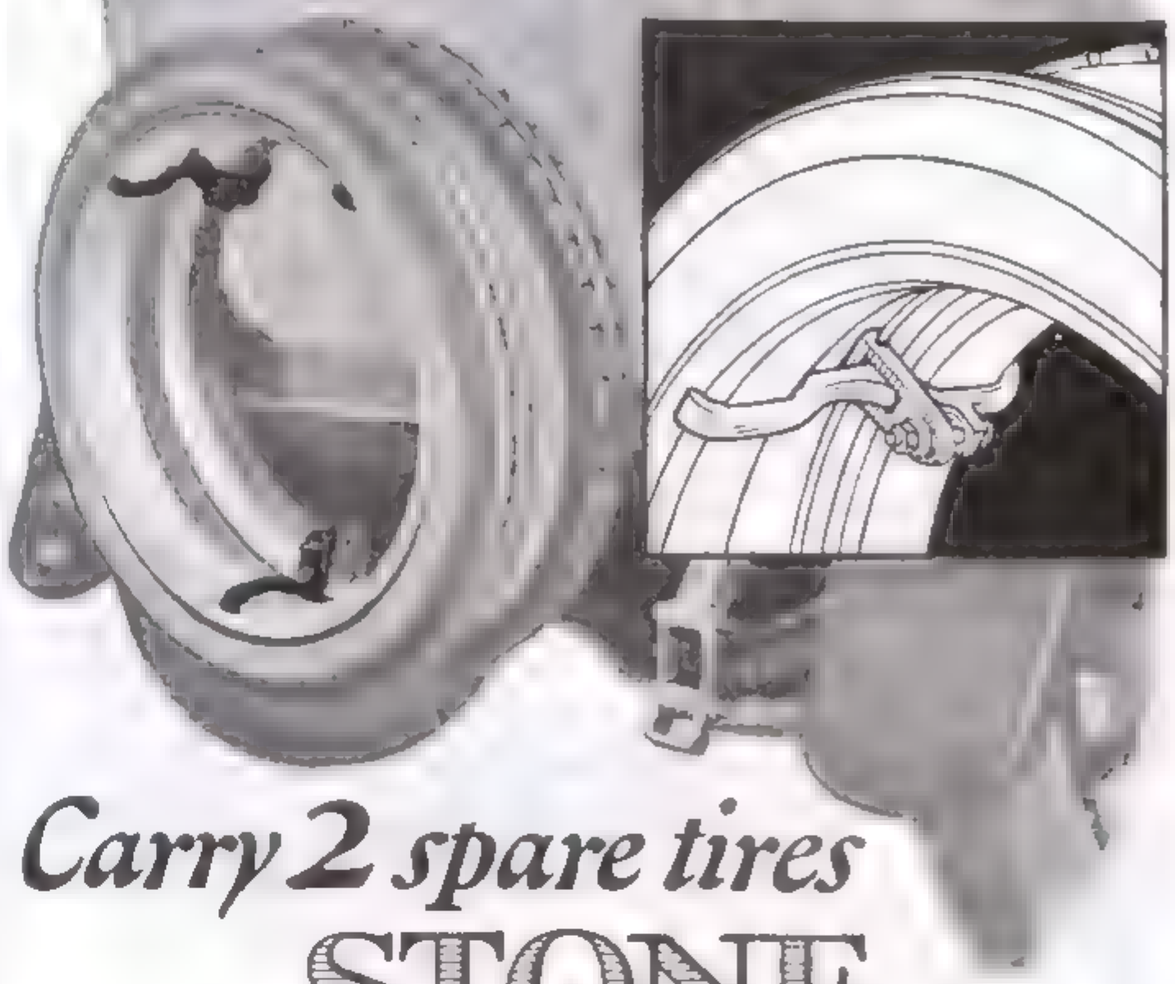

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

But hark! A loud clatter of steps on the stairs. The door flung open. It was Terwilliger.

For a moment the tense electric silence bound us. Then Cassiobury rose and addressed the newcomer solemnly:

"Renegade! Do you dare to seek again the society of the vanguard? You who are a kept creature of the bourgeois press? You have sold your art into slavery."

"I have not sold my art! True, I have been for a moment unfaithful to her, but I have returned to her with repentance, and I shall serve her devoutly, henceforth, forever!" cried Terwilliger, his eyes flashing fire.

"But have you not sent a story to Tea Time Tales?"

"Yes—but they sent it back!"

—*Morris Bishop.*

How to Enjoy Good Music

IT IS not difficult to distinguish bad music from good music. Bad music has a tune, good music has none. Indeed, in symphony orchestras two men are employed with a full equipment of drums, cymbals, sleigh bells and auto horns, whose sole duty it is to break in with a determined filibuster whenever they hear the first violins straying off into a tune.

In place of a tune, good music has a theme or motif.

A theme or motif, taken by itself, sounds exactly like a fragmentary tune. But it is never taken by itself. It is played allegro, or even allegretto, or on great occasions allegrettutto, or poco generalissimo, or uaglio subito; it is moaned, whined, twittered, quacked, mewed and gobbled.

The appreciation of good music consists in playing skillfully a game called find-the-theme.

In this game the music lover is It.

The composer inserts the theme in his composition about thirty times, roughly. The more roughly the better. Sometimes a solitary piccolo plays the theme very, very furtively, while the rest of the orchestra is doing an imitation of a typhoon. Sometimes a stage hand whistles it offstage. Sometimes it is inserted backwards or upside down. At any rate, it is always disguised with, as the critics so well put it, supreme artistry.

The music lover, the moment he recognizes the theme, must cry mentally: "Take it off! I know you!" He should then make a pencil mark on his program. The theme comes sneaking on again, disguised as a wood nymph or as a Civil War veteran. Another score! At the close of the concert the music lover with the greatest number of tallies on his program becomes a supreme exalted music lover.

If the theme succeeds in getting by the entire audience without being unmasked the composer cries "Homefree!" and becomes a classic. —*Morris Bishop.*

Song of a Contented Heart

ALL sullen blares the wintry blast;
Beneath gray ice the waters sleep.
Thick are the dizzying flakes and fast;
The edged air cuts cruel deep.
The stricken trees gaunt limbs extend
Like whining beggars, shrill with woe;
The cynic heavens do but send,
In bitter answer, darts of snow.
Stark lies the earth, in misery,
Beneath grim winter's dreaded spell—
But I have you, and you have me,
So what the hell, love, what the hell!

The wolf, he crouches at the sill,
And, grinning, bares expectant fangs,
While heavy o'er the house, and chill,
The coming of the landlord hangs.
Each moment, on the shrinking door,
May sound his knocking's hideous din.
And more and more, and ever more,
The eager bills come trooping in.
The milkman clamors for his due,
The grocer and the cook, as well—
But you have me, and I have you,
So what the hell, love, what the hell!

—*Dorothy Parker.*

Hamlet

LAST night the boss slips me a ticket
Fer a show by the name Barrymore
What was wrote by a bird they call Hamlet,
An', believe it or not, kid, I'm sore.
Fer it's gloom from the moment it opens
Till the time the theayter shuts,
An' the company's half o' them loony,
An' the rest o' the cast is all nuts.
This Barrymore lad is called Hamlet,
But his real name's George W. Gloom.
He's a regular Life o' the Party,
He's as jolly an' gay as a tomb.
His old man was King o' the Denmarks,
An' the poor simp's gone weak in the bean,
Fer his dad has been croaked by his uncle,
Who, right afterwards, marries the Queen.
So young Hamlet just hangs around sad like,
An' he talks to hisself like a nut,
But as yet he ain't hep that his father
Was bumped off by his uncle, the mutt!
One night he slips out o' the castle,
An' goes up on the roof fer some air,
When along comes the ghost of his father,
An' he shoots him an earful fer fair.
"That lowlife, your uncle, has croaked me,
An' has went off an' married your ma.
Will you let that rat hand you the ha ha?"
Says Hamlet, "Just notice me, pa!"

Young Ham has a frail called Ophelia,
An' her pop is a dreary old goof,
An' they can't dope why Hamlet's gone batty.
They don't know what he seen on the roof.
Well, Ham goes an' calls on his mother,
An' he bawls the old girl out fer fair,
Then he sees somethin' move in the curtains,
An' he thinks that the uncle is there.
So he jabs with his sword through the curtain,
An' he cries, "Now we're even, my lad."
But it isn't the King, but Polonius,
An' he's killed poor Ophelia's old dad.

Then Ophelia, poor kid, just goes daffy
When she hears how her old man is crowned,
An' she goes around singing like crazy,
Till she walks in the lake and gets drowned.
There's a jolly old scene in the graveyard
Where Prince Hamlet gets into a scrap
With Ophelia's big brother, Laertes,
Who wants to muss up Hamlet's map.

Then the King says, "Now, boys, don't act nasty,
I know how to fight this thing out.
I've got some tin swords at the castle,
An' we'll frame up a nice friendly bout."
Then he winks at Laertes and whispers,
"We'll knock this here nut for a gool;
I'll smear up your sword with some poison,
An' we'll make Hamlet look like a fool."

So they pull off the bout like they plan it,
But the King thinks his scheme may slip up,
So he orders a cold drink for Hamlet,
An' some poison he sneaks in the cup.
Then Ham and Laertes start fighting,
And the King slips Laertes the wink,
But the Queen she ain't wise to what's doin',
An' she swallers the King's poisoned drink.
Then Hamlet gets stuck in the shoulder,
An' he sees how he's framed from the start,
So he switches the swords on Laertes,
An' he stabs the poor bum through the heart.
Ther he runs his sword right through his uncle,
An' he says, "Well, let's call it a day,"
Then the Queen dies, the King dies, an' Ham dies,
I calls it a helluva play.

—*Newman Levy.*

Pharaoh

WHEN Egypt flourished on the Nile
And pyramids were all the style,
A nut named Pharaoh was the king;
Gee! What a scepter he could swing!
Among his varied kingly tricks
Old Pharaoh manufactured bricks;
And every little while he'd say
"Cut down upon the rate of pay!
The men do not work long enough;
Those Hebrew chaps are strong and tough,
From dawn to twilight let them sweat,
For more production we must get."
His agents jumped when Pharaoh roared,
For he was chairman of the board,
And he had sworn, this winsome gent,
That dividends of twelve per cent
On common stock he would declare
Each year that he was in the chair.
The brickyards went from bad to worse.
One day a chap said, with a curse,
"We cannot live on at this rate;
We need a walking delegate."
So they elected Moses, who
Took up the burden of the Jew.
He tried to arbitrate the case.
But Pharaoh laughed right in his face;
"Go chase yourself!" said he with scorn.
"I made bricks here ere you were born.
The way I run the yards suits me
And I'll be darned if I can see
Why I should listen to the kicks
Of any lowbrows who make bricks."
"All right," said Moses, "then we'll fight
Until you give us what is right."
Whereat old Moses pulled some stunts
That never have been matched, not once
He brought on plagues of flies; of blood;
Of slimy bullfrogs sired in mud;
Of cattle sickness; and of lice
Which really wasn't very nice—
Of locusts; darkness; boils; and hail;
And when all these had seemed to fail
To make old Pharaoh cry "Enough!"
He brought on something mighty tough
The fearsome, haunting plague of death
When all the first-born lost their breath.
That made the king capitulate
To Moses, walking delegate
Of Egypt's Local No. 1
Brickmakers' Union, which had won
The first of all the countless scraps
'Twixt capital and labor chaps.
Then Moses cried, "Go, pack your tools;
If we remain here we are fools."
So out of Egypt's bounds they went
Towards Canaan's milk and honey bent.
They left old Pharaoh to bemoan
The greatest walkout ever known.

—*Wallace M. Bayliss.*

Etiquette of the Road

I WAS born and partly raised in the state of Georgia, which is an essential thing for you to know in order that you may join with my Northern friends in their objectionable gigglement.

I own a right smart motor car that can do—and does do—sixty-five miles per hour—real, not conversational miles.

Whenever anyone gives me the passing honk, toot or bray, I promptly give him his full half of the road and allow him to pass me—if he can.

I was coming down a wide ballroom-floor—smooth stretch of highway—idling along at about forty-five per, when an insistent horn behind me demanded half the road. I gave it fully and cheerfully—and stepped on her to the extent of fifty-five. Just as I was about to swing back into the center of the road again the cocksure blare of a horn sounded close alongside me.

So I pushed her up to a good sixty-five and gave the aspiring driver more than his half of the road.

And a big green car, driven by a coal-black negro, who sat alone in his glory at the wheel, slipped quietly past me without even a cutout opened, and a big solicitous voice boomed back at me: "What seems to be de mattah, friend? Has you got engine trouble?"

—*David Henry Day.*

Keeping the Secret

A YOUNG bridal couple, on their honeymoon, entered a Southern hotel and, calling the negro porter, saw to it that all the rice and every vestige of the wedding celebration were removed from their baggage.

"Now, Sam," the groom admonished the darky, "don't you say a word that would let anybody know that we are newly married. Not a word now."

"No, sir-ree," agreed Sam, "I ain't sayin' nothin' to nobody."

An hour later the couple went into the dining room. Immediately they knew from the looks and nudges that everybody had recognized them as newlyweds. Their self-consciousness had betrayed them. The groom was indignant.

"Sam," he said to the porter, "dog-gone your hide, I told you not to tell a soul that we were just married. What d'you mean?"

"Boss, honest to goodness, I ain't tole nobody you wuz jes' married. Some of 'em ast me, and I jes' tole 'em you wuz chums, dat's all."

Mrs. Nouvich—"Yes, My Daughter Has a Great Foot for Music"

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A BED ON THE BOULEVARD

(Continued from Page 7)

"Give it to some worthy charity, I guess," she laughed, and there was desperation in the sound.

"I wonder how sore you'd get if I asked you a question." He was leaning over her, his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets.

"That depends on how impertinent it's going to be."

"Well, here goes! Why are you broke?"

"How do you know I'm broke?" she asked, coloring suddenly. "How do you know I'm not just in from Newport and sampling delicacies for my new town house?"

"You might be, at that," he conceded, and looked a little depressed. "But I don't think so," he added, brightening.

"Why?"

"Well, I watched you go up to the jelly counter. If you'd come there to buy you'd have gone at it differently—sort of uncertain, coy and hard to please. Then you good as told me you were out for the eats, just the same as I was. Why don't you 'fess up?"

"I'll tell you the story of my life," she laughed, her humor and her dramatic sense coming to the rescue. "I'm a successful actress—you can't imagine how ravingly successful I am! I'm a star in a great play."

"Please don't say you're going in for Shakspere!" he begged.

"It's a four-act drama of life—Alone in the Great City. I've been doing wonderful work at rehearsals. Wonderful! But last night I told my manager that I was determined to study my part from real life. It enriches one's art, you know." She said this airily.

"So you parked your limousine in front of Sherry's," he prompted her.

"And threw aside my sable coat and went out to find for myself just how it feels to spend a night, deserted and hungry, on the streets of New York."

She told it all so farcically that her partly truthful statement sounded like the adventures of Baroness Munchausen.

"Penniless and alone," supplied the stranger.

"No; I had ninety-seven cents in my pocketbook. I spent the early part of the evening in one of those Broadway movie shows—the kind that stays open till one. Then I went and sat in a hotel lobby till a horrid-looking man—but never mind that part. I spent a nickel and went into the Subway station until the man at the change window yelled at me. Then I took the train to Brooklyn. Nobody noticed me out there; I sat on a bench until about seven o'clock. On my way back I got off at the Grand Central Station and borrowed a comb of the girl in the washroom. *Voilà!*" She threw out her hands and bowed dramatically. "So here I am!"

The effect was quickly marred. She sneezed.

"There, you're catching cold!" He looked worried.

"One must suffer for one's art," she replied with a grandiloquent shrug.

"Curious about your story," said he. "You started it in the key of romance and finished with a dull, realistic bump. Now what I gather is this: You're an actress out of a job, with no place to sleep and you've been wandering all night."

"Sherlock Holmes, you have discovered me!"

"I guess you're an actress all right," he mused; "and if you are, you're a pretty good one. What's your name?"

This last he popped out so unexpectedly that she was off her guard and answered quite naturally:

"Marjorie Findon."

"And you're out of a job."

"I'll not go so far as that. Mr. Marbridge asked me in to read a part this morning."

"Didn't he like your work?"

"Well, if you want a candid answer, I don't think he did like my work. I guess I was too anxious to please him. A child of ten could have read those lines better than I did. I don't blame him for walking out when I was half through."

"Say, are you really broke?" her inquisitor cut in.

"Far from it!" She brought two quarters out of her bag. "There's one for each of us. Suppose we go halves."

"Lord, you are brave!"

He said this under his breath speculatively. Then he did an eccentric, dangerous and curiously touching thing. With an almost imperceptible movement he reached over to the potted primroses on an adjacent counter, broke off a cluster of blossoms and thrust them into her hand.

"Thank you," she began, and then, "Look here! If anybody sees you ——"

"You're the kind of girl I'd like to go to jail for," he said, and she found no laughter in his eyes.

"I don't see what good that would do," she observed, in spite of the joy his words had given.

"How are you going to manage?"

"Were you born asking questions?" she retorted, a trifle out of patience.

"I suppose so. But I'd like to know."

"Well, for one in my distinguished position ——" She began this in the grand manner, only to be checked by a yawn. "Excuse me," she begged, laying a hand over her mouth. "But I'm so sleepy ——"

"Look here." His air was paternal. "If you have plenty of good sleep you can get along with practically nothing to eat. See how the bears do in the wintertime!"

Plenty of sleep! The very suggestion smote her with a sense of desolation. Could she face another bedless night, forlorn and cold as the one she had just gone through?

"Have you got a place to sleep?" he asked sternly.

"Why, certainly!"

"Because if you haven't, I can fix it."

The idea frightened her, but she said, "You've been very kind to me."

"You're all tired out," he replied. "And if you'll take the advice of a man who's supposed to know the hard-luck beat pretty well, you ought to have some sort of a room."

"Oh, I have a beautiful little room," she trilled mockingly. "All hung with tapestries and furnished in the period of Louis—oh, any Louis you like. But it's exquisite—golden carpet on the floor, crystal candelabra—everything. And there's a great state bed with a canopy of rose velours. It's a perfect jewel."

"In Spain?" he asked a little sadly.

"On the Boulevard!" she replied.

Under the influence of sleeplessness and queerly timed food her head was light. There was something, too, about her listener; he enchanted her to a fairy-story mood.

"Let me call my family coach," he supplicated, falling in with the game, "and drive you in state to your apartment on the Boulevard."

Suddenly the glamour faded. She thought of the strip of lace in her pocket and of her determination to sell it in somebody's curio store. Time was passing.

"Good-by," she said sweetly, holding out her hand.

"You're not going to let me ——"

"No, thank you. I shall manage." And seeing that he had made a step to follow her: "Please! I don't need any help. I don't want it."

As she darted into the street she gave one backward glance and saw him standing, puzzled and confused, under the voluptuous rubber plant.

III

THE irritating thing about a last resource is that when you depend on it it usually doesn't work. Marjorie Findon's last resource was that strip of lace which nobody wanted. After her sudden departure from Bloombury's she tried it on every curio store she encountered along Madison Avenue. Variously phrased, she met with two classes of replies from all the dealers she approached: either "We don't deal in Spanish lace," or "It's damaged."

Her hope fading, the lace ceased to interest her after a while. More than anything else she wanted to sleep. Languidly she thought of working girls' homes and various theatrical charities, only to reject them all. Her self-respecting Nyapak prejudices stood in the way of accepting hospitality from anything that savored of the poorhouse. Her shoes, purchased with no view to walking, pinched her cruelly. Had civilization permitted her to curl up on a doorstep and sink into an hour's unconsciousness what bliss it would have been for little Marjorie Findon! Anything for a bed!

After her sleepwalk into Forty-second Street she found herself gazing with morbid interest at the bedroom displays in store windows. Beds; beds in abundance. In one place she could count over twenty, white, pure, unoccupied, on a long aisle which she viewed through an open doorway. In a show window a few doors beyond she saw an aproned demonstrator—it was her day for demonstrators—showing the springy, foamy comfort of a patent davenport which she opened and closed languidly for the benefit of the passer-by. Beside her stood a placard on an easel, announcing in letters of gold, "Sleep Well, Live Long."

Marjorie yawned and shuffled on her way. Heigho! She went like a somnambulist, slumbering as she walked. But like the true somnambulist, she was sufficiently awake to be impressed by visible objects. Beds and yet more beds!

One sleepless night never killed anybody. Indeed, Marjorie Findon had sometimes danced until six in the morning at club affairs in Nyapak. But she had done this under the stimulus of reasonable food and jolly company. She hadn't been hounded through the hours of darkness from one end of New York to another, catching cold in drafty stations, scuttling like a fugitive from justice, meeting daylight on a hard, cold pavement whose every contact hurt like fire.

Her aimless ramble took her back into Fifth Avenue. The words of her strange guide in the department store kept hammering in her ears: "If you have plenty of good sleep you can get along with practically nothing to eat. See how the bears do in the wintertime!" She laughed inanely, wondering just what a bear would do on Fifth Avenue in the wintertime. Sell his coat, perhaps. At this sarcastic thought Marjorie glanced into the very fur stores whose Russian sables had intrigued her the morning before. A fresh breeze, rising with November twilight, went through her thin cloak, causing a shudder. Lights were coming on, sparkling like diamonds in the clear evening; traffic towers flashed amber and red; all the world moved afoot or awheel toward thousands of dinners. And what would they all do with their evening? asked the drowsy spectator. Go to bed, she hoped. Roll in comfort among foamy pillows and soft wool blankets.

She shuffled along. But a few steps beyond the fur store she aroused herself sufficiently to pause and to admire, for she had come back to the entrancing window display of Kilpool & Deems. The royal bedroom set, framed like a picture, was ablaze with light. It gave immodest publicity to the great four-poster, under whose embroidered canopy crowned heads had found ease.

How broad the bed looked—wide enough to accommodate an entire royal family! The girl gave a broken sigh. Only glass divided her from a paradise. Yes, but that crystal sheet represented the law, not to be broken with impunity. Kilpool & Deems desired that their beds should be looked at, not slept in. Standing there, an ache in every muscle, Marjorie Findon was permitted to rest nothing but her eyes. She sneezed irritably, and was about to move on when her fingers, more awake than her brain, reminded her of an unfinished business.

Those fingers had gone for warmth into one of her side pockets, and there they encountered a tangle of cobwebby threads. The lace!

She hesitated just an instant, then went in.

Among an imposing collection of marble benches, alabaster urns, statuettes, throne chairs, refectory tables and Venetian glass the humbler employes of Kilpool & Deems were setting the shop in order for the night.

A pale young man with golden eyebrows and a mauve collar asked pleasantly, "Something I can show you?"

"I've got a piece of Spanish lace here," said Marjorie, unfolding her treasure.

"Oh, yes." The pallid clerk took the lace and began running it across his forefinger.

"It's—it's no use to me," she persevered. "And I thought maybe I could sell it for a price ——"

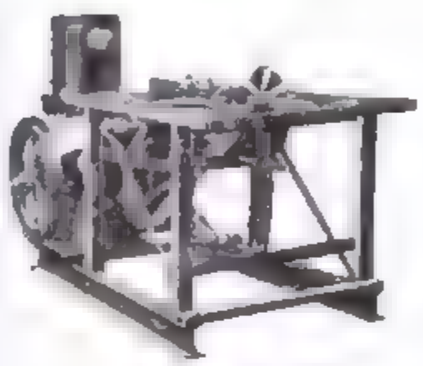
"I'm afraid we don't handle Spanish lace."

"I'd take very little—anything you'd like to offer."

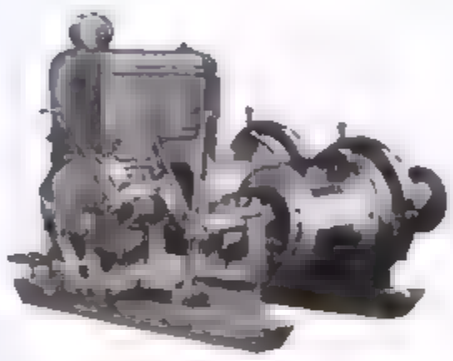
(Continued on Page 81)

NOVO POWER

Novo Single-Cylinder Engine
1½ to 10-H. P. (frost-proof)



Novo Type S Saw Rig
Novo Built



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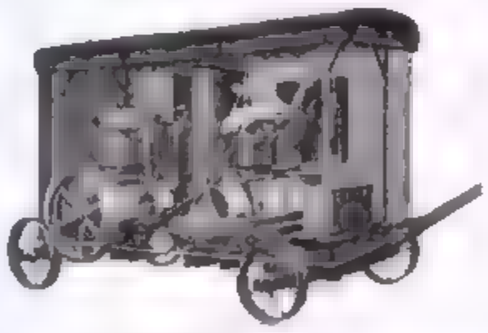

Novo EFH Air Compressor
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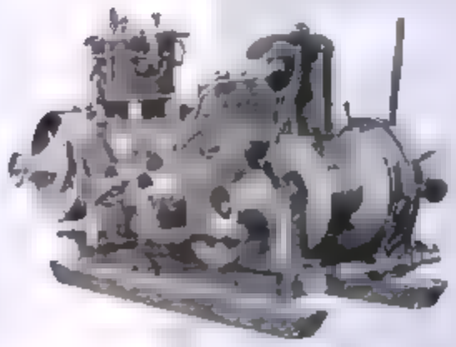
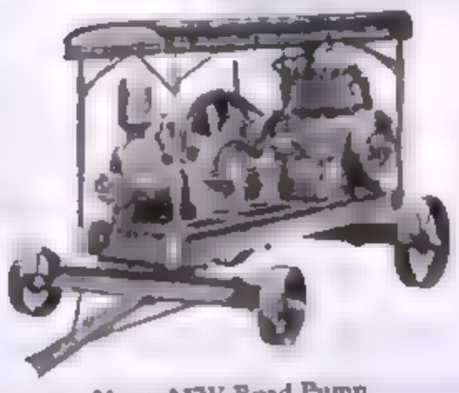
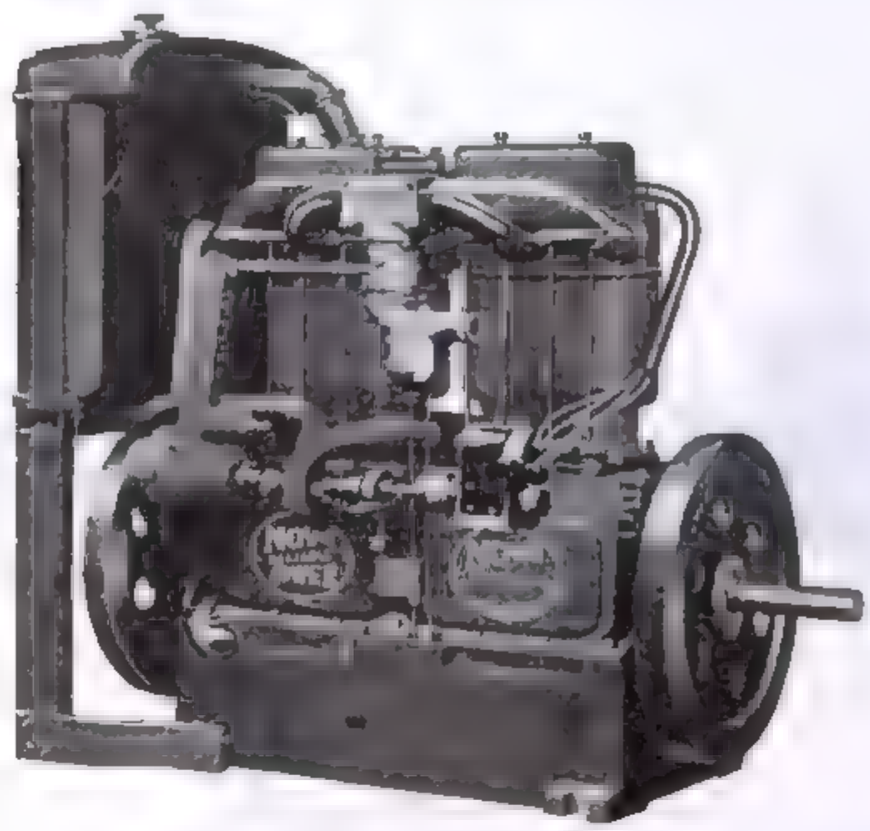


Novo Combination Hoist and Compressor
Novo Built



Novo AFW Road Pump
Novo Built



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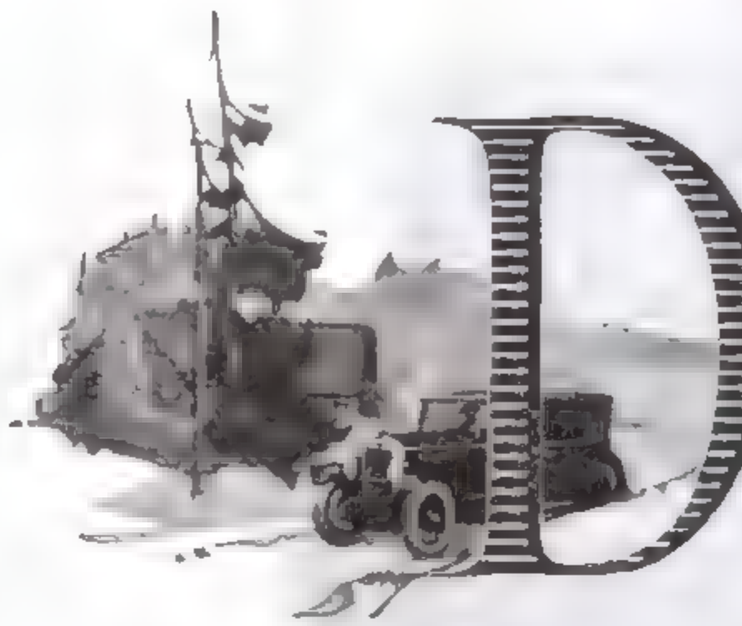

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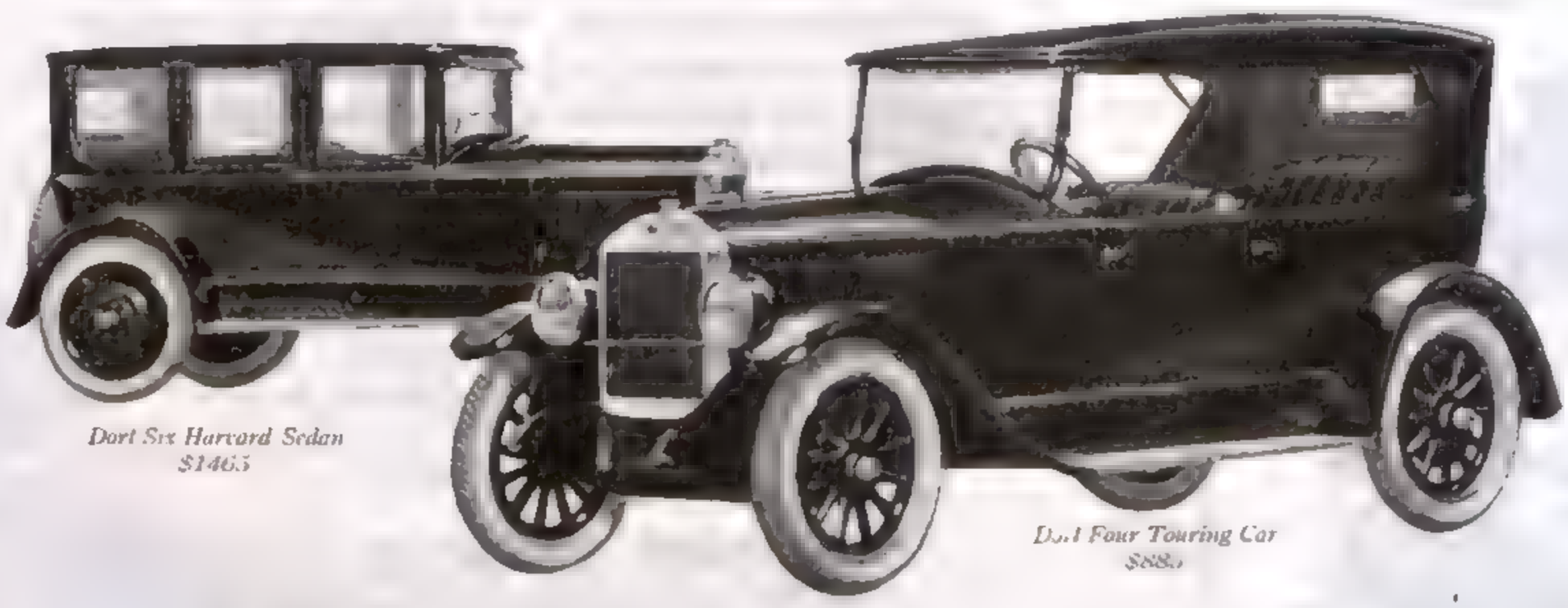


Dort Six Harvard Sedan
$1465

Dort Four Touring Car
$88[illegible]

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 78)

She said this hurriedly, desperately; he looked kinder than the others who did not handle Spanish lace.

"We're just closing up," he objected, and continued to reel the lace affectionately over his hand.

In the ensuing pause Marjorie looked around and saw that a little door, which led by a short flight of steps to the show window, was wide open. The young man saw it, too, for he said "Oh, pshaw!" pettishly, berating somebody's carelessness, and ran up to close it.

"That's a lovely bed," she suggested, quite unable to keep off the subject.

"Isn't it!" said the pleasant clerk. Then, as though to discourage her inquisitiveness, "It's sold."

"What kind of bed is it—Italian?"

"No; Spanish, sixteenth century." He glanced down at the lace in his hand, a little more sharply this time. "I might show it to Mr. Deems if he isn't gone yet."

"I should love him to see it!" she cried with no more definite object than a chance to linger in this warmth.

He disappeared behind a Venetian screen in the rear of the store, and an instant later his assistants, having finished their work, went down a staircase toward the basement. The place seemed as deserted as though she, Marjorie Findon, had walked out of a world of starvation and cold to find herself in possession of Aladdin's cave. She sat upon a marble bench and dreamed that the place was hers to keep or sell or do as she liked with. Then her imagination took an earthly turn; she fancied the large refectory table to be burdened with food — meat, mostly—and set with one plate, her own. Then she fancied the great bed in the window to be spread with linen sheets and not too many blankets ——

The bed in the window!

Moved by one of those inspirations which come quicker than thought, she sprang to her feet, glanced around the quiet shop, then tiptoed over to the window door. It opened easily, noiselessly, permitting her to peer into the royal display which faced Fifth Avenue's jumbled traffic. Thousands of faces seemed to be peering at her through the plate glass, but the girl's monomania gave her courage. Quick as a cat she got down on all fours and scuttled under the valance of the historic bed. It was a headlong, impulsive felony.

Once hidden, she had time to consider the perils of her position. It was suffocating and dark as a pocket beneath the ancient slats where she had rolled so precipitately; under an edge of the valance she could peer out and study the situation. Her first glimpse was disconcerting—she had failed to shut the little door! This, she feared, would offer a clew to the fussy clerk. If he found her there she would be convicted in advance of an attempt to burglarize an art collection.

This thought so unnerved her that she was about to crawl out again. Indeed, she had poked her head through and was gathering strength for a plunge when a disturbing sound arrested her, causing panicky retreat. Two men, just beyond the partition, were discussing her case.

"I thought you said she brought it herself," said a creaky, dyspeptic voice.

"She did, Mr. Deems," came the straw-colored clerk's lisping tenor. "I told her to wait until I showed it to you."

"Ridiculous!" snorted the omnipotent Deems. Then in a louder tone, "Fredericks!"

"Yes, sir!" from the depths of the store.

"That young woman who just came in did she go?"

"Yes, sir!" Fredericks seemed to be a handy liar.

"Well," said Mr. Deems resignedly, "I don't know what it's all about. Here, Gibson, put this lace away till she calls for it."

There was a silence. Then something happened to scare Miss Findon more thoroughly than she had been scared in all these feverish twenty-four hours. Peeping under the valance, she saw the head and shoulders of a fat, bilious, pessimistic gentleman coming through the doorway. Deems himself! He came confidently, with the air of a proprietor, and walked slowly, critically around the big bed. His square-toed, vici-kid shoes, with bunion bulges at the sides, moved leisurely across the golden carpet. They came toward her; they moved away; they thrust themselves under the valance, within an inch of Marjorie's elbow.

From where she lay the girl could get no direct view of Mr. Deems, but she could glance up at a Spanish mirror which hung at an angle from the tapestry, and in its reflection she could see what he was about. He was studying the bed from every angle. He stood back, cocking his big head from side to side; then he came forward and poked his forefinger into the coverlid. All this time his yellowish face wore an unhappy look. Something about the arrangement of the window display offended him intensely.

"Absurd! Gro-tesque!" came his muttered condemnation.

This was all too descriptive of Marjorie Findon's predicament, but Mr. Deems had quite another subject on his mind. With an asthmatic wheeze and a dyspeptic snort he clutched the rich curtains of the bed and began pulling them together, angrily, jerkily. All but treading on Marjorie's fingers, he mumbled on, not relinquishing his task until the bed's interior was absolutely concealed in velvet folds. Then he shot one last malevolent glare at the composition, sniffed brimstone and went away. The little door banged behind him.

Here at last was a lucky stroke for Marjorie Findon. Almost from the instant when she had crawled into her place of concealment she had wondered just how she would dare come out and draw the curtains for herself, within full view of Fifth Avenue. That Mr. Deems should have chosen to do it for her restored her belief that Providence, in a pinch, can behave like a gentleman. She lay quietly for a time, aching in every bone, yet staring catlike under the valance. Her vigilance was at last rewarded. Through an angle in the window she could see the proprietor herding his clerks ahead of him. With his own hands he closed the outer door and went haughtily up the street.

After that she took courage and crawled out on the side farthest from Fifth Avenue. Her retiring lacked dignity. She merely parted the curtains and threw herself on the golden coverlid. It was scratchy and the mattress was hard as an ancestral tomb. But to her it was eider down. Inclosed after the manner of queens in an age when ventilation was out of style, she stretched her sore limbs full length, every inch a pleasure.

After a while she awoke sufficiently to remove her hat and hang it at the head of the bed over the carven arms of Castile and Aragon. Also she took off her shoes and dropped them on the floor. She wasn't too tired to chuckle at the idea of a Pullman porter coming in to brush them during the night. But a thought of the morrow came to spoil her whimsy. Of course, she would go to jail when they found her! She didn't care much.

Basking like a cat in the velvet luxury of its cushion, Marjorie lay on her side, hands clasped under her cheek, lips smiling. Did any infanta of Spain ever rest so sweetly under that shrouded canopy? Probably not.

IV

TAT-TAT-TAT! Pent in among velvet draperies, she had been enjoying the dreams of suffocation; the items of her life had been mixed together like a spilled deck of cards or like the figures in a cubist picture. . . . Mrs. McQuade, wearing Ophelia's wreath, was standing behind a booth in Bloombury's grocery department. . . . She handed out theatrical contracts in blue folders with the harsh command, "Try one—in twelve different, delicious flavors." . . . A tall young man, handsome but unshaven, was holding a young kitten by the tail, fascinating Marjorie with his clever green eyes and the pleasant comment, "See how the bears sleep in the wintertime!" . . . It was a huge joke, apparently, for everybody in Bloombury's began clinking their saucers of red jelly together.

Tat-tat-tat!

The sharp metallic sound came to her ears louder, clearer, more demanding than before. Suddenly she realized her position, sprang to her knees and drew aside the curtains a crack to peer out into the world.

A drizzly November dawn lay over Fifth Avenue, which was quite deserted, save for a few early morning workers who shuffled along, cringing against the dampness. A small blue runabout stood against the curb, vibrating with the heat of its own engine. Taxicabs, like sleepless little animals, scuttled back and forth hunting for untimely

Continued on Page 83

Rice Tidbits

Flimsy, flavory bubble grains—like snowflakes in their texture

Puffed Rice holds the queen place among cereal dainties. The grains are puffed to airy morsels, 8 times normal size. The fearful heat gives them a nut-like taste. So, at a touch, they melt away into almond-flavored granules.

Prof. Anderson's creation

Puffed Rice is Prof. Anderson's creation. Now millions of children daily share in its delights.

They serve it with cream and sugar.

They mix it with their fruits.

They crisp and douse with melted butter for afternoon confections.

They use as nut-like garnish on desserts.

Or like nut-meats in home-made fudge.

Thus whole rice with every food cell broken takes the place of many foods not so good for children.

Let them eat all they will.

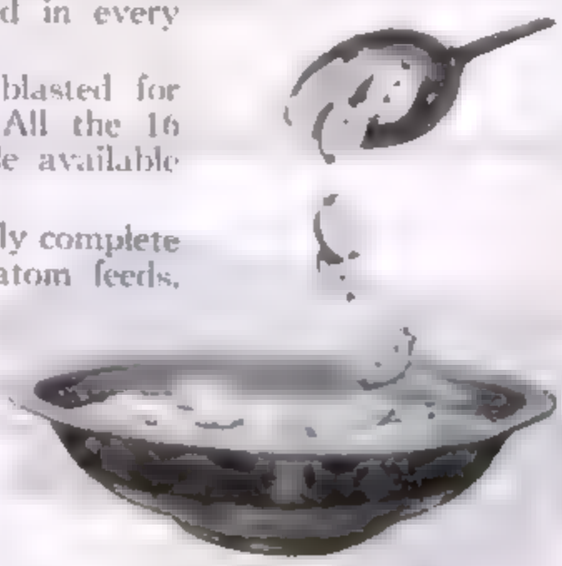
Steam-exploded wheat

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat in which 125 million steam explosions have been caused in every kernel.

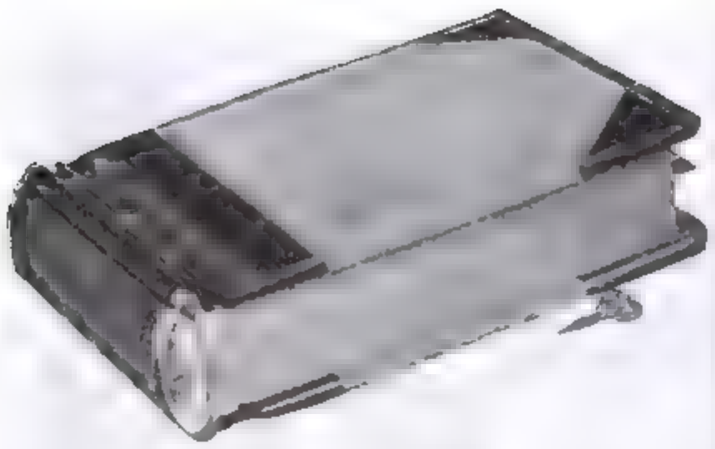
Every food cell is thus blasted for easy, complete digestion. All the 16 elements in wheat are made available as food.

Whole wheat is a practically complete food. In this form every atom feeds. So it supplies to children all the elements of growth

The airy globules make a fascinating dish. Serve for supper or at bedtime in a bowl of milk.



Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice



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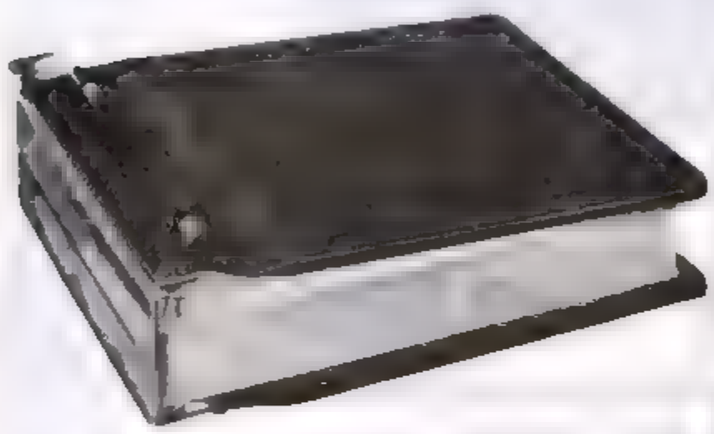

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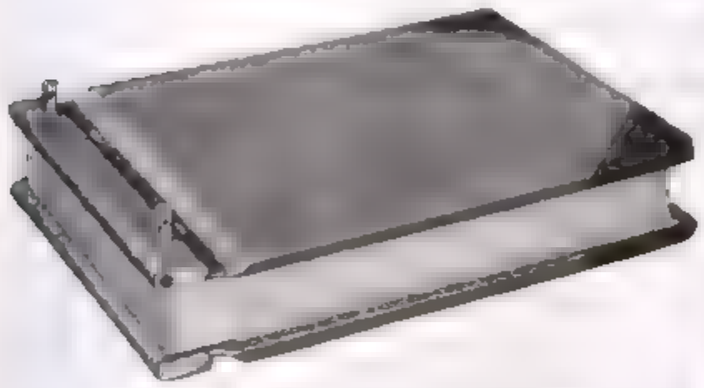

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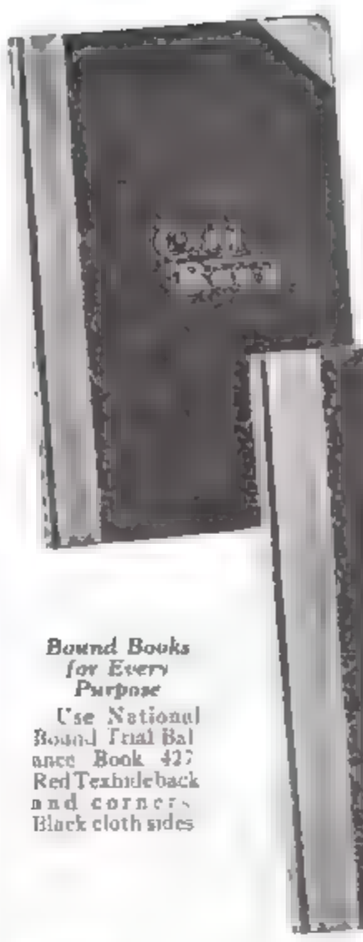

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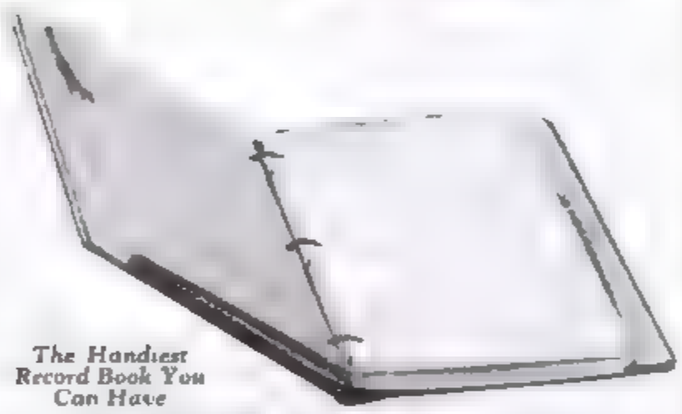

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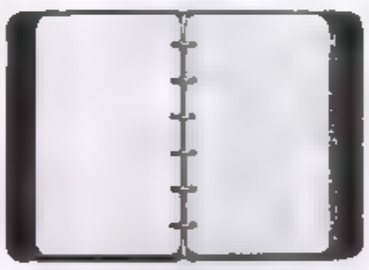

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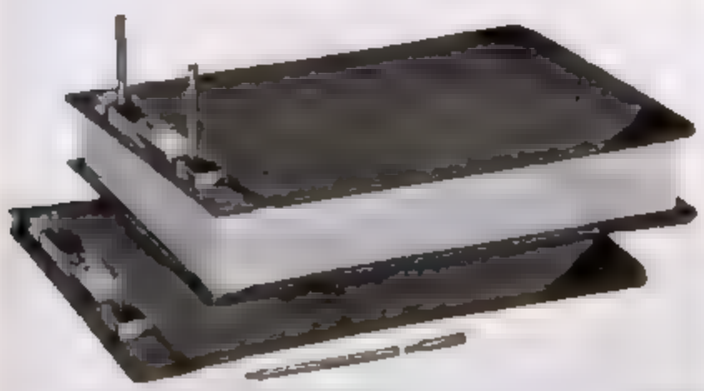

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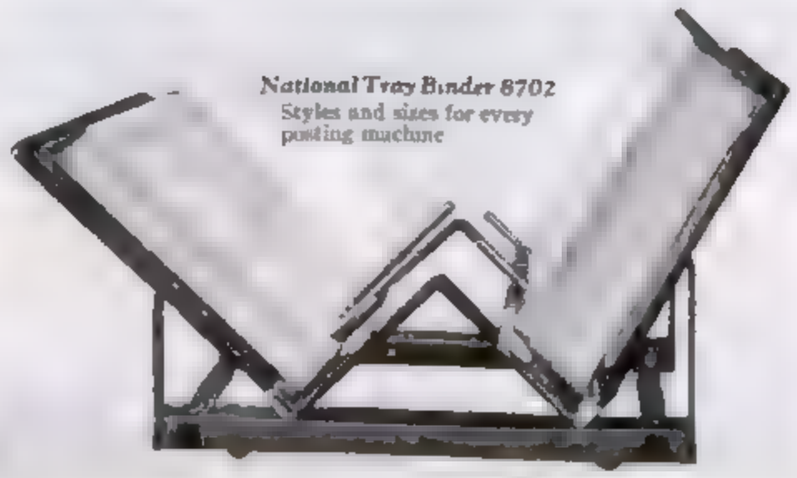

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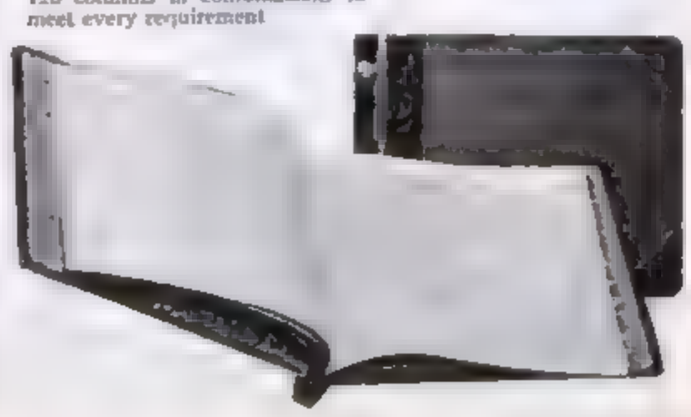

(Continued from Page 81)

prey. Emboldened, Marjorie thrust her head a little farther out, seeking for the cause of that peculiar sound. At a right angle in the glass, where the window turned toward the curio store's entrance, she saw it all too plainly. A man was standing there, gazing earnestly in.

He was a tall young man with clever, greenish eyes, aquiline features and heavy brows. Marjorie was too petrified to pull back her head. She was as much startled by the change in him as by his inexplicable presence. He was wearing a sleek black derby, a coonskin coat and a woolen muffler with a red stripe. His chin had lost its stubble and showed rosy and pink through the polished glass.

All this she observed in one spontaneous eyeful; but a series of urgent gestures informed her that he was not there merely to be stared at. He was indicating danger, the need of flight. He had pulled out his watch and was pointing to the dial. His compelling forefinger followed an imaginary retreat from the bed to the store, from the store to the main entrance. His pantomime was effective, for it told her as plainly as words "Time's short! Get up! Get out!"

She asked not the reason why, but sprang back behind her curtains and let herself out through the side which was hidden from the street. As she leaned to pull on her shoes the long Spanish mirror threw back her reflection. Horrors, what a fright she looked! Even as she crouched there on the edge of unknown perils she took time to smooth her hair with a sidecomb and powder her nose.

She could see her rescuer pacing nervously, making frantic signals. While he gestured he glanced anxiously up and down Fifth Avenue. But Marjorie was thorough. She paused to smooth the counterpane of the big bed; then, after taking a last look at herself to see that her hat was on correctly, she glided through the little door and into the silent showroom. The street door, with its complicated fixtures, gave her a little trouble; but she found a way of turning a knob and pressing a latch at the same instant.

The result was shocking, unbearable. Clang-clang! Bedlam broke loose in Kilpool & Deems' curio store. A magnificent gong like a railway signal or the solo piece in a Chinese orchestra rang abominably overhead, shaking the bric-a-brac with its infernal clamor. Then two strong arms seized hold of her, pulling her roughly away.

"What have I done?" she asked the tall young man who was half dragging her across the sidewalk.

"Set off the burglar alarm," he growled in her ear. "Stop your talking and get in!"

He fairly threw her into the seat of the little runabout, vaulted to a place beside her and started around the corner at a speed that violated all municipal law. His eyes were squinting, his chin was set, he looked neither to right nor left as the car skidded into Madison Avenue. It scraped its sides against a line of furniture vans, rolling with dignity along the car tracks; it turned corner after corner in the tortuous course of a hare pursued by hounds. At Thirty-fourth Street it slowed down and stood docile and obedient at the signal of an early traffic policeman.

While they were waiting the young man turned and smiled for the first time.

"When the horn of judgment blows I bet every woman will stop to do her hair."

"That wasn't what kept me so long," she defended herself. "But I couldn't go away without smoothing out that bed."

"Well, we gave 'em a run for their money."

"But didn't the police and night watchman and everybody hear that awful gong, and come running?"

"Probably," he grinned. "But I turned in a false alarm at the other end of the block, and I guess that held 'em long enough to let us get away."

The traffic policeman signaled "Go," and as the small car passed him its driver shouted "Hello, Dan!"

"Hello, Al!" replied the policeman, saluting jauntily. "Up early this mornin'."

Now, Marjorie Findon, who in the space of twenty-four hours had tilted at theatrical success, suffered the pangs of hunger, eaten jelly with a philosopher, slept in a royal bed and escaped from the police, was entitled to all the confusion she felt in contemplating the man who now sat serenely at the wheel. Who was he? How came he to be snatching at morsels of free food one day and reveling in coonskins the next? How came he to be knocking at the window of Kilpool & Deems'? How came he to be addressed as Al by the very police from whom he had escaped ten minutes before?

They were threading their way along East Twenty-fourth Street when curiosity compelled her to ask, "What does Al stand for?"

"Aladdin," he replied in brief, and stopped his car at an unusually disreputable garage.

"Well, is she runnin' all right, Mr. Pike?" asked the proprietor, giving Aladdin the smile he always seemed to draw.

"Skipping again," said Aladdin. "Take a squint at the spark plugs, will you? Might wash 'er up a little and have her ready by eleven. Say, Sol, could you get me a taxi? I'm hungry as a she-wolf." Then as if on an afterthought: "By the way, my license number came off just now. Put it on tight this time. If I lose it again somebody's apt to see me."

▼

THEY breakfasted at the Waldorf on honeydew melon, oatmeal, ham and eggs, country sausages, buckwheat cakes and cups and cups of strong hot coffee. The Dictionary of American Biography, issue of 1946, will, if it does its duty, mention every item of that collation.

She had eaten her way through an enormous slice of melon and a heavy dish of cereal which the captain of waiters, who knew Al, had given his careful attention. At last she sat back with a sigh and studied the transformation. Al wore a blue suit, rather assertively striped, and a blue tie with white polka dots. Only the soft collar of his shirt reminded her of his vagabondish yesterday.

"Tell me, Aladdin," she began, "how came you?"

"How came I what?" He ceased chewing bacon.

"Oh, everything! From rags to riches overnight; appearing at dawn to wake me up with a burglar alarm."

He laughed outright.

"How came you? I leave you under a rubber tree in Bloombury's and find you sleeping in a window display on Fifth Avenue."

"Necessity," she told him cryptically.

"Edison's grandma!" He repeated his formula. "Now look here! I've got you on my conscience something awful."

"Me?" She raised her eyebrows, surprised that she could be surprised any more.

"I've done you a dirty trick—measly and low down."

"I can't believe that."

"Well, I have." He stopped a moment to consider, then asked with his usual inquisitiveness, "Are you going to keep on play-acting with me?"

"I can't help it, I suppose," she said. "It's my business—play-acting."

"But you're out of a job."

"I don't know whether I am or not. I read over a new part yesterday and the producer told me to come back today. I don't think I've made good."

"I can fix it for you, I guess," he said absent-mindedly. Then, "D'you know what I thought when I came up to the demonstrator's booth and panhandled for jelly?"

"What did you think, Mister Bones?"

"I thought: There's a young lady who's going to starve unless she gets a manager. You see, the chief detective at Bloombury's pointed you out to me."

"The chief detective!"

"Uh-huh." This was ever so casual. "It's a queer thing, but this year there's been a regular epidemic of free feeders at the demonstrators' booths. I couldn't believe you were one of 'em—until I got to talking to you."

"Oh!" Marjorie sat up straight.

"And that's where I owe you an apology. It was a mean trick. I should have tried to patch things up a little for you instead of asking a lot of fool questions."

"And I suppose," she said coldly, "that the chief detective sent you to Kilpool & Deems' to rout me out of bed."

"Your royal apartment on the Boulevard!" he grinned; then resumed soberly: "No; that was a sort of fluke. When you shook me in the florist shop I was so flabbergasted that I let you go for a minute. Then I rushed out and found you'd disappeared. Even a pretty girl like you can get lost in the afternoon crowd like a needle in a haystack.

"It was getting dark when I ran right into you on the Avenue. I knew you didn't see me; you were sort of sleeping with your eyes open—d'you know you might have been beaned by a taxi at any corner? I just tagged along, hoping for a chance to snatch you from the jaws of death, when you stopped in front of that big curio store. I was standing about six feet away from you when you went in."

"You were?"

He snickered. "I sort of knew what was on your mind—that great big beautiful sleep. But I didn't think you had the nerve."

"You didn't actually see me ——"

"Sure I did! I was right by the entrance when you opened that dinky little door and made a high dive under the bed. Gosh, you know, I was het up! And when old Deems began pussyfooting around the bed I thought it was all up with you. D'you know what I planned to do?"

"What?" His vivacious manner excited her.

"I was going to walk in and pull a big fake. I'm pretty friendly with old Deems, you know."

"You're pretty friendly with almost everybody, aren't you?" she marveled. Who could this man be?

"I get around," he admitted, and went on with his account. "But Deems didn't seem to smell a rat. I stayed in sight of the window until all the store force had locked up and gone home. Then I ran into a couple of fellows I know—I couldn't very well tell them that I was waiting for a lady friend to go to bed in a show window, could I? So I walked with them as far as Delmonico's. And when I got back to Kilpool & Deems' you'd said nighty-night."

"How did you know that?" she asked nervously.

"Marjorie"—he leaned across the table and gazed earnestly into her eyes—"are you aware that you left your shoes outside so that anybody standing in the doorway could count every strap on them?"

"My goodness!" And she had thought herself so clever in her management of that stolen sleep.

"See here, Aladdin," said she, "you didn't go and stay up all night just to guard me?"

"Not on your life!" That was slightly disappointing, but he qualified it. "In that window, all wired and policed by the Jabez Protective Bureau, I knew you were about the most carefully guarded young lady in New York. But all night I kept worrying about how you'd get out in the morning. So I just happened around at half past six and knocked on the window. Gee, but it made a racket!"

"You were very considerate to let me sleep so long," she said; and in extenuation, "I didn't really intend to go to bed when I went into Kilpool & Deems'."

"That's a point I'd like to know," he cried, his face lighting with the curious eagerness he had shown before.

"Well, I wanted to sell a piece of lace."

"Did you?" he asked sharply.

"No; that is, they took it to the back of the store to show Mr. Deems. And that was when I—I went to bed."

"Have they still got the lace?"

"I suppose so."

"How much is it worth?"

"Two or three hundred dollars, I suppose; but ——"

"They'll offer fifty and I'll compromise for a hundred," Aladdin decided as he arose and started away.

"But would you dare go to them after ——"

"Oh, I know Deems like a book!" he assured her. "Just leave him to me. I'll fix it."

She knew he'd fix it by the very expression of his broad back, swinging down the aisle. Indeed, she had entered into Aladdin's enchantment.

In her luxurious chair Marjorie stretched, basking in the effects of pleasant food. More than that she had the feeling which she had not enjoyed since her other life in Nyapak; she was being protected, admired, her interests looked after. Still more than that, her knight knew everybody, was universally beloved, was capable of magic. Aladdin! She wondered what name he passed under in the commonplace world of men and women. The policeman had called him Al. The garage keeper had referred to him as Mr. Pike. Al Pike ——

A waiter hovered near to interrupt her pleasant dreams. He removed the plates, brushed crumbs, set finger bowls at their two places.

"This yours, madam?" he asked, picking up a newspaper.

"I'll take it," she said, eager to hold anything that was Aladdin's.

It was the Morning Advocate, and she had scarcely turned to the front page when her eyes fell upon a prominent feature, spread across the three left-hand columns:

HARD-LUCK STREET

THE SIXTH OF OUR SENSATIONAL ARTICLES ON THE TRAGIC COMEDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT

HOW AN ACTRESS OUT OF WORK EATS SAMPLES IN A DEPARTMENT STORE AND SLEEPS IN A SHOW WINDOW

By Alfred Russell Pike

The chief detective had said to me, "You'd be surprised if you knew how many people are depending on us for free lunch. If you don't believe it get into some shabby clothes and wander around the demonstrators' booths in our grocery department."

I had never thought of just that turn in Hard-luck Street; and as I agree with the Chinese philosopher that it is better to see once than to hear a hundred times ——

"Oho!" said Aladdin at that point as he came back and peered over her shoulder. "I hoped you wouldn't see that drivel." He went to his chair and sat down heavily.

"So that's it," she mused; and was sorry as soon as she had added, "So that's why you've been giving me so much of your valuable time."

"That's right, soak me," he invited, looking so humble and crestfallen that she found herself laughing at him.

"Don't feel hurt, Aladdin. After all, I'm glad that you're human and not something out of the Arabian Nights. And I'm gladder still that you've got a job. You're rather a famous person, aren't you? You scare me to death, now that I recognize your name."

"I'm not half so famous as you'll be," he assured her, his perfect confidence returning.

"When, please?" Her eyes were sparkling into his.

"When we're married and I'm only a stage-door husband."

"Journalists should stick to facts."

"Speaking of facts, I got old Deems on the phone. He'd come down early on account of that burglar alarm. He's clucking like an old hen."

"On account of the alarm?"

"Yes. He blames it all on the Jabez Protective Bureau; says their wires were out of order and the gong went off on its own hook. Nothing disturbed in the store. Yes, sir; the Jabez people are going to get theirs! Deems was so sore I couldn't get my price for that lace."

"You've sold it?"

"If you'll take seventy-five dollars."

"Seventy-five million!" she cried, bringing her hands together. "And now I can live ——"

"Until pay day," supplied Aladdin. He was very leisurely as he took his watch out of his pocket, consulted it and drawled, "My car will be ready at eleven. Suppose I take you round to your rehearsal."

"How did you know I had a rehearsal at eleven?"

"Oh, by the way, I almost forgot ——" By the turn of his quick, greenish eyes she knew that his carelessness was assumed. "I saw Lew Marbridge last night after the show—I used to do a dramatic column, you know, among other jobs. Don't you worry about him. Everything's settled all right."

"For me?" she asked incredulously.

"He's crazy about the way you read that part. Says you've got the real comedy touch. And I'll say so! Let me see that you sign up when we go around this morning."

"Oh, Aladdin!" she whispered, her eyes like stars.

"Now, will you marry me?" He was leaning across the table and had touched one of her hands, clumsily, timidly.

"Why do you want me, without knowing more than one or two things ——"

"That's all I need for any story," he said; and added with one of his whimsical smiles, "That's the way I work."

"I'm sorry," she began, and wondered just how to tell him.

"You mean you don't like me enough?"

"Not that—I hate to think how much I like you. It's only this, Aladdin ——" She paused, struggling not to cry and spoil

(Continued on Page 86)

MO

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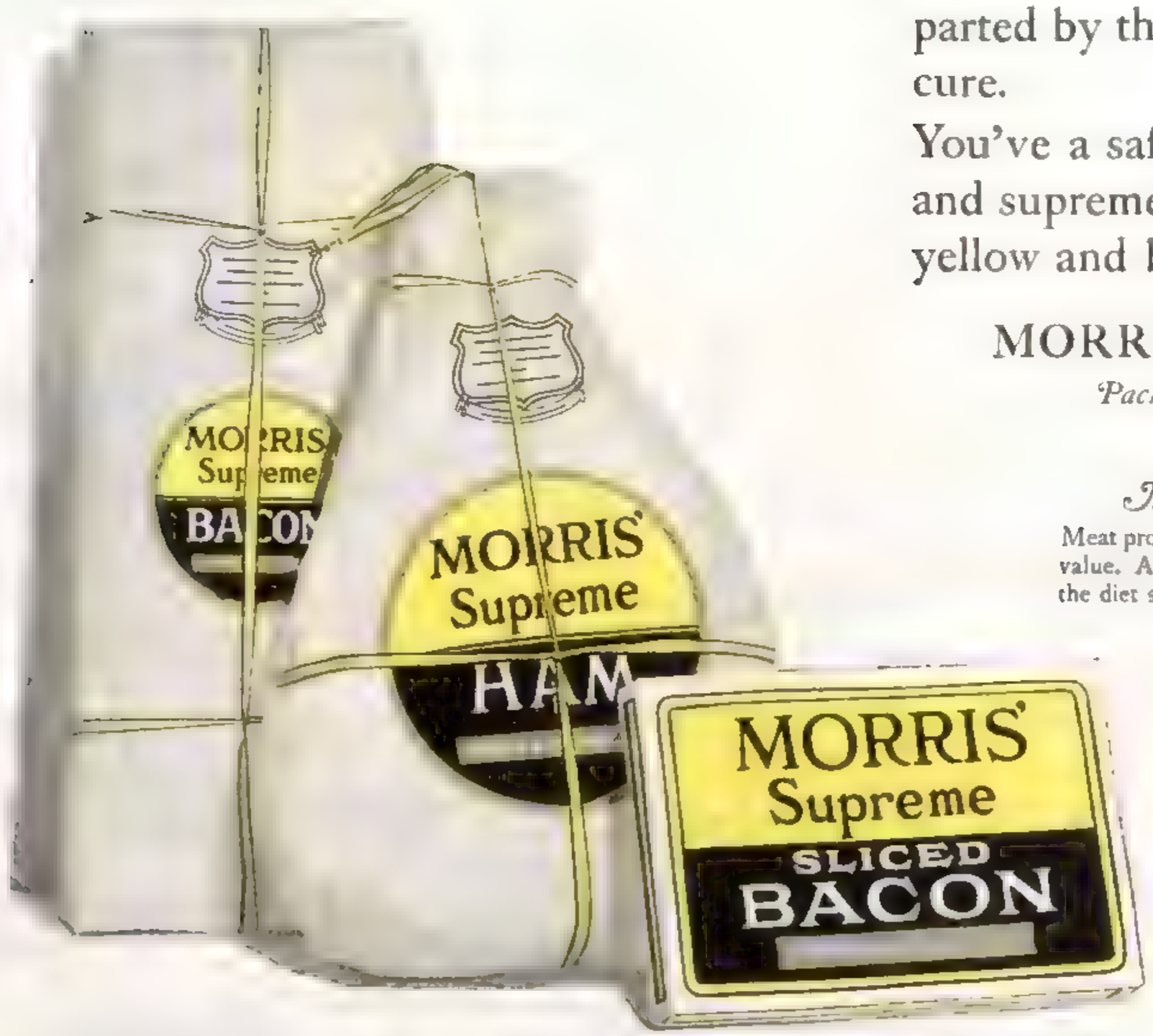

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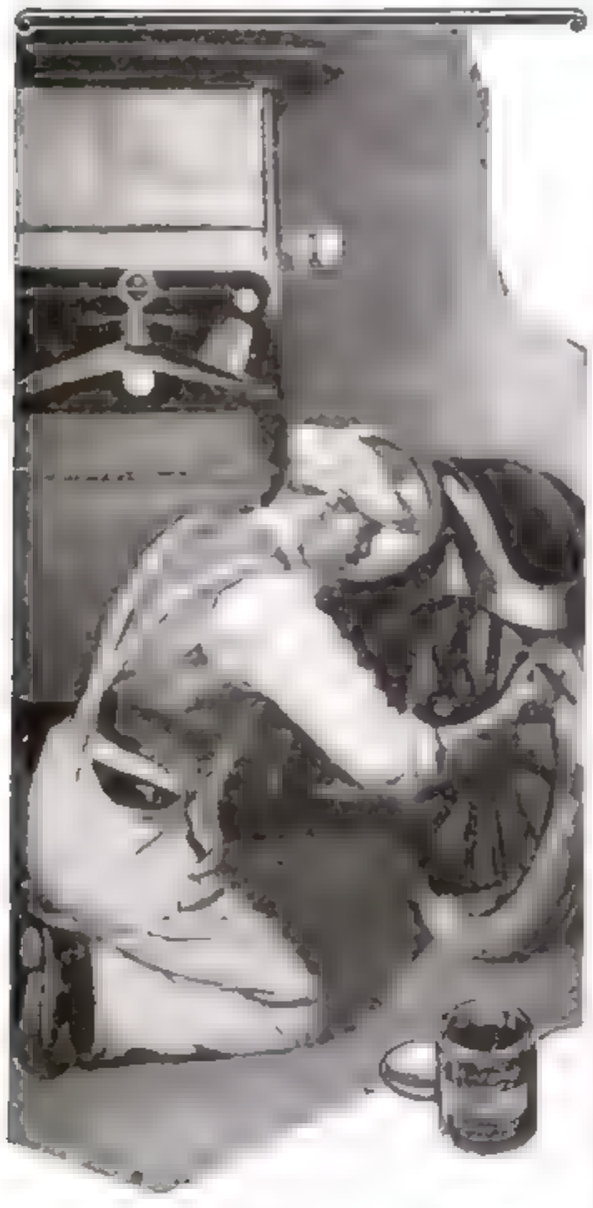

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(Continued from Page 83)

it all. "Just this, Aladdin. I can't marry anybody."

"Why?"

"Just because ——"

"Marjorie, are you married already?"

"How foolish!"

"Then there's somebody else."

"How could there be? But, Aladdin, you work so fast ——"

"Then you don't love me." He was bitterly crestfallen.

"I've seen you only twice; once in a grocery; once through a store window. But it isn't that. Oh, Aladdin, I'm a sudden person too!"

"Then why?"

His greenish eyes seemed to charm her like moonlight, yet she was firm.

"I think you understand everything, Aladdin. And you must understand this." She paused, trying to work her theology into words. "We artists have got to be different from other people. We've got our work all cut out for us, and I'm just beginning. Our art demands everything we can give. We can't be like other women, devoting ourselves to love and—and the things that go with it. No, Aladdin, please don't think me hard. I'm not going to forget you. Can't we be just friends? It would be wonderful to have you for a friend. But I can't, Aladdin—I can't ever, ever get married. It would ruin my career."

So nine days later they were married at The Little Church Around the Corner.

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

(Continued from Page 19)

me," said Lord Emsworth to Psmith. "Just discovered that George Willard, very old friend of mine, is in there. Never saw him get on the train. His dog came into my compartment and licked my face. One of my neighbors. A remarkable rose grower. As you are so interested in flowers, I will take you over to his place some time. Why don't you join us now?"

"I would prefer, if you do not mind," said Psmith, "to remain here for the moment and foster what I feel sure is about to develop into a great and lasting friendship. I feel that your son and I will have much to talk about together."

"Very well, my dear fellow. We will meet at dinner in the restaurant car."

Lord Emsworth pottered off, and Psmith rose and closed the door. He returned to his seat to find Freddie regarding him with a tortured expression in his rather prominent eyes. Freddie's brain had had more exercise in the last few minutes than in years of his normal life, and he was feeling the strain.

"I say, what?" he observed feebly.

"If there is anything," said Psmith kindly, "that I can do to clear up any little difficulty that is perplexing you, call on me. What is biting you?"

Freddie swallowed convulsively.

"I say, he said your name was McTodd!"

"Precisely!"

"But you said we were at Eton together."

"Distinctly!"

"I don't remember you."

"And yet I gave you every cause to, Comrade Threepwood. I recollect administering six of the best and juiciest to you with the back of a hairbrush on one occasion when you and other bright spirits sneaked into my room and started to upset the furniture."

Memory woke like a flash in the Honorable Freddie.

"Great Scott! I remember!"

"I thought you would. I took considerable pains to impress my personality on you."

"But—good Lord, of course I remember you now! Your name was Smith."

"It still is, Psmith. The p is silent."

"But father called you McTodd."

"He thinks I am. It is a harmless error, and I see no reason why it should be discouraged."

"But why does he think you're McTodd?"

"It is a long story, which you may find tedious. But if you really wish to hear it ——"

Nothing could have exceeded the raptness of Freddie's attention as he listened to the tale of the encounter with Lord Emsworth at the Senior Conservative Club.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded at its conclusion, "that you're coming to Blandings pretending to be this poet blighter?"

"That is the scheme."

"But why?"

"I have my reasons, Comrade Threepwood. You will pardon me if I do not go into them. And now," said Psmith, "to resume our very interesting chat which was unfortunately cut short this morning, why do you want me to steal your aunt's necklace?"

Freddie jumped. For the moment, so tensely had the fact of his companion's audacity chained his interest, he had actually forgotten about the necklace.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Why, of course!"

"You still have not made it quite clear."

"It fits splendidly."

"The necklace?"

"I mean to say, the great difficulty would have been to find a way of getting you into the house, and here you are, coming there as this poet bird. Topping!"

"If," said Psmith, regarding him patiently through his eyeglass, "I do not seem to be immediately infected by your joyous enthusiasm, put it down to the fact that I haven't the remotest idea what you're talking about. Could you give me a pointer or two? What, for instance, assuming that I agreed to steal your aunt's necklace, would you expect me to do with it, when and if stolen?"

"Why, hand it over to me!"

"I see. And what would you do with it?"

"Hand it over to my uncle."

"And whom would he hand it over to?"

"Look here," said Freddie, "I might as well start at the beginning."

"An excellent idea."

The speed at which the train was now proceeding had begun to render conversation in anything but stentorian tones somewhat difficult. Freddie accordingly bent forward till his mouth almost touched Psmith's ear.

"You see, it's like this: My uncle, old Joe Keeble ——"

"Keeble?" said Psmith. "Why," he murmured meditatively, "is that name familiar?"

"Don't interrupt, old lad," pleaded Freddie.

"I stand corrected."

"Uncle Joe has a stepdaughter—Phyllis, her name is—and some time ago she popped off and married a cove called Jackson ——"

Psmith did not interrupt the narrative again, but as it proceeded his look of interest deepened. And at the conclusion he patted his companion encouragingly on the shoulder.

"The proceeds, then, of this jewel robbery, if it comes off," he said, "will go to establish the Jackson home on a firm footing? Am I right in thinking that?"

"Absolutely!"

"There is no danger—you will pardon the suggestion—of you clinging like glue to the swag and using it to maintain yourself in the position to which you are accustomed?"

"Absolutely not! Uncle Joe is giving me—er—giving me a bit for myself. Just a small bit, you understand. This is the scheme: You sneak the necklace and hand it over to me. I push the necklace over to Uncle Joe, who hides it somewhere for the moment. There is the dickens of a fuss, and Uncle Joe comes out strong by telling Aunt Constance that he'll buy her another necklace just as good. Then he takes the stones out of the necklace, has them reset and gives them to Aunt Constance. Looks like a new necklace, if you see what I mean. Then he draws a check for twenty thousand quid, which Aunt Constance naturally thinks is for the new necklace, and he shoves the money somewhere as a little private account. He gives Phyllis her money and everybody's happy. Aunt Constance has got her necklace, Phyllis has got her money, and all that's happened is that Aunt Constance's and Uncle Joe's combined bank balance has had a bit of a hole knocked in it. See?"

"I see. It is a little difficult to follow all the necklaces. I seemed to count about seventeen of them while you were talking, but I suppose I was wrong. Yes, I see, Comrade Threepwood, and I may say at once that you can rely on my coöperation."

"You'll do it?"

"I will."

"Of course," said Freddie awkwardly, "I'll see that you get a bit all right. I mean ——"

Psmith waved his hand deprecatingly.

"My dear Comrade Threepwood, let us not become sordid on this glad occasion. As far as I am concerned, there will be no charge."

"What? But look here ——"

"Any assistance I can give will be offered in a purely amateur spirit. I would have mentioned before, only I was reluctant to interrupt you, that Mike Jackson is my boyhood chum, and that Phyllis, his wife, injects into my life the few beams of sunshine that illumine its dreary round. I have long desired to do something to ameliorate their lot, and now that the chance has come I am delighted. It is true that I am not a man of affluence—my bank manager, I am told, winces in a rather painful manner whenever my name is mentioned—but I am not so reduced that I must charge a fee for performing on behalf of a pal a simple act of courtesy like pinching a twenty-thousand-pound necklace."

"Good Lord! Fancy that!"

"Fancy what, Comrade Threepwood?"

"Fancy your knowing Phyllis and her husband."

"It is odd, no doubt. But true. Many a whack at the cold beef have I had on Sunday evenings under their roof, and I am much obliged to you for putting in my way this opportunity of repaying their hospitality. Thank you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Freddie, somewhat bewildered by this eloquence.

"Even if the little enterprise meets with disaster, the reflection that I did my best for the young couple will be a great consolation to me when I am serving my bit of time in Wormwood Scrubbs. It will cheer me up. The jailers will cluster outside the door to listen to me singing in my cell. My pet rat, as he creeps out to share the crumbs of my breakfast, will wonder why I whistle as I pick the morning's oakum. I shall join in the hymns on Sundays in a way that will electrify the chaplain. That is to say, if anything goes wrong and I am what I believe is technically termed copped. I say if," said Psmith, gazing solemnly at his companion. "But I do not intend to be copped. I have never gone in largely for crime hitherto, but something tells me I shall be rather good at it. I look forward confidently to making a nice clean job of the thing. And now, Comrade Threepwood, I must ask you to excuse me while I get the half nelson on this rather poisonous poetry of good old McTodd's. From the cursory glance I have taken at it, the stuff doesn't seem to mean anything. I think the boy's cuckoo. You don't happen to understand the expression 'Across the pale parabola of joy,' do you? . . . I feared as much. Well, pip-pip for the present, Comrade Threepwood. I shall now ask you to retire into your corner and amuse yourself for a few moments as you best can. I must concentrate, concentrate, concentrate."

And Psmith, having put his feet up on the opposite seat and reopened the mauve volume, began to read. Freddie, his mind still in a whirl, looked out of the window at the passing scenery in a mood which was a nice blend of elation and apprehension.

III

ALTHOUGH the hands of the station clock pointed to several minutes past nine, it was still apparently early evening when the train drew up at the platform of Market Blandings and discharged its distinguished passengers. The sun, taken in as usual by the never-failing practical joke of the Daylight Saving Act, had only just set, and a golden afterglow lingered on the fields as the car which had met the train purred over the two miles of country road that separated the little town from the castle. As they passed in between the great stone gateposts and shot up the winding drive the soft murmur of the engine seemed to deepen rather than break the soothing stillness. The air was fragrant with indescribable English scents. Somewhere in the distance sheep bells tinkled; rabbits, waggling white tails, bolted across the path; and once a herd of agitated deer made a brief appearance among the trees. The only thing that disturbed the magic

(Continued on Page 89)

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Five years ago, the du Pont Company entered a new manufacturing field, a logical development for du Pont chemical knowledge—the paint and varnish industry. Four manufacturers, each famed for quality products, were united and brought under the control of du Pont Chemical Engineers.

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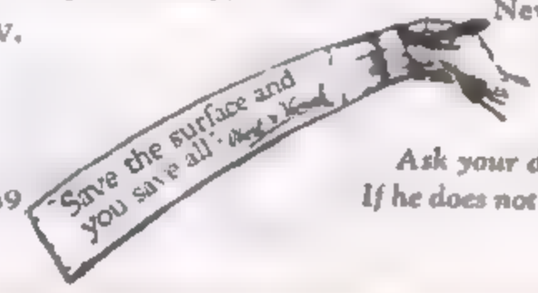

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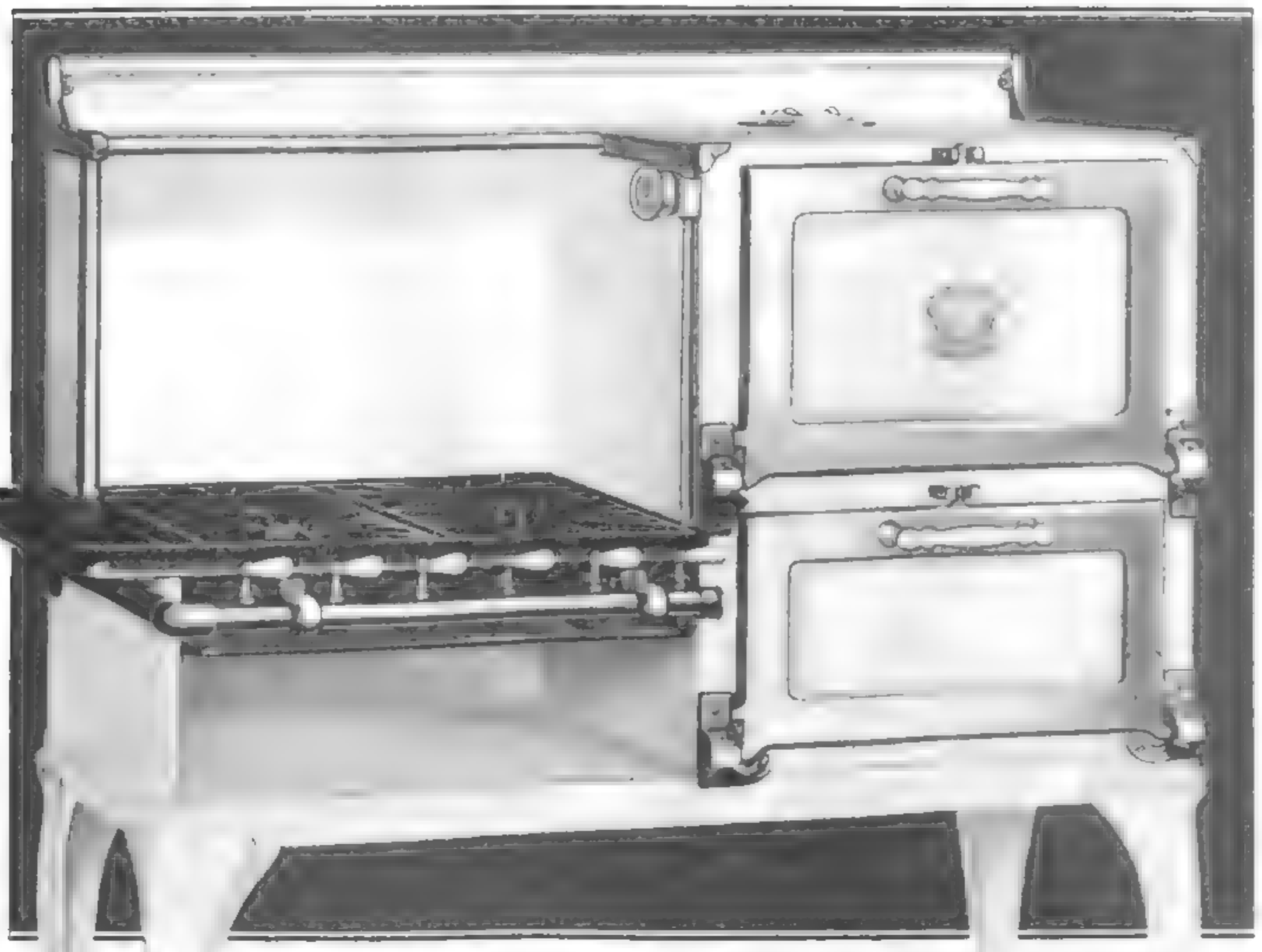

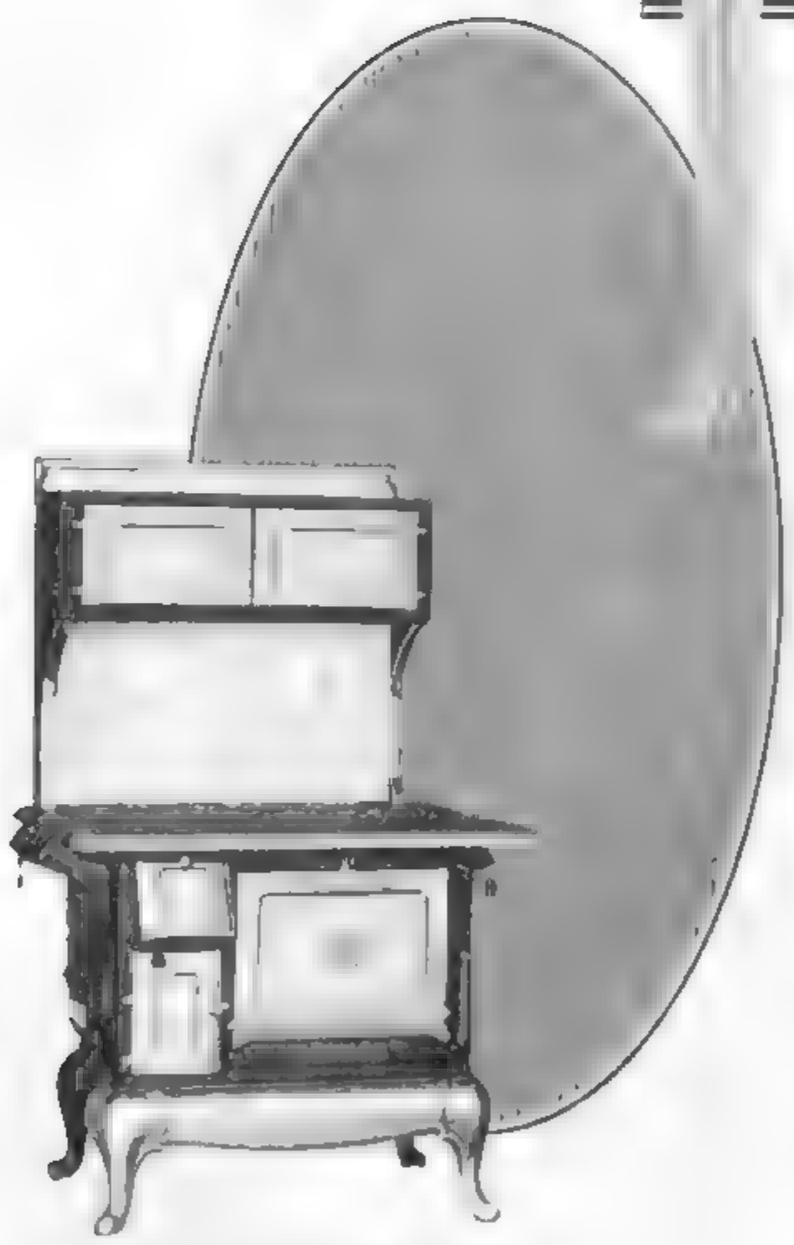

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GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

(Continued from Page 86)

hush was the fluting voice of Lord Emsworth, on whom the spectacle of his beloved property had acted as an immediate stimulant. Unlike his son Freddie, who sat silent in his corner, wrestling with his hopes and fears, Lord Emsworth had plunged into a perfect Niagara of speech the moment the car entered the park. In a high tenor voice and with wide, excited gestures he pointed out to Psmith a number of interesting objects by the wayside—oaks with a history and rhododendrons with a past, his conversation as they drew near the castle and came in sight of the flower beds taking on an almost lyrical note and becoming a sort of anthem of gladness, through which, like some theme in the minor, ran a series of opprobrious observations on the subject of Angus McAllister.

Beach the butler, solicitously scooping them out of the car at the front door, announced that her ladyship and Miss Peavey were taking their after-dinner coffee in the arbor by the bowling green; and presently Psmith, conducted by his lordship, found himself shaking hands with a strikingly handsome woman in whom, though her manner was friendliness itself, he could detect a marked suggestion of the formidable. Æsthetically, he admired Lady Constance's appearance; but he could not conceal from himself that in the peculiar circumstances he would have preferred something rather more fragile and drooping. Lady Constance conveyed the impression that anybody who had the choice between stealing anything from her and stirring up a nest of hornets with a walking stick would do well to choose the hornets.

"How do you do, Mr. McTodd?" said Lady Constance with great amiability. "I am so glad you were able to come, after all."

Psmith wondered what she meant by "after all," but there were so many things about his situation calculated to tax the mind that he had no desire to probe slight verbal ambiguities. He shook her hand and replied that it was very kind of her to say so.

"We are quite a small party at present," continued Lady Constance, "but we are expecting a number of people quite soon. For the moment Aileen and you are our only guests. Oh, I am sorry, I should have—Miss Peavey, Mr. McTodd."

The slim and willowy female who during this brief conversation had been waiting in an attitude of suspended animation, gazing at Psmith with large wistful eyes, stepped forward. She clasped Psmith's hand in hers, held it, and in a low, soft voice, like thick cream made audible, uttered one reverent word: "*Maître!*"

"I beg your pardon?" said Psmith.

A young man capable of bearing himself with calm and dignity in most circumstances, however trying, he found his poise wabbling under the impact of Miss Aileen Peavey.

Miss Peavey often had this effect on the less soulful type of man, especially in the mornings, when such men are not at their strongest and best. When she came into the breakfast room of a country house and most of her time was spent in paying rounds of country-house visits—brave men who had been up a bit late the night before quailed and tried to hide behind newspapers. She was the sort of woman who tells a man who is propping his eyes open with his fingers and endeavoring to correct a headache with strong tea that she was up at six watching the dew fade off the grass, and didn't he think that those wisps of morning mist were the elves' bridal veils. She had large, fine, melancholy eyes, and was apt to droop dreamily.

"Master!" said Miss Peavey, obligingly translating.

There did not seem to be any immediate comeback to a remark like this, so Psmith contented himself with beaming genially at her through his monocle; and Miss Peavey came to bat again.

"How wonderful that you were able to come—after all!"

Again this after-all motive creeping into the theme!

"You know Miss Peavey's work, of course?" said Lady Constance, smiling pleasantly on her two celebrities.

"Who does not?" said Psmith courteously.

"Oh, do you?" said Miss Peavey, gratification causing her slender body to perform a sort of ladylike shimmy down its whole length. "I scarcely hoped that you would know my name. My Canadian sales have not been large."

"Quite large enough," said Psmith. "I mean, of course," he added with a paternal smile, "that, while your delicate art may not have a universal appeal in a young country, it is intensely appreciated by a small and select body of the intelligentsia."

"Do You Mean to Say," He Demanded, "That You're Coming to Blandings Pretending to be This Poet Blighter?"

And if that was not the stuff to give them, he reflected with not a little complacency, he was dashed.

"Your own wonderful poems," replied Miss Peavey, "are, of course, known the whole world over. Oh, Mr. McTodd, you can hardly appreciate how I feel, meeting you! It is like the realization of some golden dream of childhood. It is like——"

Here the Hon. Freddie Threepwood remarked suddenly that he was going to pop into the house for a whisky and soda. As he had not previously spoken, his observation had something of the quality of a voice from the tomb. The daylight was ebbing fast now, and in the shadows he had contrived to pass out of sight as well as out of mind.

Miss Peavey started like an abruptly awakened somnambulist, and Psmith was at last able to release his hand, which he had begun to look on as gone beyond his control forever. Until this fortunate interruption there had seemed no reason why Miss Peavey should not have continued to hold it till bedtime.

Freddie's departure had the effect of breaking a spell. Lord Emsworth, who had been standing perfectly still, with vacant eyes, like a dog listening to a noise a long way off, came to life with a jerk.

"I'm going to have a look at my flowers," he announced.

"Don't be silly, Clarence," said his sister. "It's much too dark to see flowers."

"I could smell 'em," retorted his lordship argumentatively.

It seemed as if the party must break up, for already his lordship had begun to potter off, when a newcomer arrived to solidify it again.

"Ah, Baxter, my dear fellow," said Lord Emsworth, "here we are, you see."

"Mr. Baxter," said Lady Constance, "I want you to meet Mr. McTodd."

"Mr. McTodd!" said the new arrival, on a note of surprise.

"Yes, he found himself able to come, after all."

"Ah!" said the Efficient Baxter.

It occurred to Psmith as a passing thought, to which he gave no more than a momentary attention, that this spectacled and capable looking man was gazing at him, as they shook hands, with a curious intensity. But possibly, he reflected, this was merely a species of optical illusion due to the other's spectacles. Baxter, staring through his spectacles, often gave people the impression of possessing an eye that could pierce six inches of Harveyized steel and stick out on the other side. Having registered in his consciousness the fact that he had been stared at keenly by this stranger, Psmith thought no more of the matter.

In thus lightly dismissing the Baxterian stare Psmith had acted injudiciously. He should have examined it more closely and made an effort to analyze it, for it was by no means without its message. It was a stare of suspicion. Vague suspicion as yet, but nevertheless suspicion. Rupert Baxter was one of those men whose chief characteristic is a disposition to suspect their fellows. He did not suspect them of this or that definite crime; he simply suspected them. He had not yet definitely accused Psmith in his mind of any specific tort or malfeasance. He merely had a nebulous feeling that he would bear watching.

Miss Peavey now fluttered again into the center of things. On the arrival of Baxter she had withdrawn for a moment into the background, but she was not the woman to stay there long. She came forward, holding out a small oblong book, which with a languishing firmness she pressed into Psmith's hands.

"Could I persuade you, Mr. McTodd," said Miss Peavey pleadingly, "to write some little thought in my autograph book and sign it? I have a fountain pen."

Light flooded the arbor. The Efficient Baxter, who knew where everything was, had found and pressed the switch. He did this not so much to oblige Miss Peavey as to enable him to obtain a clearer view of the visitor. With each minute that passed the Efficient Baxter was finding himself more and more doubtful in his mind about this visitor.

"There!" said Miss Peavey, welcoming the illumination.

Psmith tapped his chin thoughtfully with the fountain pen. He felt that he should have foreseen this emergency earlier. If ever there was a woman who was bound to have an autograph book, that woman was Miss Peavey.

"Just some little thought——"

Psmith hesitated no longer. In a firm hand he wrote the words "Across the pale parabola of joy"—added an unfaltering "Ralston McTodd," and handed the book back.

"How strange!" sighed Miss Peavey.

"May I look?" said Baxter, moving quickly to her side.

"How strange!" repeated Miss Peavey. "To think that you should have chosen that line! There are several of your more mystic passages that I meant to ask you to explain, but particularly 'Across the pale parabola of joy'——"

"You find it difficult to understand?"

"A little, I confess."

"Well, well," said Psmith indulgently, "perhaps I did put a bit of top spin on that one."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say, perhaps it is a little obscure. We must have a long chat about it—later on."

"Why not now?" demanded the Efficient Baxter, flashing his spectacles.

"I am rather tired," said Psmith with gentle reproach, "after my journey. Fatigued. We writers——"

"Of course," said Miss Peavey with an indignant glance at the secretary. "Mr. Baxter does not understand the sensitive poetic temperament."

"A bit earthy, eh?" said Psmith tolerantly. "A trifle unspiritual? So I thought, so I thought. One of these strong, hard men of affairs, I shouldn't wonder."

"Shall we go and find Lord Emsworth, Mr. McTodd?" said Miss Peavey, dismissing the fermenting Baxter with a scornful look. "He wandered off just now. I suppose he is among his flowers. Flowers are very beautiful by night."

"Indeed, yes," said Psmith. "And also by day. When I am surrounded by flowers a sort of divine peace floods over me, and the rough, harsh world seems far away. I feel soothed, tranquil. I sometimes think, Miss Peavey, that flowers must be the souls of little children who have died in their innocence."

"What a beautiful thought, Mr. McTodd!" exclaimed Miss Peavey.

"Yes," agreed Psmith. "Don't pinch it. It's copyright."

The darkness swallowed them up. Lady Constance turned to the Efficient Baxter, who was brooding with furrowed brow.

"Charming, is he not?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said I thought Mr. McTodd was charming."

"Oh, quite!"

"Completely unspoiled."

"Oh, decidedly!"

"I am so glad that he was able to come, after all. That telegram he sent this afternoon canceling his visit seemed so curt."

"So I thought it."

"Almost as if he had taken offense at something and decided to have nothing to do with us."

"Quite!"

(Continued on Page 92)

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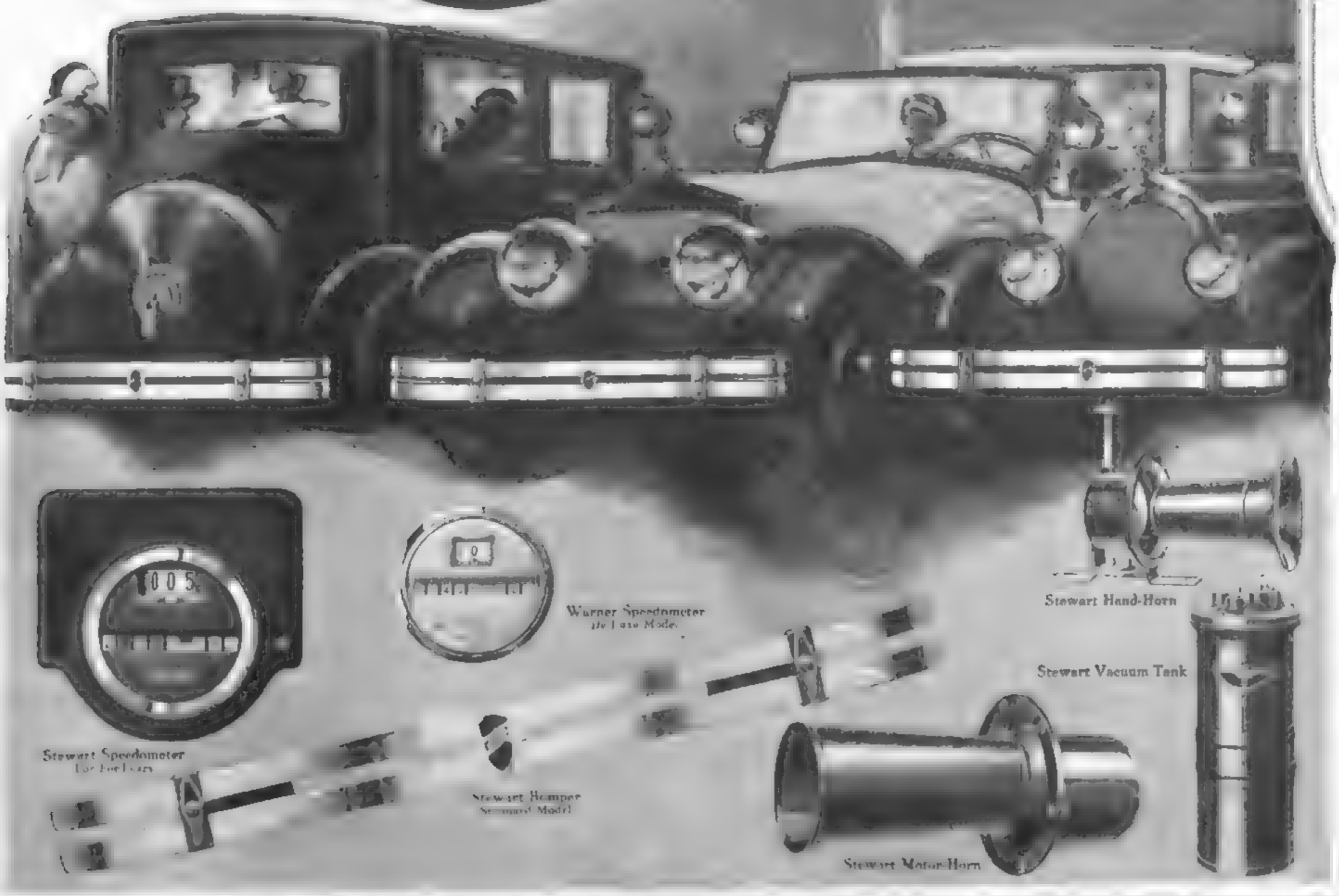

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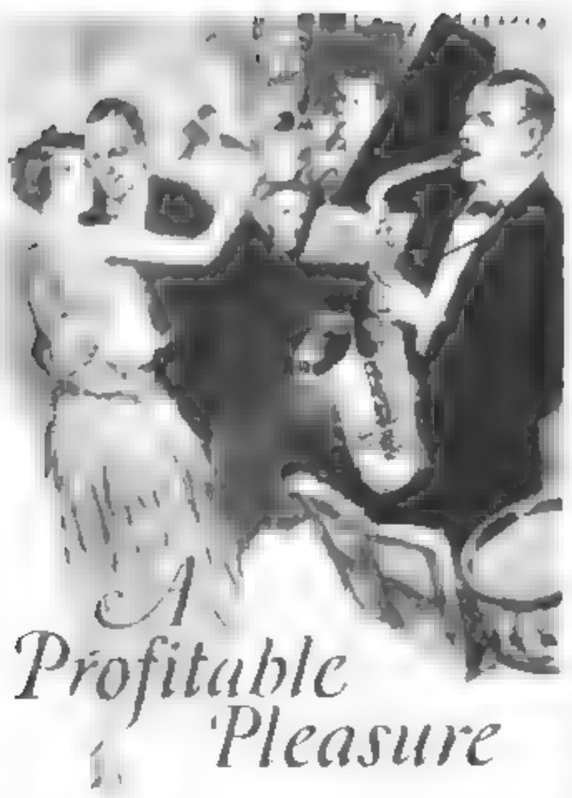

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(Continued from Page 89)

Lady Constance shivered delicately. A cool breeze had sprung up. She drew her wrap more closely about her shapely shoulders and began to walk to the house. Baxter did not accompany her. The moment she had gone he switched off the light and sat down, chin in hand. That massive brain was working hard.

CHAPTER VIII

"MISS HALLIDAY," announced the Efficient Baxter, removing another letter from its envelope and submitting it to a swift, keen scrutiny, "arrives at about three today. She is catching the 12:50 train."

He placed the letter on the pile beside his plate, and having decapitated an egg peered sharply into its interior as if hoping to surprise guilty secrets. For it was the breakfast hour, and the members of the house party, scattered up and down the long table, were fortifying their tissues against another day. An agreeable scent of bacon floated over the scene like a benediction.

Lord Emsworth looked up from the seed catalogue in which he was immersed. For some time past his enjoyment of the meal had been marred by a vague sense of something missing, and now he knew what it was.

"Coffee!" he said, not violently but in the voice of a good man oppressed. "I want coffee! Why have I no coffee? Constance, my dear, I should have coffee. Why have I none?"

"I'm sure I gave you some," said Lady Constance, brightly presiding over the beverages at the other end of the table.

"Then where is it?" demanded his lordship clinchingly.

Baxter—almost regretfully, it seemed—gave the egg a clean bill of health and turned in his able way to cope with this domestic problem.

"Your coffee is behind the catalogue you are reading, Lord Emsworth. You propped the catalogue against your cup."

"Did I? Did I? Why, so I did! Bless my soul!" His lordship, relieved, took an invigorating sip. "What were you saying just then, my dear fellow?"

"I have had a letter from Miss Halliday," said Baxter. "She writes that she is catching the 12:50 train at Paddington, which means that she should arrive at Market Blandings at about three."

"Who," asked Miss Peavey in a low, thrilling voice, ceasing for a moment to peck at her plate of kedgeree, "is Miss Halliday?"

"The exact question I was about to ask myself," said Lord Emsworth. "Baxter, my dear fellow, who is Miss Halliday?"

Baxter, with a stifled sigh, was about to refresh his employer's memory when Psmith anticipated him. Psmith had been consuming toast and marmalade with his customary languid grace, and up till now had firmly checked all attempts to engage him in conversation.

"Miss Halliday," he said, "is a very old and valued friend of mine. We two have, so to speak, pulled the gowans fine. I had been hoping to hear that she had been sighted on the horizon."

The effect of these words on two of the company was somewhat remarkable. Baxter, hearing them, gave such a violent start that he spilled half the contents of his cup; and Freddie, who had been flitting like a butterfly among the dishes on the sideboard, and had just decided to help himself to scrambled eggs, deposited a liberal spoonful on the carpet, where it was found and salvaged a moment later by Lady Constance's spaniel.

Psmith did not observe these phenomena, for he had returned to his toast and marmalade. He thus missed encountering perhaps the keenest glance that had ever come through Rupert Baxter's spectacles. It was not a protracted glance, but while it lasted it was like the ray from an oxy-acetylene blowpipe.

"A friend of yours?" said Lord Emsworth. "Indeed? Of course, Baxter, I remember now. Miss Halliday is the young lady who is coming to catalogue the library."

"What a delightful task!" cooed Miss Peavey. "To live among the stored-up thoughts of dead and gone genius!"

"You had better go down and meet her, my dear fellow," said Lord Emsworth. "At the station, you know," he continued, clarifying his meaning. "She will be glad to see you."

"I was about to suggest it myself," said Psmith.

"Though why the library needs cataloguing," said his lordship, returning to a problem which still vexed his soul when he had leisure to give a thought to it, "I can't—however ——"

He finished his coffee and rose from the table. A stray shaft of sunlight had fallen provocatively on his bald head, and sunshine always made him restive.

"Are you going to your flowers, Lord Emsworth?" asked Miss Peavey.

"Eh? What? Yes. Oh, yes. Going to have a look at those lobelias."

"I will accompany you, if I may," said Psmith.

"Eh? Why, certainly, certainly!"

"I have always held," said Psmith, "that there is no finer tonic than a good look at a lobelia immediately after breakfast. Doctors, I believe, recommend it."

"Oh, I say," said Freddie hastily as he reached the door, "can I have a couple of words with you a bit later on?"

"A thousand if you wish it," said Psmith. "You will find me somewhere out there in the great open spaces where men are men."

He included the entire company in a benevolent smile, and left the room.

"How charming he is!" sighed Miss Peavey. "Don't you think so, Mr. Baxter?"

The Efficient Baxter seemed for a moment to find some difficulty in replying.

"Oh, very," he said, but not heartily.

"And such a soul! It shines on that wonderful brow of his, doesn't it?"

"He has a good forehead," said Lady Constance. "But I wish he wouldn't wear his hair so short. Somehow it makes him seem unlike a poet."

Freddie, alarmed, swallowed a mouthful of scrambled egg.

"Oh, he's a poet all right!" he said hastily.

"Well, really, Freddie," said Lady Constance, piqued, "I think we hardly need you to tell us that."

"No, no, of course. But what I mean is, in spite of his wearing his hair short, you know."

"I ventured to speak to him of that yesterday," said Miss Peavey, "and he said he rather expected to be wearing it even shorter very soon."

"Freddie!" cried Lady Constance with asperity. "What are you doing?"

A brown lake of tea was filling the portion of the tablecloth immediately opposite the Hon. Frederick Threepwood. Like the Efficient Baxter a few minutes before, sudden emotion had caused him to upset his cup.

II

THE scrutiny of his lordship's lobelias had palled upon Psmith at a fairly early stage in the proceedings, and he was sitting on the terrace wall enjoying a meditative cigarette when Freddie found him.

"Ah, Comrade Threepwood," said Psmith, "welcome to Blandings Castle! You said something about wishing to have speech with me, if I remember rightly?"

The Honorable Freddie cast a nervous glance about him and seated himself on the wall.

"I say," he said, "I wish you wouldn't say things like that."

"Like what, Comrade Threepwood?"

"What you said to the Peavey woman."

"I recollect having a refreshing chat with Miss Peavey yesterday afternoon," said Psmith, "but I cannot recall saying anything calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty. What observation of mine was it that meets with your censure?"

"Why, that stuff about expecting to wear your hair shorter. If you're going to go about saying that sort of thing—well, dash it, you might just as well give the whole bally show away at once and have done with it!"

Psmith nodded gravely.

"Your generous heat, Comrade Threepwood, is not unjustified. It was undoubtedly an error of judgment. If I have a fault—which I am not prepared to admit—it is a perhaps ungentlemanly desire to pull that curious female's leg. A stronger man than myself might well find it hard to battle against the temptation. However, now that you have called it to my notice, it shall not occur again. In future I will moderate the persiflage. Cheer up, therefore, Comrade Threepwood, and let us see that merry smile of yours, of which I hear such good reports."

The appeal failed to alleviate Freddie's gloom. He smote morosely at a fly which had settled on his furrowed brow.

"I'm getting as jumpy as a cat," he said.

"Fight against this unmanly weakness," urged Psmith. "As far as I can see, everything is going along nicely."

"I'm not so sure. I believe that blighter Baxter suspects something."

"What do you think he suspects?"

"Why, that there's something fishy about you."

Psmith winced.

"I would be infinitely obliged to you, Comrade Threepwood, if you would not use that particular adjective. It awakens old memories, all very painful. But let us go more deeply into this matter, for you interest me strangely. Why do you think that cheery old Baxter, a delightful personality if ever I met one, suspects me?"

"It's the way he looks at you."

"I know what you mean, but I attribute no importance to it. As far as I have been able to ascertain during my brief visit, he looks at everybody and everything in precisely the same way. Only last night at dinner I observed him glaring with keen mistrust at about as blameless and innocent a plate of clear soup as was ever dished up. He then proceeded to get outside it with envious enjoyment. So possibly you are all wrong about his motive for looking at me like that. It may be admiration."

"Well, I don't like it."

"Nor, from an æsthetic point of view, do I. But we must bear these things manfully. We must remind ourselves that it is Baxter's misfortune rather than his fault that he looks like a dyspeptic lizard."

Freddie was not to be consoled. His gloom deepened.

"And it isn't only Baxter."

"What else is on your mind?"

"The whole atmosphere of the place is getting rummy, if you know what I mean." He bent towards Psmith and whispered pallidly, "I say, I believe that new housemaid is a detective!"

Psmith eyed him patiently.

"Which new housemaid, Comrade Threepwood? Brooding, as I do, pretty tensely all the time on deep and wonderful subjects, I have little leisure to keep tab on the domestic staff. Is there a new housemaid?"

"Yes. Susan her name is."

"Susan? Susan? That sounds all right. Just the name a real housemaid would have."

"Did you ever," demanded Freddie earnestly, "see a real housemaid sweep under a bureau?"

"Does she?"

"Caught her at it in my room this morning."

"But isn't it a trifle far-fetched to imagine that she is a detective? Why should she be a detective?"

"Well, I've seen such a dashed lot of films where the housemaid or the parlor maid or what not were detectives. Makes a fellow uneasy."

"Fortunately," said Psmith, "there is no necessity to remain in a state of doubt. I can give you an unfailing method by means of which you may discover if she is what she would have us believe her."

"What's that?"

"Kiss her."

"Kiss her!"

"Precisely! Go to her and say, 'Susan, you're a very pretty girl ——'"

"But she isn't."

"We will assume, for purposes of argument, that she is. Go to her and say, 'Susan, you are a very pretty girl. What would you do if I were to kiss you?' If she is a detective she will reply, 'How dare you, sir?'—or possibly more simply, 'Sir!' Whereas if she is the genuine housemaid I believe her to be, and only sweeps under bureaus out of pure zeal, she will giggle and remark, 'Oh, don't be silly, sir!' You appreciate the distinction?"

"How do you know?"

"My grandmother told me, Comrade Threepwood. My advice to you, if the state of doubt you are in is affecting your enjoyment of life, is to put the matter to the test at the earliest convenient opportunity."

"I'll think it over," said Freddie dubiously.

Silence fell upon him for a space, and Psmith was well content to have it so. He had no specific need of Freddie's prattle to help him enjoy the pleasant sunshine and the scent of Angus McAllister's innumerable flowers. Presently, however, his

(Continued on Page 95)

Even Potatoes to Farmers—
THE MULTIGRAPH Will Sell Anything to Anybody

The average man might hesitate before he tried to sell potatoes by mail, and he probably would pause and consider quite a while before he tried to sell them to farmers; but not so a Multigraph user. He knows that "the Multigraph will sell anything," and so he takes no counsel of his fears—he just goes ahead and sells potatoes.

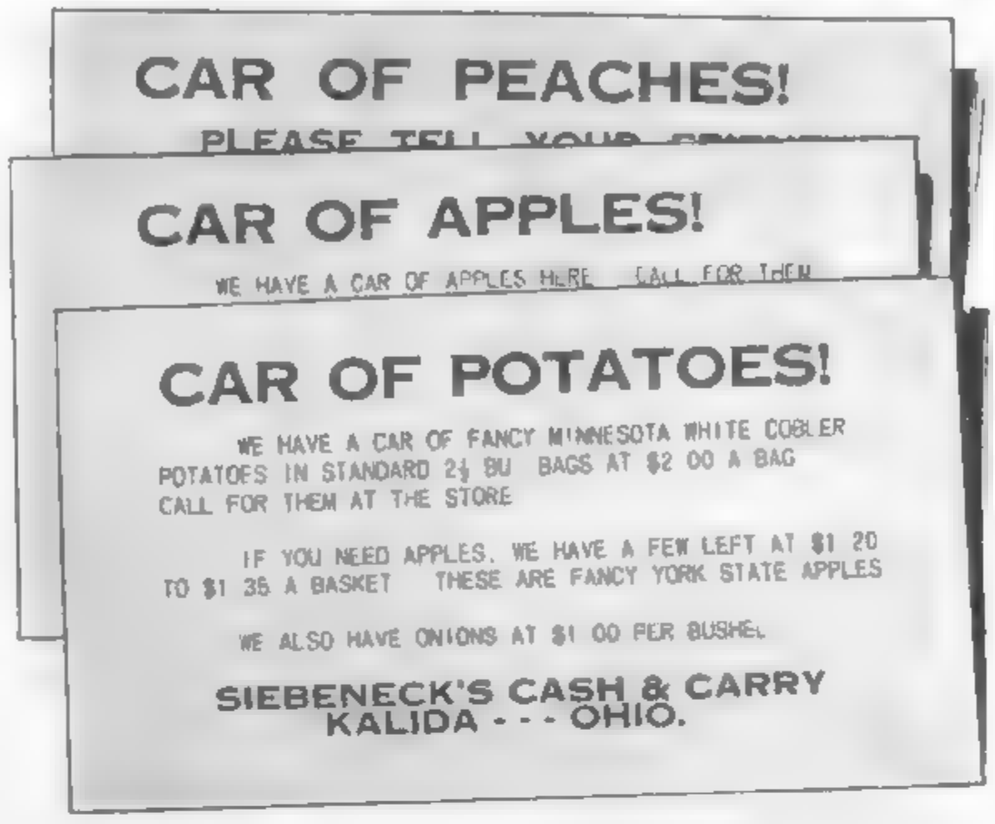
There is a business down in Kalida, Ohio (town of seven hundred people, no railroad), that grows every year, and it is one of the most remarkable illustrations we know of what good merchandising, and Direct Mail, and the Multigraph, will accomplish.

The mails have enlarged the market of this business to a point where the *original inventory has increased twenty times in five years.* The whole countryside goes out of its way to deal with this store because of the selling it does *through the mails.*

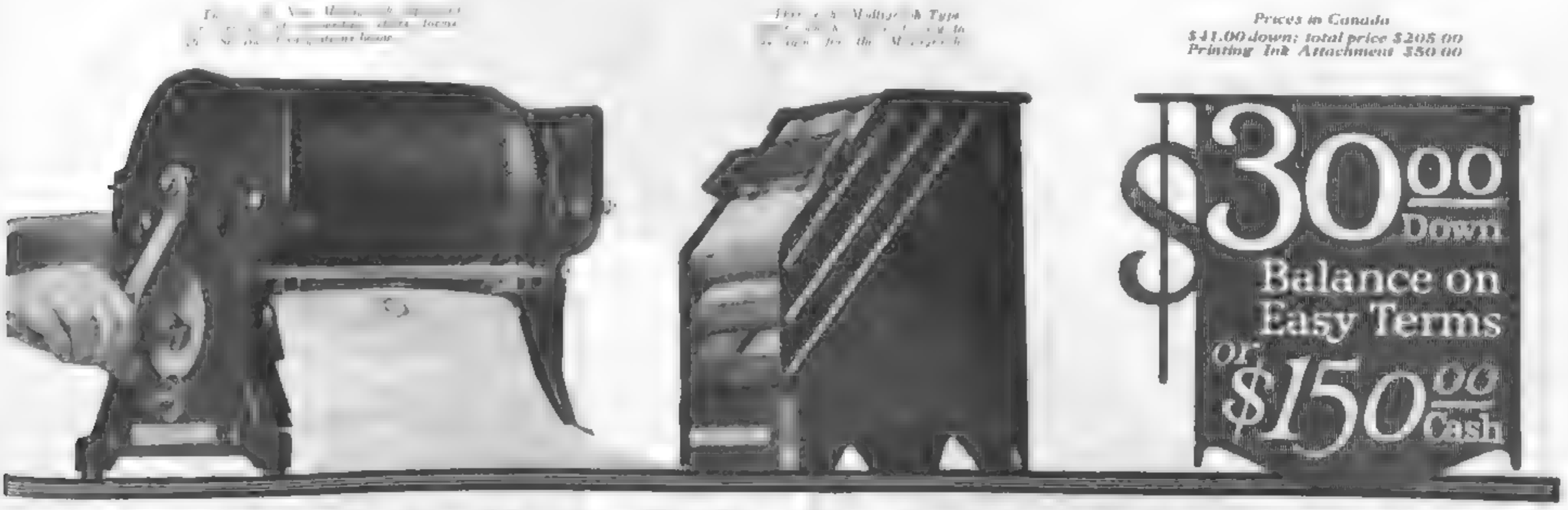
Bear in mind that this store deals with farmers almost exclusively, and then read what Mr. William Siebeneck, its owner, has to say: "I have worked up a big business by mail advertising during the last five years, but only recently have I been fortunate enough to own a Multigraph. Since that time I have sold two cars of peaches, a car of potatoes, and a car of apples. Business is good."

This store sells groceries, boots and shoes, dry-goods and notions, shelf hardware, jewelry and silverware. It competes with other local stores, and with the great mail-order houses. And it finds a profit in this competition.

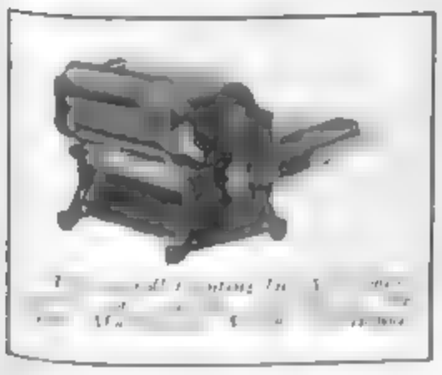
Last spring it changed over from a credit business to a strictly cash basis, and Direct Mail education of the market made it possible. Not only did business keep up, after the change (how many times have you heard that you *must* do a credit business with the farmer?), but sales actually increased more than 25% over the best year under the credit plan. Clean sales, no bad debts—and profits in the business or in the bank, instead of just in figures on the books! A new respect for the customer!


CAR OF PEACHES!
CAR OF APPLES!
WE HAVE A CAR OF APPLES HERE CALL FOR THEM
CAR OF POTATOES!
WE HAVE A CAR OF FANCY MINNESOTA WHITE COBLER POTATOES IN STANDARD 2½ BU BAGS AT $2 00 A BAG CALL FOR THEM AT THE STORE
IF YOU NEED APPLES, WE HAVE A FEW LEFT AT $1 20 TO $1 35 A BASKET THESE ARE FANCY YORK STATE APPLES
WE ALSO HAVE ONIONS AT $1 00 PER BUSHEL
SIEBENECK'S CASH & CARRY
KALIDA - - - OHIO.

Where is there a better constructive business story than this? And where will you find a business that has, seemingly, a smaller opportunity for growth and profit? Do you wonder that we insist on the selling value of the Multigraph? Honestly, don't you think you ought to hear about what the Multigraph can do for *you*, for *your* business? The coupon will bring you a quick answer.



THE NEW MULTIGRAPH



Multigraph Users

Agencies	Druggists	Laundries
Banks	Dyers	Libraries
Brokers	Electricians	Lumber
Builders	Florists	Dealers
Butchers	General	Lodges
Churches	Stores	Opticians
Cigar Dealers	Grocers	Packers
Clothiers	Hotels	Painters
Clubs	Jewelers	Plumbers
Dairies	Ice	Publishers
	Companies	Schools, etc.

Multigraph Uses

Bulletins	House Organs	Price Lists
Booklets	Imprinting	Sales Letters
Blotters	Invoices	Stationery
Circulars	Labels	Statements
Dodgers	Letter Heads	System Forms
Delivery	Memo Pads	Stickers
Slips	Mailing Cards	Special
Envelopes	Notices	Notices
Folders	Office Forms	Tags
Form	Order Blanks	Time Cards
Letters	Post Cards	Wrappers, etc

The American Multigraph Sales Co.,
1800 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

I would like [illegible] the New Multigraph [illegible] booklet to the [illegible]

Name

Street

City

Some telephones you may never have heard of

IN the clouds or in the depths of the earth, men will always need to talk together—and there are telephones which enable them to do it.

Not the familiar instrument on your desk or wall. Special needs have demanded special types. To help develop these, a skill gained in 46 years of making telephones has been called into play.

Western Electric is the oldest and largest manufacturer of telephones in the world.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

IT HELPED WIN THE WAR. Telephones like this played an important part in reporting enemy movements along the Western front. For peace or war, the opportunity of airplane telephones to render real service, helps to make our job of producing them an interesting one.

PUMPS OUT OF ORDER." An emergency call from a mile below ground. The mine telephone has warned in time to prevent many a disaster. Western Electric people like to think of this help when they are making the instruments.

STALLED A HUNDRED MILES FROM NOWHERE. Conductor tapping in on the wires with a portable telephone, to call for help. Used by track inspectors, too, to report washouts, here is another Western Electric product which is saving lives.

LIKE SPEAKING TWO FEET AWAY. Every syllable loud and distinct. The Public Address System makes it possible for speakers to talk to tens of thousands. This remarkable product of the inventor's genius and the manufacturer's skill carries a whisper for blocks

(Continued from Page 92)

companion was off again. But now there was a different note in his voice. Alarm seemed to have given place to something which appeared to be embarrassment. He coughed several times, and his neatly shod feet, writhing in self-conscious circles, scraped against the wall.

"I say!"

"You have our ear once more, Comrade Threepwood," said Psmith politely.

"I say, what I really came out here to talk about was something else. I say, are you really a pal of Miss Halliday's?"

"Assuredly! Why?"

"I say!" A rosy blush mantled the Honorable Freddie's young cheek. "I say, I wish you would put in a word for me, then."

"Put in a word for you?"

I reflected.

"I love her, Psmith!"

"A noble emotion," said Psmith courteously. "When did you feel this coming on?"

"I've been in love with her for months. But she won't look at me."

"That, of course," agreed Psmith, "must be a disadvantage. I am a child in these matters, but I should imagine that that would stick the gaff into the course of true love to no small extent."

"I mean, won't take me seriously and all that. Laughs at me, don't you know, when I propose. What would you do?"

"I should stop proposing," said Psmith, having given the matter thought.

"But I can't."

"Tut, tut!" said Psmith severely. "And, in case the expression is new to you, what I mean is pooh-pooh! You mustn't let what is, after all, a mere habit get a mastery over you. You must struggle, you must use your will power. Say to yourself, 'From now on I will not start proposing until after lunch.' That done, it will be an easy step to do no proposing during the afternoon. And by degrees you will find that you can give it up altogether. The first proposal of the day is the really hard one to drop. Once you have conquered the impulse for the after-breakfast proposal, the rest will be easy."

"I believe she thinks me a mere butterfly," said Freddie, who had not been listening to this most valuable homily.

Psmith slid down from the wall and stretched himself.

"Why," he said, "are butterflies so often described as mere? I have heard them so called a hundred times, and I cannot understand the reason. . . . Well, it would, no doubt, be both interesting and improving to go into the problem, but at this point, Comrade Threepwood, I leave you. I would brood."

"Yes, but I say, will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Put in a word for me."

"If," said Psmith, "the subject crops up in the course of the chitchat, I shall be delighted to spread myself with no little vim on the theme of your fine qualities."

He melted away into the shrubbery just in time to avoid Miss Peavey, who broke in on Freddie's meditations a moment later and kept him company till lunch.

III

THE 12:50 train drew up with a grinding of brakes at the platform of Market Blandings, and Psmith, who had been whiling away the time of waiting by squandering money which he could ill afford on the slot machine which supplied butterscotch, turned and submitted it to a grave scrutiny. Eve Halliday got out of a third-class compartment.

"Welcome to our village, Miss Halliday," said Psmith, advancing.

Eve regarded him with frank astonishment.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Lord Emsworth was kind enough to suggest that, as we were such old friends, I should come down in the car and meet you."

"Are we old friends?"

"Surely! Have you forgotten all those happy days in London?"

"There was only one."

"True! But think how many meetings we crammed into it."

"Are you staying at the castle?"

"Yes; and what is more, I am the life and soul of the party. Have you anything in the shape of luggage?"

"I nearly always take luggage when I am going to stay a month or so in the country. It's at the back somewhere."

"I will look after it. You will find the car outside. If you care to go and sit in it, I will join you in a moment. And lest the time hangs heavy on your hands, take this Butterscotch. Delicious and, so I understand, wholesome. I bought it specially for you."

A few minutes later, having arranged for the trunk to be taken to the castle, Psmith emerged from the station and found Eve drinking in the beauties of the town of Market Blandings.

"What a delightful old place!" she said as they drove off. "I almost wish I lived here."

"During the brief period of my stay at the castle," said Psmith, "the same thought has occurred to me. It is the sort of place where one feels that one could gladly settle down into a peaceful retirement and grow a honey-colored beard." He looked at her with solemn admiration. "Women are wonderful," he said.

"And why, Mister Bones, are women wonderful?" asked Eve.

"I was thinking at the moment of your appearance. You have just stepped off the train after a four-hour journey, and you are as fresh and blooming as—if I may coin a simile—a rose. How do you do it? When I arrived I was deep in alluvial deposits, and have only just managed to scrape them off."

"When did you arrive?"

"On the evening of the day on which I met you."

"But it's so extraordinary! That you should be here, I mean. I was wondering if I should ever see you again." I [illegible] colored a little at [illegible] rather hurriedly. "I mean it seems so strange that we should always be meeting like this."

"Fate, probably," said Psmith. "I hope it isn't going to spoil your visit?"

"Oh, no."

"I could have done with a trifle more emphasis on the last word," said Psmith gently. "Forgive me for criticizing your methods of voice production, but surely you can see how much better it would have sounded, spoken thus, 'Oh, *no!*'"

Eve laughed.

"Very well, then," she said, "Oh, *no!*"

"Much better!" said Psmith. "Much better!"

He began to see that it was going to be difficult to introduce a eulogy of the Hon. Freddie Threepwood into this conversation.

"I'm very glad you're here," said Eve, resuming the talk after a slight pause. "Because, as a matter of fact, I'm feeling just the least bit nervous."

"Nervous?"

"This is my first visit to a place of this size."

The car had turned in at the big stone gates and they were bowling smoothly up the winding drive. Through an avenue of trees to the right the great bulk of the castle had just appeared, gray and imposing against the sky. The afternoon sun glittered on the lake beyond it.

"Is everything very stately?"

"Not at all. We are very homely folk, we of Blandings Castle. We go about, simple and unaffected, dropping gracious words all over the place. Lord Emsworth didn't overawe you, did he?"

"Oh, he's a dear! And, of course, I know Freddie quite well."

Psmith nodded. If she knew Freddie quite well there was naturally no need to talk about him. He did not talk about him, therefore.

"Have you known Lord Emsworth long?" asked Eve.

"I met him for the first time the day I met you."

"Good gracious!" Eve stared. "And he invited you to the castle?"

Psmith smoothed his waistcoat.

"Strange, I agree. One can only account for it, can one not, by supposing that I radiate some extraordinary attraction? Have you noticed it?"

"No!"

"No?" said Psmith, surprised. "Ah, well," he went on tolerantly, "no doubt it will flash upon you quite unexpectedly sooner or later. Like a thunderbolt or something."

"I think you're terribly conceited."

"Not at all," said Psmith. "Conceited? No, no! Success has not spoiled me."

"Have you had any success?"

"None whatever." The car stopped. "We get down here," said Psmith, opening the door.

"Here? Why?"

(Continued on Page 97)

Why build a dark cellar when for the same cost you can have a modern daylight basement?

Double Daylight for Your Basement

Truscon Steel Basement Windows make your basement light, airy, and cheerful, pleasant and livable. Besides they never stick, leak nor need repairs. They are easy to open and close, and lock automatically. These trim, attractive windows are now used in thousands of modern homes and apartments, both large and small. Ask your dealer. If he doesn't have them, write us for name of dealer in your neighborhood.

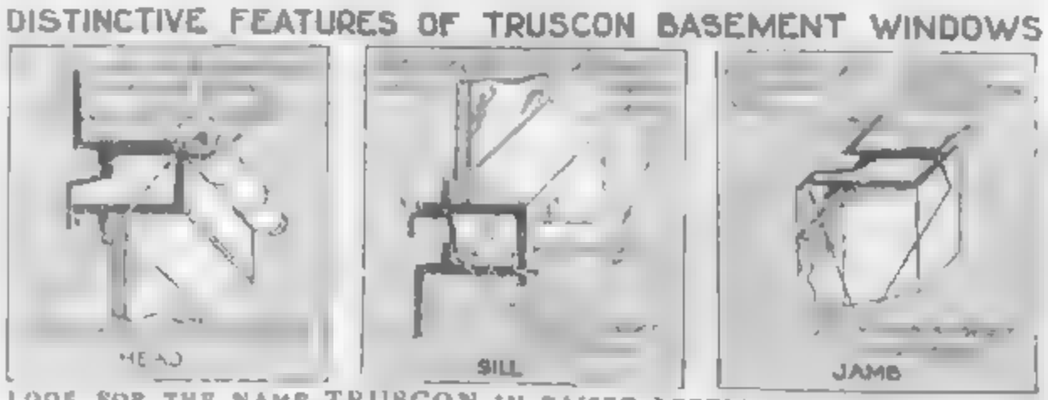
Clip This Coupon Now

TRUSCON STEEL CO., YOUNGSTOWN, O.

Price Everywhere $4.30 Small Size $4.70 Large Size

For Sale by Lumber, Hardware, and Building Supply Dealers

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF TRUSCON BASEMENT WINDOWS



LOOK FOR THE NAME TRUSCON IN RAISED LETTERS ON EACH WINDOW

TRUSCON STEEL BASEMENT WINDOWS

From the most critical group in America to people the country over

$1.00 *a pound for* ROMANCE SELECTIONS. *If your dealer can't supply you send us his name and address and $1.00 and we will send you a box postpaid*

THAT box of candy you give—how can you always be sure it is "right"?

Here, at last, is your opportunity to make a gift that has become the choice of the most critical group in America.

Some years ago a new candy was put on the market in a small way. A few boxes were sold. And then a remarkable thing happened. Calls began to come in. They came in increasing numbers. People were telling their friends, were giving the new candy as gifts.

Today Romance Chocolates can be offered to a wider public—to every one of the hundreds of thousands who stand before candy counters wondering which box to choose.

Your confectioner or your druggist has Romance Chocolates. New flavors from exclusive recipes! Creamy chocolate coatings over meaty nuts and luscious fruit and cream centers! All compounded from the finest ingredients. They range from 80c to $1.50 a pound. Cox Confectionery Company, East Boston, Mass.

4 Selections from fifteen other Romance packages. Delicious nuts, fruit flavored creams in the most delicious centers.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

(Continued from Page 95)

"Because if we go up to the house you will infallibly be pounced on and set to work by one Baxter—a delightful fellow but a whale for toil. I propose to conduct you on a tour round the grounds, and then we will go for a row on the lake. You will enjoy that."

"You seem to have mapped out my future for me."

"I have," said Psmith with emphasis, and in the monocled eye that met hers Eve detected so beaming a glance of esteem and admiration that she retreated warily into herself and endeavored to be frigid.

"I'm afraid I haven't time to wander about the grounds," she said aloofly. "I must be going and seeing Mr. Baxter."

"Baxter," said Psmith, "is not one of the natural beauties of the place. Time enough to see him when you are compelled to. We are now in the southern pleasance or the west home park or something. Note the refined way the deer are cropping the grass."

"I haven't time ——"

"Leaving the pleasance on our left, we proceed to the northern messuage. The dandelions were imported from Egypt by the ninth earl."

"Well, anyhow," said Eve mutinously, "I won't come on the lake."

"You will enjoy the lake," said Psmith. "The newts are of the famous old Blandings strain. They were introduced, together with the water beetles, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Lord Emsworth, of course, holds manorial rights over the mosquito swatting."

Eve was a girl of high and haughty spirit, and as such strongly resented being appropriated and having her movements directed by one who, in spite of his specious claims, was almost a stranger. But somehow she found her companion's placid assumption of authority hard to resist. Almost meekly she accompanied him through meadow and shrubbery, over velvet lawns and past gleaming flower beds, and her indignation evaporated as her eyes absorbed the beauty of it all.

She gave a little sigh. If Market Blandings had seemed a place in which one might dwell happily, Blandings Castle was a paradise.

"Before us now," said Psmith, "lies the celebrated yew alley, so called from the yews which hem it in. Speaking in my capacity of guide to the estate, I may say that when we have turned this next corner you will see a most remarkable sight."

And they did. Before them, as they passed in under the boughs of an aged tree, lay a green vista, faintly dappled with stray shafts of sunshine. In the middle of this vista the Hon. Frederick Threepwood was embracing a young woman in the dress of a housemaid.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Poets' Corner

The Road to Nowhere

IN WINTER eves at twilight, when all the winds are still,
I know a road to follow beyond the farthest hill;
With sycamores to mark it and woodbine hanging low,
And partridge berries russet where slim young poplars grow;
A little road to nowhere that skirts the river's edge,
And winds a skein of silver when snow is on the sedge.

A little road to nowhere, but few have found the trail
Past thickets of the wild plum and birches tall and pale;
But winding quite sedately, the little road runs on
Past many a cozy farmhouse whose windows snare the sun;
Past fields where sheep are feeding at ricks of meadow hay,
And cattle wending homeward before the close of day.

And high against the crimson sky the evergreens are tossed
Above the graying marble slabs whose very names are lost
Beneath the lichens' creeping mold. The willow's wintry tears
Fall down upon the quiet tombs of those old pioneers.
And fields they cleared have gone to brush, and forests grown again,
And highways veered and left them here in solitude again.

Along the road to nowhere that rambles as it will
Life makes unerring chronicle of human good and ill;
For never road is so remote that love will find no way,
Between the winter snowdrifts or under skies of May;
And never yet so narrow the trail upon the heath
As turns the grim, dark horseman, the rider we call Death.

And though it leads to nowhere, the little road I love,
Its ending lost forever in haunt of brier and dove,
When days and dreams forsake me and fretful fears possess,
I follow where it leads me, beyond my storm and stress;
With ever in my heart the dream at journey's end there'll be
A shining light along the way that love has set for me.

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

When the Winds Halloo

WHEN the winds halloo through the heaving trees,
And the great gray leaves whish by,
When the sun is a sick and silver wound
On the breast of a storming sky,
When the cheeks are nipped with a puckering chill,
Then out from the coddling door
To the breathless swivet that roughs the hill—
For Autumn is lord once more!

Though out of the wind-belabored clouds
The great drops patter and rush,
And the black boughs creak and crumble and crash
In the route of the brooding hush,
There's a cordial slap and a rude caress
On the stinging rain-drenched cheek:
There's an end to the stirless loneliness
When Autumn begins to speak!

Then blow till the prickly crests are bare,
And the last late leaf is gone;
For this is the hour when the drowsy heart
Has tumult to feed upon.
Winter is dull and icily chill—
But the soul grows great in the roar
Of the raw blast bugling across the hill
That Autumn is lord once more!

—*Clement Wood.*

To an Old Waltz Song

YOU bring so many pictures back to me,
Dim pictures from the Land of Long Ago,
Sweet pictures from a land I used to know.
You bring a chain of memories; I see
A garden, in the moonlight, and a lake
With stars reflected in it; and I hear
Love's whisper in the dusk, when night is near,
When song birds sleep, and old romances wake!

So many pictures: Golden candle glow,
Across the darkness of a polished floor,
A hand, against the panel of the door,
Slim fingers, pausing, seeming loath to go!
A mirror with a vision in its heart
That years of emptiness cannot erase,
Warm firelight upon a well-loved face—
An old waltz song that tears my soul apart!

I wonder if the laughing dancers dream
That old-time songs can bless a weary soul!
That tiny notes of music may make whole
Life's very fabric! Does your music seem
As frail and pretty to their youthful ears,
As it once seemed to mine? And can they know
That you hold fragments from the long ago—
Dim pictures woven out of smiles—and tears?

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE SHINGLE THAT *NEVER* CURLS

The Safe, Beautiful, Economical Roof for Your Home!

"THE shingle that never curls" is made of Carey asphalt-saturated-and-coated felt, and surfaced with attractive, fadeless, Indian red, sage green or blue-black crushed slate.

The slate provides a splendid spark-proof protection against wind-blown embers.

The safety of Carey Asfaltslate Shingles against every other natural enemy is equally remarkable.

Carey Asfaltslate Shingles cost practically the same as ordinary shingles. They are also inexpensive to lay and they do not require heavy roof support.

Carey Ready Roofings, Wallboard and Shingles are on sale at lumber and building supply dealers', and Carey Built-up Asphalt roofs are applied by reliable contract roofers everywhere. Ask your dealer first; if he cannot supply you, write us.

THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY
Dept. G, Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio

Carey
ASFALTSLATE
SHINGLES

THE FILM GUILD INC. presents

GLENN HUNTER in 'SECOND FIDDLE'

Written and directed by FRANK TUTTLE
Photographed and supervised by FRED WALLER JR.

a TUTTLE WALLER PRODUCTION

Romance stalked through Jim's life o' dreams!

EVERY spark that flew from Jim's anvil lighted up a new corner of the Land of Romance where Jim dwelt—in his fancy! Where proud toreadors fought for the favor of fair Castilian beauties, where soft music blended with a softer moonlight.

In stern reality, though, Jim was playing "Second Fiddle" to his college-bred brother, who had usurped his room, sent him to the attic to sleep, taken possession of his jitney, and, as a last blow, had apparently stolen his girl!

But the day of reckoning came—a day when Jim suddenly found that a "Second Fiddle" could strike a note of true heroism at which his own family stood spellbound!

Glenn Hunter plays the part of "Jim"—plays it with all the finish that is making his "Merton of the Movies" one of the masterly creations of the present-day spoken stage.

You can see Glenn Hunter in "Second Fiddle" by asking the manager of your nearest motion picture house to show it on his screen. Tell him that it is a Film Guild picture and therefore of the better kind.

NOTE:

As an evidence of the earnestness with which the Film Guild has entered upon [illegible] "The Scarecrow," is announced as the third production, to follow "The Lap of Luxury".

HODKINSON PICTURES

469 Fifth Avenue, New York

A LATIN CROMWELL

(Continued from Page 25)

tell the story of Benito Mussolini and his Fascisti—the amazing tale of the Fascists and Fascismo.

Benito Mussolini is a man of forty or thereabouts, swarthy, broad-shouldered, thick-chested and not more than five feet eight inches tall. His face is smooth shaven and the cheeks of it show the strength and blackness of his beard, having that purplish tinge beneath the skin that is often seen in men of the Latin races. His face is a squarish face, with a jaw that is prominent and dominant. His eyes are black and brilliant and his eyelids heavy. He has a manner of half closing his eyes, peering out between the heavy lids for a space, and then opening them wide and looking with piercing directness at the person with whom he is talking. He is partially bald. He is quick in his movements, staccato in his speech, fervid and eloquent if it suits him, or emphatically laconic. He has himself in hand, uses not so many gestures as his countrymen usually do, and his voice is pleasant to the ear, although he makes it harsh and strident on occasion.

His whole impression is one of hard determination, audacity, sure knowledge of self, and a cynical view of all things connected with the old order. At times he seems theatrical, at times he is given to pose. He acts in public if it pleases him, but when the situation needs it he is cold, hard and sternly businesslike. He is an egoist, naturally—a blacksmith's son and a laborer who has come to be dictator of his native country—why not? And he is a politician also. Witness his masterful bearing when mastery was needed, his vehemence when vehemence was required, his skillful and excitant assaults on the old order and what he terms senilism in politics, his appeal to the idealism of youth, and his upholding of the monarchy as a fit and necessary symbol. He may be an amateur at the practice of politics, but he knows the processes.

Mussolini is the son of a blacksmith in the region of Romagna, to the north, and was born in poverty. His father was a socialist, and the boy, Benito, who was wild, aggressive, a fighter and a forayer, learned socialism from his father, and sought to spread the faith with his fists and his fierce declamation among the neighbors. He made his living as a laborer until difficulties with the authorities made it expedient for him to go to Switzerland, and in that country he followed the ordinary course of political expatriates and started a revolutionary newspaper. Switzerland expelled him, and he managed to get back to Italy, where his skill both as an orator and as a writer soon gave him a commanding position in Italian socialism, and presently made him editor of Avanti, the leading organ of socialism in that country. He was editor of Avanti when the war began.

The Wave of Antinationalism

Mussolini did not hold with his fellow socialists concerning the war. He was neither pacifist nor internationalist. He was an Italian, loved his country, desired her greatness in the world, and he cut loose from all socialists and socialism, renounced all his former affiliations and beliefs, denounced his colleagues as foes to their country and enemies of the people, and turned, with all the intensity of his nature, to the advocacy of intervention by Italy in the war, holding that this was the only manner in which Italy could realize her national aspirations or gain her rightful national position. He founded a newspaper called Popolo d'Italia, and filled it with exclamatory rhetoric demanding that Italy should enter the war with the Allies.

When Italy did enter the war Mussolini volunteered, went to the front, was in several battles, was wounded and retired from active service. He returned to his Popolo d'Italia, and supported the cause of the Allies until the end, vehemently, volcanically. His attitude towards socialism was bitterly antagonistic. He was against socialism and all its works and workers.

Italy came out of the war in desperate straits. Industry was prostrate. The people were impoverished. The country was within speaking distance of ruin. There was suffering, poverty, depression, disgust with the ruling classes, and vast protest over every economic and political condition. Then Bolshevism stepped in. Then the Communists came and promised relief. Lenine and Trotzky saw their chance and took it. The Reds swarmed to Italy, and until the authentic history of that postwar period is written few will know how close to the edge of Bolshevism Italy came. Indeed, there were sections of Italy where the Reds were in control, where the Terror ruled, where the only law was the law of bomb and fire and flame and gun. Factories and stores and shops and homes were seized by the Communists, and there was terror and destruction. The government did not act and dared not act, because of the fear that if there was action that action would incite a general revolution that would Communize and Russianize Italy. They feared, and with good reason, that the whole social and political order would perish.

Combined with this there was a crafty and insidious propaganda based on the premise that Italy got nothing out of the war and would get nothing. A widespread spirit of antinationalism was bred, the whole course of Italy in the war was derided and denounced, the army was anathema, the wounded were insulted, the uniform was held to be a badge of dishonor. Italy was close to the rocks.

This culminated in the later months of 1919, when the breaking point was almost at hand. Meantime, Mussolini had been fighting against Bolshevism and Communism with his paper, and then he had his inspiration. He called upon the young men of the country to enroll with him in an organization to fight this foe, not argue with it; and he said that organization should be called Fascisti, and have for its emblem and symbol the fasces, the bundle of rods that symbolized order, authority and power in ancient Rome. Mussolini set forth no complicated series of policies or principles for his Fascisti. His rallying cry was patriotism. His program was the complete extermination of all socialism, Bolshevism, Communism, and everything that pertained to the Red campaign and campaigners. His plan was to fight fire with fire; to redeem Italy by whatever means were needed.

The Black Shirt Army

As soon as Mussolini raised his standard the former soldiers, the demobilized men, and the young men of the better families and of the nonsocialist beliefs flocked to him. They came by thousands. Mussolini soon organized his Black Shirt army—an army of four hundred thousand men fully armed and equipped, largely recruited from former service men; and with that army he eventually made himself dictator of Italy.

"*Me ne frego!*" was his motto, which may be translated variously but which goes excellently into the vernacular as "I don't give a damn!" And he didn't. He announced that he intended to do what the Government of Italy was palpably afraid to try to do; what the government -governments rather, for there were several in weak succession -scarcely dared discuss: Utterly to root out and destroy the forces of Bolshevism and Communism in Italy; to extirpate and banish the foes of the social order; to clear Italy of all revolutionaries and revolutionists, without regard to how this was done, but with stern resolve to do it.

It is an open question whether Mussolini had his great coup in mind at the outset. It probably always will be an open question. Mussolini keeps his secrets. In any event the movement was popular from the start except with those against whom it was directed, because naturally the commercial and financial elements of Italy were anxious to eliminate the enemies of the existing order and to have harassed and distressed Italy composed, to the resultant good of business.

The Fascisti were well equipped. They had everything that an army uses, save artillery, and they could have had that if it had been needed. Also, they had the tolerance, even the support of the police. They were doing the work the police should have done, and the police turned the blind side towards them and made no trouble. The Fascisti were immune from police interference. They had things to themselves.

After the Fascisti army had been organized, with well-disciplined members blackshirted and revolvered and provided with motor lorries and automobiles of the newest

(Continued on Page 101)

You live in an iron house

Knowledge of certain plain facts about iron will save you money every year of your life

IF you start with the furnace in your cellar and give close attention until you reach the skylight on the roof, you will be astonished at the number of ways in which iron enters into your daily existence.

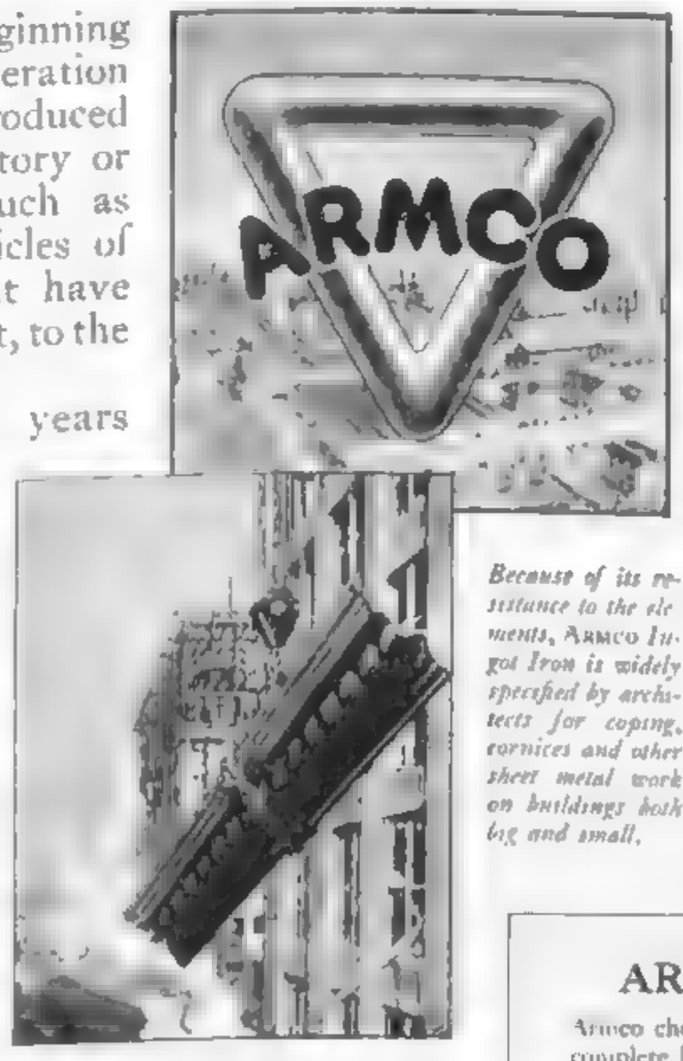
Night and day, unceasingly, all this iron is exposed to the forces of destruction, just as each of us hourly is exposed to disease germs. In the same way that a healthy man is practically immune to disease, so iron that is pure wards off the ravages of rust.

Germs find a lodging in the weak spots of the body, and rust gets a foothold only where there are impure areas in the metal. Any foreign element in steel, be it sulphur, silicon, or manganese, is soon discovered by air and moisture, and electrolytic action begins. The result is corrosion, rust. That is when you have to buy a new stove, replace the flashing on your roof, get another garbage can, or have the refrigerator repaired.

That Ounce of Prevention

Up to the beginning of the present generation pure iron was produced only in a laboratory or else by luck, such as some of the articles of the ancients that have come down, intact, to the present time.

Some twenty years ago we determined to find the scientific way to produce practically pure ingot iron in commercial quantities.



Because of its resistance to the elements, Armco Ingot Iron is widely specified by architects for coping, cornices and other sheet metal work on buildings both big and small.

The Means and the End

This meant far-reaching research, unheard-of manufacturing methods, and a watchful care more usual in a jewelry shop than in an iron-mill.

The result is Armco Ingot Iron, a product so incomparably purer than any other iron that it is known the world over for its exceptional purity and often called "the iron that resists rust."

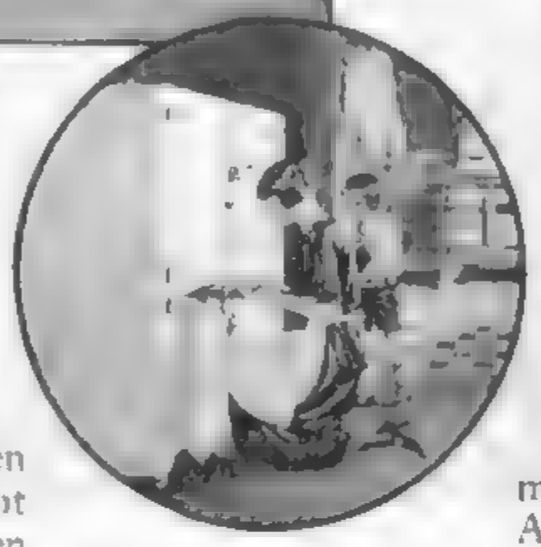
What it Means to You

Obviously, for such things as gutters, roofing, window frames and the like, this time-challenging metal is the most economical thing for you to use, either in a new building or in repair work. Armco Ingot Iron contains less than 1/5 of 1% of rust-promoting impurities, but this is not all. It is close-grained, uniform and of velvety surface.

In this house the gutters, flashing, down spouting, the ventilating ducts, the hot water heater, etc., are all made of Armco Ingot Iron.

When Coated With Zinc

This means that zinc coating (often called galvanizing) goes on Armco Ingot Iron to *stay* without flaking even when bent, and Armco Ingot Iron is readily "workable" into shapes needed in building. The sheet metal worker and builder appreciate these points and are glad to supply you with the genuine product, distinguishable by the Armco triangle.



Enameled Armco Ingot Iron plays a shining part in the modern kitchen and pantry

The Housewife Likes Good Enamel Ware

The soft, even surface that enables Armco Ingot Iron to take a coating of zinc so successfully affords the perfect base for such enameled things as table tops and tub covers. The enamel lies as smooth as satin and stays so. No hidden gas pockets in this fine iron erupt and break the enamel.

These points are so much appreciated by manufacturersthat Armco Ingot Iron is now in very general use as a base for enameling.

The Way to Tell "Armco"

The blue Armco triangle (left) is stencilled on our sheet metal at the mills. On articles like stoves and washing machines, made of Armco Ingot Iron by other manufacturers, you will find the blue and gold Armco label, shown at the right.

The worth and the fame of Armco Ingot Iron are known to manufacturers who make articles of our product and to the people in stores that sell these articles. For that reason the Armco brand is regarded as a mark of distinction, and you should have no difficulty in finding it.

It is well worth your while always to ask for things of Armco Ingot Iron and to identify the iron before buying. It stands for much, this brand, and it means much to you.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR ARMCO *Ingot Iron*

Here are some of the everyday uses of Armco Ingot Iron

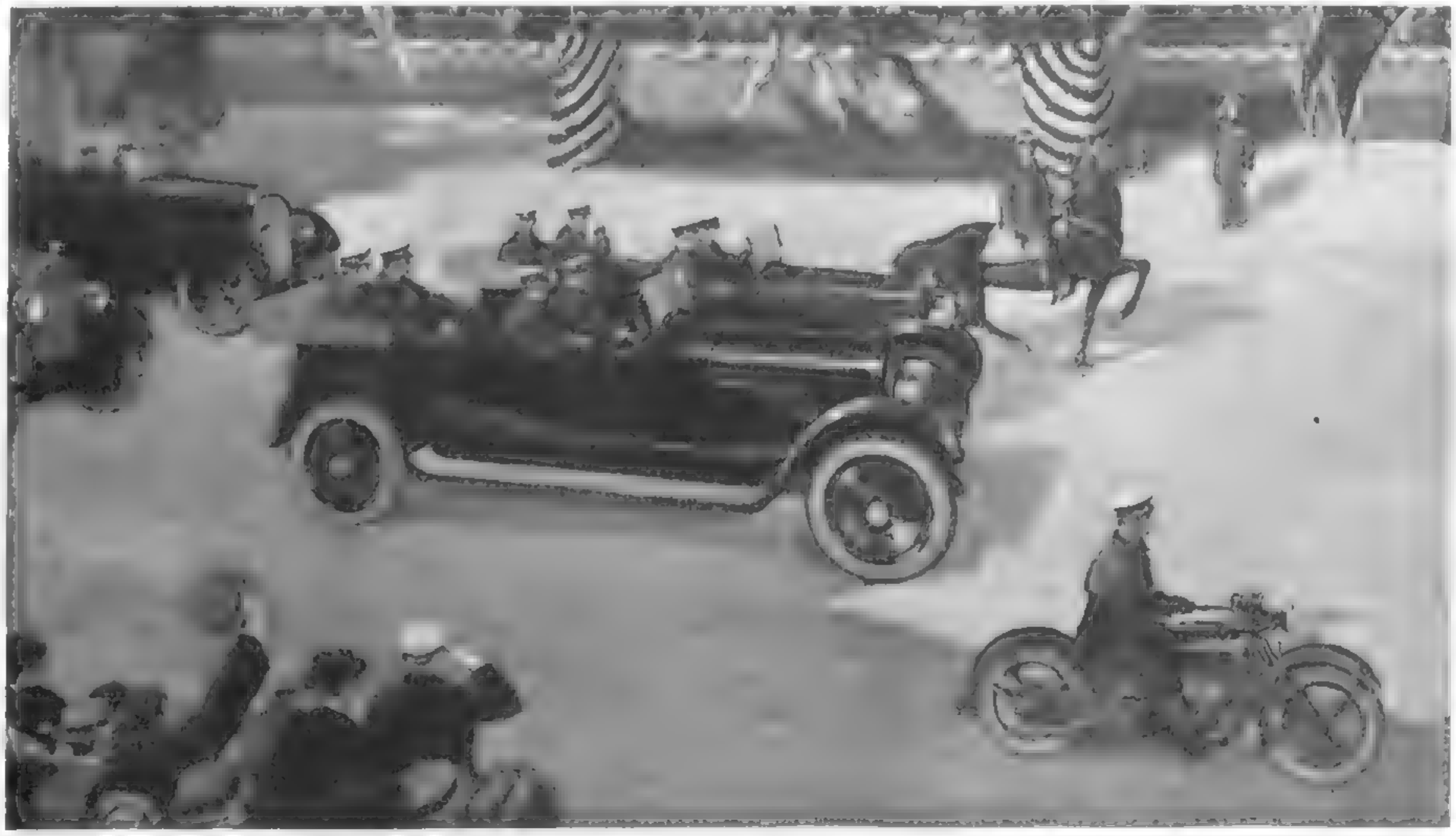
WITHIN THE HOUSE	IN INDUSTRY	IN BUILDING
Stoves	Welding	Coping
Washing Machines	Smoke Stacks	Roofing
Garbage Cans	Oil & Water Tanks	Siding
Ash Cans	Acetylene Tanks	Flashing
Pails	Freight Car Roofs	Eaves Trough
Refrigerators	Coal Car Sidings	Down Spouting
Furnace Drums	Drainage Systems	Skylights
Hot Water Tanks	Car Heaters	Ventilating Systems
Table Tops	Gasoline Tanks	Window Frames
Tub Covers	Coal Tipples	Metal Lath
Electric Light Reflectors	Wire Fencing	
	Metal Doors	
	Grave Vaults & Caskets	
	Culverts	
	Flumes	
	Farm Equipment	

ARMCO STEEL SHEETS

Armco chemists and metallurgists, working in the most complete laboratory of its kind in America, have developed not only Armco Ingot Iron, but also Armco steel sheet specialties for the automobile, electrical and other industries. Leading automobile manufacturers use Armco steel sheets on account of their exceptional bending and drawing qualities. Armco steel electrical sheets are widely used because of their high permeability, low core loss, and non-aging qualities. The American Rolling Mill Company are makers of high-grade special sheets to meet the demands of exacting manufacturers. Technical information will be supplied to any manufacturer as to Armco products and their adaptability to any particular need.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, O.

ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON
Resists Rust



Chicago's Finest on Parade—The Marmon Detective Patrol Passing the Reviewing Stand *Painted by Floyd Davis*

"Marmons are reliable and speedy —ever ready for emergencies"

says Charles C. Fitzmorris
Superintendent of Police, City of Chicago

"I feel quite sure that motorists will be interested in the record of the four Marmons which have been in the service of the Motor Detective Squad of the Chicago Police Department during the past 15 months.

"These cars are in constant, day and night service—three drivers being assigned to each car during the 24 hours. The Marmons have averaged 35,000 miles each during the past year. Our records show that the mechanical maintenance averaged $10.32 per month per car.

"The most pleasing thing to this Department is the remarkably small amount of time that these cars have been out of service for repairs. We have found them reliable and speedy, and their agility is an important factor in emergencies."

Contrast these severe requirements with the normal usage of a Marmon. Then think of the satisfaction of owning such a car.

* * *

The Chicago Police Department's cost figures of "$10.32 per car per month for 24 hour service—35,000 miles a year," compares favorably with the result of our nation-wide investigation of Marmon owners' mechanical maintenance costs.

The time has come at last in this great industry when at least one manufacturer can answer the most baffling question a prospective owner can ask: "What will be the upkeep cost?"

We are proud to reveal the actual costs for mechanical upkeep of the Marmon! Hundreds of cars of the 1922–23 series, serviced at Marmon service stations, and representing millions of car-miles, show the mechanical upkeep cost to be but $4.71 per car per month.

MARMON

The Foremost Fine Car

(Continued from Page 98)

type; after the squad, company and regimental organizations had been completed and the subordinate officers selected and placed in charge, Mussolini, the commander in chief, gave the word for action. He turned loose his Black Shirts on the Reds.

He hunted them, scourged them, chased them out of the country. He raided factories where the Communists had taken possession. He descended on strikers and drove them back to work. He arbitrarily decided on punishments where suspicion pointed. He was implacable, inescapable, inexorable. "*Me ne frego!*" he shouted, and his young men raged through the country and hunted the revolutionaries to their holes. Naturally, those attacked fought back as best they could, but they were beaten always because of the superior discipline, the superior equipment and the fiery passion this leader had inspired among his men.

The manner of it was this: There would be a village or a center where socialism or Bolshevism or Communism, or all three, had been received by the residents and officials; where the revolutionaries had had successes; where a factory had been seized or a strike was in progress. That town or village or center would be selected for correction and chastisement—for the spread of the Black Shirt propaganda. One day dozens of motor lorries filled with Black Shirts would arrive at that place. All would be armed. At first there would be no attack, but a procession, the singing of the songs of Fascism, speeches, a swaggering about of the Black Shirts among the people. Presently some villager, some non-Fascist, would do something more than mutter protest—a direct insult, an epithet, a stone or a revolver shot.

A Clean Sweep

Instantly the Black Shirts would proceed to business. They scattered in packs and hunted out all socialists, all Bolshevists, all Communists and all who were on their lists as suspects. The mayor and the town officials were first attended to. They were dragged to the square and flogged, often wounded and sometimes killed. The rest of the suspects were rounded up and treated as harshly. The chamber of labor and the coöperative store were burned. Often many other buildings were burned also. Many villages were ruined. Sometimes there was fierce fighting, with wounded upon both sides, and killed.

"*Me ne frego!*"

Fascism was afraid of nothing, and restrained by nothing. It established its own code, and it carried out its own terrorisms. The press did not criticize, for criticism meant wreck and ruin of the physical newspaper properties, and punishment of the editors. The magistrates did not dare to punish, for punishment meant reprisal, and not even judges were immune.

Revolutionary socialism in Italy has vanished. The Communist Party not only is dissipated but the remaining shreds of it have formally dissolved and are pleading to be considered nationalists. Bolshevism is gone in Italy. The Reds have returned to Russia. Mussolini and his Fascisti did it. Fascism claims to have saved Italy, and the claim has much justification in fact.

Power battens on power. Mussolini saved Italy from Communism, apparently to take Italy for himself. "The Fascists want power and intend to have it," he said. It is of small moment whether his original idea was to seize the government. The probabilities are that that idea grew with the growing successes of his Black Shirts. In any event, after Bolshevism had been smashed there was a lull in Fascist operations. Mussolini kept in the background, but the weakness, vacillation, ineptitudes of the succeeding Italian governments undoubtedly gave him the final urge to have a shot at it himself, and suddenly, last autumn, there came an order mobilizing the Fascisti. An antiparliamentary revolution was proclaimed. The local governments in the northern and central provinces were easily taken over, and then, spectacularly, Benito Mussolini appeared at the gates of Rome, followed by his black-shirted legions—black-shirted himself, bareheaded, his eyes aflame and his courage and audacity superb. This blacksmith's son brought his army to the seat of government, took the authority from Premier Facta, and then demanded of the king that he should ratify his action.

The king had refused to see him some days before when Mussolini telegraphed from the north after his antiparliamentary revolution was in full and successful swing, but the king did not refuse to see him when Mussolini, at the head of his impetuous Fascists, marched into Rome. The king knew better. He knew that the revolution had thrown up a leader who was more powerful than any monarch, and he saved his kingly bacon by not only approving the cabinet list the dictator presented to him but stood on one of the balconies of the Quirinal and reviewed the triumphant Fascisti as they marched by. The king, his supporters say in extenuation of this submission, is proletarian in his views, a reformer and an idealist at heart, but forced by the exigencies of birth and position to maintain the trappings of monarchy. And, more than that, Mussolini did not demand abdication. He only asked obedience. Any king would be obedient, in similar circumstances, to save a throne.

Those who were in Rome when that procession of the Fascisti passed the Quirinal say that even in those historic streets where so many processions of victors have passed in triumph no more impressive column ever marched than these files of young men, bareheaded and black-shirted. The Fascisti took their name from the fasces that the lictors bore before the magistrates in ancient Rome as typifying their power over life and limb; and they also adopted the old Roman salute, the upraised, outstretched right arm. As they passed the reviewing king at the Quirinal they passed at that memorable salute—arms bare and outstretched—the right arms of young Italy in greeting, but also in admonition; in obeisance, but in warning too.

The overthrow of the Red conspirators by the Fascists had the interesting effects of awaking Italy to an aggressive national self-consciousness and of consolidating all the grievances against the older school of politicians, living and dead—the Orlandos, the Giolittis, the Salandras, the Nittis, the Sonninos and the rest. The Fascisti had some twenty members of the Chamber of Deputies, of whom Mussolini was one, coming from Milan. Italy had not been benefited by the war as these older statesmen had told the Italians they would be—neither exalted nor enriched. The discontent was nation-wide. This Mussolini had crushed and beaten the menace of Communism. All classes, save the social revolutionists, felt kindly towards him. More than that, they greeted him as savior.

It took but little to light the flame. "Down with the old men! the time servers the moderates!" shouted Mussolini. "Italy—young Italy must be free—free of all entangling, restraining alliances, treaties or agreements—free to create her own destiny. And I—Benito Mussolini, am the only man to give her that freedom."

"*Viva!*" shouted the Italians. "*Viva Mussolini! Viva Fascisti!*"

Mussolini's Motto

So there he is, dictator in fact although Premier in title, and for the first time since Italy became a kingdom a government is in power which can speak and act for the entire country, for all the forty millions of Italians, without fear of any other influence whatsoever. And Mussolini has written on the wall of his office the saying of Massimo d'Azeglio: "Italy is made; we must now make the Italians."

The European world was engrossed with other and important things while these events were happening in Italy. The chute was being greased in England preparatory to sliding Lloyd George out of 10 Downing Street and onto the cold hard pavement. The Near East was in a turmoil. Greek affairs and Turkish affairs were pressing. France was running around in circles and demanding quarts of blood from the German turnip. A general election was imminent in England. The European politicians had their troubles, regardless of Italy, where the fall of a government, or the rise of one, means little in the lives of politicians outside that volatile country. Italy had a new government, it seemed. Well, what of it? Italy has new governments almost with every change of the moon.

Presently, however, it began to seep into the understandings of the European politicians that Italy not only had a new government but had, also, a new governor. Dispatches began to come in about this amazing Mussolini, who had proclaimed himself dictator and was dictating in the latest and most approved fashion, with a cold, cynical disregard for the old order, with utter indifference as to whose toes he stepped on or whose heads he bumped. Italy, it appeared, had started something, or rather, this Mussolini had, and there was no telling where it all would stop. One thing was certain—that if it kept on as it had begun there was small comfort in it for the old-order politicians of the Entente, and it might be well to bestir a bit and find out about it.

Meantime, Italy was aflame for Mussolini. Crowds followed him when he appeared in the streets, shouting "*Viva Mussolini!*" Banners inscribed with his name were flung from thousands of windows. Newspapers telling of his words and deeds, to the minutest detail, were issued in quick-succeeding editions. The young men who had not joined in with the Fascist movement made haste to get black shirts, and appear in them. Black birettas appeared on thousands of heads. Mussolini looked these over, and said harshly: "Many now flock around me whom I despise. They are the small changeable minds who turn in whatever direction the wind blows. I prefer loyal, outspoken adversaries to ambiguous friends."

But the populace paid no heed, and the women stitched hurriedly on black shirts, and the people wore them, and shouted their ceaseless "*Viva Mussolini!*"

The Strong Arm

The Italian Parliament is—or was when Mussolini took it by the nape of its aggregate neck and shook it into some sort of cohesion, cuffed it into his support for the time at any rate—a futile legislative body made up of numerous pitiful parties, of groups, cabals, divisions and claques. The senate has 383 members, appointed for life by the king, on nomination by the cabinet. It is required by law that appointments to the senate must be made from certain categories, such as high officials in church and state, men distinguished in art, science, literature, and large owners of property. No man younger than forty-nine can be appointed. The senate is long on dignity, but has little legislative authority, as parties in power in the cabinets swamp the senate with their friends and supporters. It seldom initiates legislation, and does not often seriously question bills sent up by the lower house.

The chamber of deputies has 508 members. There are not two main parties in Italy, as in other European countries and as in this country. Instead there are these groups and blocs that combine and recombine when it suits their interests, which are largely personal. As no party has a majority in the chamber the government must rely for support on a coalition of groups, which is called a *blocco*. No other legislative body in the world is so susceptible to the wire-pulling, manipulation and intrigue as the Italian chamber. Italian politics is petty and personal. It is a mess of small politics played by small men, always with an eye to the main chance. It is unceasingly vocal, full of rhetoric and engaged in the pettiest of maneuvers. Experts like Giolitti and Orlando make a puppet show of the chamber, and the old order maintained an excessive parliamentarism that was responsible for much of the political and economic ineptitude of Italy's government.

The advent of Mussolini stunned this form-ridden, intriguing, petty assemblage of legislators, and it was a scared and supine gathering that assembled to hear him when he came in to address the chamber on November sixteenth last. Enormous crowds gathered outside the chamber. The people felt that Mussolini would tell the chamber all about itself, and he did, mincing no words, and expressing in short, terse sentences exactly the contempt he felt for this intriguing, huckstering, wildly vocal and thoroughly insincere body. There were five ex-Prime Ministers sitting before him meekly.

"What I am doing today," he said, "is a formal act of courtesy towards you for which I do not ask gratitude. For too many years ministerial crises have been settled by political maneuvers, but now the Italian nation has given itself a ministry in spite of Parliament. I leave dissertations and complaints to the melancholy worshipers of constitutionalism."

Thus harshly, but with the manner of a man speaking the utterest commonplaces, he told that chamber of its deficiencies, its

—with this Private Pumping Station

No matter where you live, if you have electric current you now can enjoy *an abundance* of running water *under pressure* anywhere about your house and grounds.

The Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant *automatically* pumps from cistern, shallow well, stream, spring or lake. It brings all the convenience and comfort of city water service to any home anywhere.

It's Automatic

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Operates from any electric light socket or home lighting plant circuit. Noiseless; automatic. No switch to turn. Costs only a few pennies a week to run. Large production and great manufacturing facilities of Fairbanks, Morse & Co. make these remarkably low prices possible.

If you do not know our local dealer, write to us for complete information.

The enormous demand for these water plants makes this a most desirable line for live dealers. Write for details.

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AMERICA'S most popular restaurant—the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman, Chicago—now offers through grocers everywhere the tempting dishes that have made its cooking world-renowned.

For sixty years Hotel Sherman chefs have prepared unequalled Chicken à la King, Beef à la Deutsch and other appetizing delicacies. Now your grocer sells these self-same dishes—put up in cans for use in the home.

Now Sold the Country Over

Ask your grocer for any of these delicious varieties of College Inn Cooked Food:

(Prices for No. 1 cans, containing two generous portions)

Chicken à la King, 60c	Spaghetti Italienne, 15c
Sliced Beef à la Deutsch, 40c	Chicken Noodle Soup, 15c
Paprika Veal Stew, 40c	Pea and Tomato Soup (Mongol), 15c
Chicken Salad, 75c	Pea Soup St. Germain, 15c
Chicken à la Creole, 60c	Cream of Tomato Soup, 17c
Welsh Rarebit, 40c	Cream of Asparagus Soup, 17c
Creamed Spaghetti With Mushrooms, 25c	Chicken Cream Soup, 17c
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(West of Rocky Mountains, higher. Canadian prices on request)

If your grocer can't supply you, ask him to order it for you, or write to us direct.

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Our specially prepared Descriptive Booklet gives many new and popular ways to serve College Inn Cooked Food.

To
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College Inn Cooked Food is America's favorite food product. It is nationally known. Prepare to answer the rapidly increasing public demand for this popular food staple. Write us at once for particulars. Your profit from the sales—and re-sales—of College Inn Cooked Food will be *immediate*.

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worthlessness, its lack of considered place in his plans, and ordered it, not asked it, to give him its vote of confidence, and to adopt his program when he should present it. He had the Fascist army behind him, and he had no need for either rhetoric or request. He was issuing commands, not asking favors. "Remember," he said, "I could have punished all those who decried Fascism. I could have closed Parliament. I could have! But for the time being I chose not to."

That "for the time being" hung over those frightened and cowed parliamentarians like a pall. They felt that this calm, contemptuous, scornful man meant what he said. They knew he could close Parliament in two minutes any time he chose to close it. His Fascisti would see to that. A socialist or two bleated about constitutional rights, but the remainder of the 415 deputies who listened to Mussolini, quite convinced they had no rights save those allotted to them by the dictator, voted confidence in him by a majority of 190, and voted his credit by a majority of 166, and saved their skins. Mussolini did not dissolve Parliament at the moment, and has not up to the time this is written, but every Italian politician in Parliament knows that that "I could have" states the case.

Then Mussolini went to the dignified senate and told the senate what he had told the chamber, but was a bit pleasanter in manner and kinder in tone. The senate did not delay in acknowledging the new leader. It unanimously voted him full confidence. Thus, having put the chamber and the senate in their proper places, Mussolini presented his demands, which were for full dictatorial power for a period ending on the last day of December, 1923—but really extending to March, 1924, because he will not report until then—over all financial, administrative, economic and social affairs of state, covering a new system of taxation, the limiting of state functions, such as offices of control over private enterprises, and the reorganization of the civil services and state administrations.

The senate and the chamber made haste to grant his demand. They were eager and anxious to do anything and everything Mussolini asked. He has full power to enforce measures that will give Italy a new fiscal status by abolishing demagogic taxation, class levies and many other socialistic policies now in force, and aims to reduce expenses, decimate the enormous public pay roll, stop evasions of legitimate taxes and in general, clean up Italy from one end to the other.

Whether Mussolini can do all this remains to be seen. He has the power. He seems to have the desire. But, as he said in his speech to the chamber: "All problems of Italian life—all, I say—have long been solved on paper, but the will was wanting to translate them into action. The government today represents the firm and decided will."

A Tractable Parliament

The Italians have a saying: "*Se non è vero, è molto ben trovato*"—which runs in English: "If it is not true it is very well invented." The rest of the world must give that to Mussolini, at least. And he has until the end of December, 1923, to make good, and need not report until the following March—fifteen months for his experiment and endeavor.

Parliament will not annoy him. Parliament will aid him for the very good reason that if Parliament does not aid him Mussolini has not only the illuminating example of Cromwell to suggest to him what might be done with Parliament, with the Fascisti behind him, but he is quite ingenious enough to think up some new way to impress Parliament with the advisability of giving him whatever he demands. He has started in by cutting pay rolls, working eighteen hours a day, reducing expenses and demanding efficiency. There is a great scramble to enroll with him, and much political movement from Left to Right. Travaso, which is the satirical journal of Italy, stated the case when it said:

"There are only three parties in the country now, *Fascisti, Filofascisti, e Fifafascisti*"—the Fascisti, those who love the Fascisti, and those who are frightened by the Fascisti.

Meantime, after he had secured his position, and solidified his dictatorship with his votes of confidence and credit, he demobilized his Black Shirts and sent them home, but he did not disband them. They remain at his call. His ministry is a ministry of subordinates. He stands alone, with his plans, except in their general aspects, in his own keeping. He has tackled problems that the old parliamentary politicians never dared to tackle. He speaks sharply, forcefully, but always with a due propriety. He tells his followers just what he thinks is wrong, just what must be done to rectify the errors, and then generally does the bulk of the rectifying himself. He demands of the rest of the world that Italy's voice must be heard and her opinion considered. He has a strong physique, and he may stand up under the strain, or he may not. In any event, his faith in himself is boundless, his energy is amazing, and his courage extraordinary.

Europe had its first look at him, out of Italy, at the Lausanne Conference. That was opening just as he was completing his preliminaries of government at home. He went to Lausanne, and by that time Europe was sitting up and taking notice. There was vast curiosity among the English and the French over this socialist and republican by birth and training who had taken over a government and maintained a monarchy at the same time. Lord Curzon and Poincaré and the rest were eager to see him, to feel him out, to ascertain for themselves just what sort of figure this Black Shirt would cut in a white shirt.

Mussolini came, not black-shirted, but correct to the smallest detail in his attire—tail coat, high collar, white spats, top hat—the regulation diplomatic uniform. They spoke of him as the man who had used for a successful revolution an organization combining the Boy Scouts, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Social Democratic Federation and the Rough Riders of the World. They said he resembled a cinema Napoleon. They dwelt on his posing—and he posed a lot. He is not without his sense of theatricals, this Mussolini, nor his knowledge of dramatic values. What he really was to Curzon and Poincaré and the rest was that disturbing, that frightening thing in foreign politics—the unusual. He had no precedent.

Fifteen Months to Go

When Curzon or Poincaré passed the onlookers and the attachés and the hangers-on, these raised their hats to the great ones. But when Mussolini passed they clapped their hands. He was on inspection, and he knew it. He studied his poses. Always he frowned. His brow was creased with the lines of thought as he looked from right to left at those who cheered him. Then the creases vanished, and he smiled a tolerant smile. His talk was monosyllabic. Yes—no—indeed. It was to be seen what was in his mind. The strong master of men—the strong sententious master of men. Effective, too, against his background of achievement. It is not too much to say that the great ones spent more time discussing Mussolini than any of the matters on the agenda.

He seems to have done well so far. He has made few mistakes. His greatest error would be to overtalk himself, an error natural to his race. Instead, he has let others do the talking, as he did Count Sforza, late ambassador to France from Italy. All this is written before his second conference with the other European politicians, and deals with only the first act of the drama he has staged. So far there is novelty, there is action, there is passion, there is spectacle, there is a fitting climax. And Mussolini has fifteen months in which to present the rest of his show. The curtain may be rung down before that time, or the drama may proceed to its triumphant catastrophe with this black-shirted crusader dominating the stage, and reciting for his tag his "*Me ne frego.*"

If he maintains that attitude towards the influences behind the manifold governmental weaknesses, impositions, abuses, ineptitudes, intrigues, chicaneries and crookedness that left Italy where he found her when he came clamoring to the gates of Rome, and continues in the expression of it with his reforms, he will be one of the notable figures of this perturbed decade. If he doesn't—if he is merely a spectacular opportunist—why, even if that is so—and it may be—he will at least be recorded in the history of these tumultuous times as a man who made a gesture that attracted the attention, excited the admiration, and won the applause of the liberal-minded peoples of the world.

Jesse L Lasky presents

A George Melford Production

"JAVA HEAD"

with Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan

Raymond Hatton, George Fawcett & Albert Roscoe

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Adapted by Waldemar Young

SEE a great Paramount picture of Hergesheimer's most famous book! See the skipper who brought back a beautiful Chinese wife!

This is just a hint of the plot and the thrill of "Java Head," an immense success in book form, but Paramount Picturized by George Melford a thing to make you rub your eyes in incredibility that the screen can do so much!

See the flash of knives in the Shanghai tong fight! a beautiful palanquin strangely in the midst of it! the descent from the balcony of the two Americans and their discovery of the exquisite beauty within the silken curtains!

"Reserved for the Emperor," but love defeats imperator!

But, above all, see what happens when "the girl he left behind him but promised true" meets the strange beauty from China!

ONE of 8

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Paramount's Super 39

The most permanent guide to better pictures is not the titles alone but the name Paramount—the guarantee of quality.

Where you find that name you find the world's most famous plots, the greatest stars, the most distinguished directors and the ideal cast for every type of photo-play—all attracted to the Paramount banner by the opportunity for world-wide presentation of their talent

The proof of any motion picture is in the seeing, but Paramount has put the proof in the name too, so that you may know before you go.

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP

ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRESIDENT

NEW YORK CITY

It's a Paramount Picture

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

WEAR-EVER TAC ALUMINUM UCO TRADE MARK MADE IN U.S.A.

Joy O' The Morning!

Griddle Cakes! Piping hot—when the frost is on the window-pane. Golden-brown, delicious, right off the **"Wear-Ever"** Griddle.

Of course they're done to a turn—baked without grease or smoke—baked thoroughly—tender all the way through.

They must be—because the **"Wear-Ever"** Griddle takes the heat quickly and radiates it evenly. It is this ***even distribution of heat*** which makes such cakes possible.

"Wear-Ever" utensils give satisfactory and enduring service because they are made of extra hard, thick sheet aluminum.

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

To Get Best Results from "Wear-Ever" Griddle or Fry Pan

[1] Heat the griddle. Place a bit of batter or butter near outer edge

[2] When it browns, turn down flame about one-half

[3] Griddle will remain sufficiently hot to bake cakes a golden brown

The same statements regarding regulating heat apply to other "Wear-Ever" utensils. Save fuel!

SON OF A SLOGANEER

(Continued from Page 11)

on this subject in Quiet Room at 4:40. Do you check?

"(Signed) J. SANFORD BOWSER, *President.*"

"Memo, Gussing." Mrs. Bowser was almost feverish. "To Mr. Bowser. *In re* christening baby. Must remind you baby is my son as well as yours. I insist on John. I will have conference with you in Quiet Room at 4:40.

"(Signed) P. I. BOWSER, *Associate President.*"

The Quiet Room was a Bowser institution. It was his idea, and he was proud of it.

"It's Psychological!" he exclaimed. "I Believe in Psychology. Do you know" here he lowered his voice as one imparting a confidence—"Psychology Plays a Big Part in Modern Business?"

He contrived to give the impression to some of his clients that he, Mr. Bowser, had discovered psychology. At no small expense he had installed a laboratory as part of the Bowser establishment, and to it he brought all prospective clients that they might observe his two hired psychologists, grave men, peering darkly into microscopes or chevying guinea pigs through mazes.

"We are endeavoring to determine," Mr. Bowser would explain, "the basic psychological reason why New York ladies prefer pink underthings while Boston ladies prefer them white. Ultimately, through psychology, we will be able to Condition the Buying Habits of the Consumer."

"This Bowser is a deep fellow," the clients would say to one another. "He's scientific. He gets right down to the bottom of things." And they would hasten to inscribe their names on the dotted line.

The Quiet Room had been planned by the psychologists, after a series of experiments that cost the lives of uncounted guinea pigs.

"This," said Mr. Bowser, in introducing the Quiet Room to his staff, "is a Thinking Chamber. Here you can bring your Big Problems and in the Thought-Compelling Silence Think Through to a Sane Solution. When your Thinker is Fagged, come in here. Just put up a sign outside the door, 'Someone is Now Thinking in this Room. Quiet, please,' and no one, not even the president, will dare disturb you.

"Of course," added Mr. Bowser, with a smile at once playful and yet with its serious side, "I hope that this will not be construed as a suggestion that you come in here to take a nap. That," he concluded, "would be beneath contempt."

The Quiet Room idea had worked out well; three pairs of copy writers—one male and one female to the pair—had announced their engagements since its introduction.

The Quiet Room was done in mouse gray—walls, carpets, furniture, even the lights were all of that inaudible hue.

There were no pictures to distract attention: just a simple sign in gray letters, "Quiet, please. This is a Room for Thought."

To this room Mrs. Bowser repaired at 4:40 precisely. Mr. Bowser, himself the epitome of punctuality, was just opening the door as she reached it.

"Good afternoon, Bowser," he said pleasantly.

"Good afternoon, Bowser," she returned. They had agreed that in business hours they would be strictly businesslike.

"No Sentiment Between Nine and Five," he had proposed as, on their honeymoon, they motored through New England looking for billboard sites. And she had agreed heartily.

They hung up the "Quiet, please" sign outside and sat in mouse-toned chairs at a mouse-toned table. Mr. Bowser spread out a sheaf of memos.

"I brought the correspondence in this matter," he explained.

"Bowser," said his wife, "I want to say right here and now that I won't stand for one of your coined names for my baby. I want to christen him John." She glanced at a list. "Yubar," she said disdainfully. "Sounds like a varnish."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Bowser with dignity, "that Yubar is an especially distinctive name."

"Yes, for a varnish," flashed Mrs. Bowser. "But our son is not a varnish."

The masculine Bowser frowned, then spoke in a low-pitched voice:

"You are getting excited, Bowser. You are raising your voice. Permit me to remind you that this is the Quiet Room, not the smoking room at the Jill Club."

"Don't use that tone to me, Bowser. I'll raise my voice if I please."

"But think of the employes!"

"I'm thinking of my son."

"My son, if I may say so."

"Your son!" Mrs. Bowser exclaimed. "You talk as if you'd bought him from a jobber."

"Bowser! In the Quiet Room too."

"Quiet Room be hanged!"

"You amaze me. Frankly, this conference cannot proceed while you are in this mood. We are here to confer, not to shout."

"Very well. You agree to John?"

"No. Emphatically no. I will not agree to John, I tell you."

"Who's shouting now?"

"I'll shout if I please. I veto John."

"Oh, you do, do you! What am I—a rubber stamp?" Mrs. Bowser's eyes were snapping. "Don't try that he-man business on me, Bowser. First you try to legislate through your own slogan for the cleaning powder, and now you are trying to give my son a name like a patented stove polish. I say John. John! John!"

Her voice was shrill and his was not exactly suppressed.

"Do you realize," he said, "that we are having our first quarrel?"

"I guess I have good reason to quarrel. I want to name the baby John. My mind's made up."

"No. Never. Not John."

"Well, what do you want to call him?"

Mr. Bowser compressed his lips masterfully.

"Kinzo," he said loudly.

"Kinzo?" she protested.

"Kinzo Bowser," he repeated. "An almost perfect name! Look," he went on in his selling voice. "Just say it over. Just roll the syllables over on your tongue. Kinzo Bowser! Hasn't that a smooth, lyric quality? Kin-zo Bow-ser! Get it?"

He whipped from his pocket a large card on which he had printed KINZO BOWSER.

"Look!" he cried triumphantly. "Hasn't that name Eye-Stabbing Power? See how that 'K' sticks out. Notice how that final 'O' ends the word with a snap. Why, that name fairly sings out loud. Kinzo Bowser! I tell you it

Miss Gussing Also Wore a Stiff Collar and Had a Light Blond Mustache, But at Heart She Was a Woman

Know about your air before you start driving

You cannot see your tires from the driver's seat—yet how often you have tried, and seen others trying, to do this.

Test your air before you start. Own a Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge and you can know before you climb into your car whether your tires are properly inflated.

Not enough air is bad for your tires. It has the same effect as extra weight in your car. Friction is produced inside of the tire, and the side walls are unduly flexed and bent with every revolution.

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You do not need to guess about the air in your tires. The Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge tells you quickly and accurately the amount of air pressure in your tires. You will note that this gauge is made in the same factory that produces Schrader Valve Insides and Schrader Universal Valves, which are standard equipment in practically every make of pneumatic tires in the United States and Canada.

Sold by garages, hardware stores, and motor accessory shops. Price $1.25 (in Canada $1.50). A special type for trucks and wire wheels is $1.75 (in Canada $2.00).

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Manufacturers of Schrader Valve Insides and Valve Caps, Packed in Metal Boxes of Five Each

SCHRADER

TIRE-PRESSURE-GAUGE

The No. 1828 is a four-chain fixture in dull Roman gold. The shade is of light amber art glass with old-gold silk fringe

To that Pleasant Hour of Evening

is added a new delight—a Welsbach Lighting Fixture designed especially for use in the dining-room. Equipped with a perfected self-lighter that banishes the need for matches or pilot light, it combines convenience with beauty of color and design.

Flooding the table with soft radiance, rich in reflected glow from ceiling and walls, the light from the No. 1828 Welsbach Fixture has that quality of brilliance most becoming to one's appearance—that mellow, eye-comforting tone that only Welsbach Incandescent Gas Light can bring about.

The beauty of this Welsbach Fixture gives the room an atmosphere of quiet charm; its perfect light, an added usefulness. For when the dinner is over, the children can study by it or play, enjoying light that for reading comfort, trueness of color tone and economy has no equal.

Why not add to *your* dining-room the air of hospitality and charm this beautiful fixture gives? Let your family begin at once to enjoy the countless benefits of its perfect illumination—brighter hours, cheerier spirits and everlasting comfort.

See the No. 1828 today. Your Gas Company will gladly demonstrate its many features—and install it for you. Term payments can usually be arranged with them.

WELSBACH COMPANY, Gloucester, N. J.
Member American Gas Association

Welsbach Lighting Fixtures

would stand out on a dealer's shelf like a wart on a bald head!"

"Who wants our baby's name to stand out on a shelf?" Mrs. Bowser demanded.

"Oh!" said Mr. Bowser with some slight confusion. "I meant in case he ever manufactured canned goods. He might, you know. We owe it to him to pick a name that would be useful under any and all circumstances, don't we?"

"John!" was all Mrs. Bowser said.

"John?" Mr. Bowser's voice had many elements of a roar in it. "John? Plebeian! Common! One instantly associates John with mediocrity, with nincompoopity. Why, when I hear the name John it always suggests a man who sleeps in his underwear and thinks grapefruit is poisonous."

"Your name is John," his wife reminded him.

Mr. Bowser flushed.

"Am I to blame for that?" he inquired warmly. "You notice I call myself J. Sanford. Besides, my father was a farmer, not a publicity engineer. He knew about alfalfa but not about the Psychology of A Name With A Punch. I tell you I won't even consider John. I want Kinzo."

"Bah! Sounds like a Japanese acrobat or a cure for flat feet."

He fastened upon her an eye impatient and stern.

"Apparently you haven't grasped the first principles of Names that Mean Something. Well, I won't argue with you while you're in this state. Let's discuss something else."

"John," said Mrs. Bowser with set jaw.

"Let's postpone that subject, please," he said. "Peabody Garfinkle just phoned me that he must start printing labels for his cans tomorrow. He wants the design and name by one o'clock. He'll use any one our organization works out. That's Client Confidence, eh?"

"I hope it is not misplaced," said Mrs. Bowser, her voice scented with a faint perfume of irony.

Mr. Bowser ignored this observation.

"Sorry I couldn't check on any of your slogans for the cleaning powder," he remarked with a great show of amiability. "One of yours—Garfinko Nostinko—almost made the grade, but not quite. Just didn't pull the trigger with me, somehow. Your slogan is excellent—'Easy on the Nostrils But Hard on the Dirt!' Very pretty, very pretty. Pithy too. But—a little long, don't you think?"

"No."

"But, Bowser, don't you recall that our Doctor Butterfield worked out in the laboratory that the Human Eye Can Only Rivet on Seven Words at Once? Your slogan has nine. If you could somehow boil it down ——"

"I'll boil nothing down. I like it as it is."

Mr. Bowser shrugged his well-tailored shoulders.

"And fly in the face of psychology?" he asked gently, but as one who is hurt.

Mrs. Bowser bridled.

"Don't look at me as if I were a naughty child, Bowser!" she ejaculated. "I'm not a green copy writer that you've caught wearing an unadvertised brand of rubber heels. I was a Successful Slogan Builder before I ever met you, please remember."

"Come now, control yourself. At least let me tell you about the Big Thought I just had before I came in here."

Mrs. Bowser tapped her teeth with her pencil. Mr. Bowser jumped to his feet and when he spoke his voice held chords of rapture and his eyes were alight with the joy of creation.

"Listen," he began. Then in his special slogan voice he declaimed: "Smelly-Welly dirt-devourer!"

Mrs. Bowser regarded him without enthusiasm.

"Not bad," she admitted.

"Not bad?" he cried. "Great Scott, woman, it's perfect! Smelly-Welly! Why, it's an inspiration. Came to me like a flash from the sky. Smelly-Welly! Easy to say, easy to spell and chock-full of punch. Look here, Bowser, just look here!" From an inside pocket he took a strip of cardboard on which he had hastily lettered in large black print:

SMELLY-WELLY
Dirt-devourer

He held it aloft, eyes beaming.

"Just picture that in orange on a dark blue background! Smelly-Welly! A child can say it. Ah, an idea! 'A child can use it just as easily as a child can say it.' We'll print that on every can. Why, it would be a sin to retail Smelly-Welly at a dollar a can. I bet we could get a dollar and a half easy for a product with a name like that. Smelly-Welly! There's magic in it, I tell you. Isn't it a peach, Bowser?"

"I like Garfinko Nostinko better," she answered doggedly.

He bit his lip.

"Oh, do you?" he said stiffly.

"Yes; Smelly-Welly lacks dignity."

"Is that so? Well, I tried it on Mink, Pfeffer, Boley, Deyo, Hendricks and Shinners, and they were all most enthusiastic about it."

"They would be, the jellyfish," said Mrs. Bowser dryly. "If you'd suggested Cupid's Caress as the name for a tire pump they'd applaud."

Mr. Bowser was outraged by this suggestion.

"You're just in a stubborn streak, Bowser," he declared. "No use reasoning with you. I shall use Smelly-Welly."

"It lacks dignity," she retorted.

"Smelly-Welly," said Mr. Bowser with concentrated gravity, "is my choice, and I intend that it shall be used."

"We'll see about that," said Mrs. Bowser grimly.

A light and timorous tap sounded on the door; the frightened face of Miss Mink peeped through the crack.

"Sorry, Mr. Bowser," she said, "but your reducing class at the Billboard A. C. starts at 5:30 and it's now 5:25. You told me to be sure you didn't miss it again. Your car is waiting."

"I'll come directly, Mink," said Mr. Bowser. He turned to his wife. "I shall stay at the club tonight," he informed her, then stalked out.

She said nothing; ominously she tapped her teeth. There was a buzzer in the Quiet Room—a pale gray buzzer with a wan buzz; this she pressed. Miss Gussing flitted into the room.

"Gussing, take a memo. To cook. *In re* dinner tonight. Mr. Bowser will not be present. Tomato soup, roast chicken, little green beans, guava jelly, raspberry mousse, eight sharp. "(Signed) P. I. Bowser,
"*Associate President.*"

Came morn to the office of J. Sanford Bowser. Up and down, up and down paced Mr. Bowser, heedless of the fact that he might wear a path in the genuine Cabistan rug. That he, most careful of men, should thus imperil so costly a piece of his own property was a sure sign to his employes that he was in no mood to be trifled with. His brow, generally bland, was creased with care and perplexity. He lit Marlborough-Somerset after Marlborough-Somerset, then tossed them, half-smoked, into the copper ash tray. J. Sanford Bowser was in conference with himself.

Heads of departments tiptoed about with ashen faces and tight-shut lips; now and then they paused in the corridors to exchange a few tense, whispered words. Copy writers in their coops wrote furiously but silently with soft black pencils; now and then they glanced apprehensively over their shoulders as if they momentarily expected the grim reaper himself to enter. Little girls down in the checking department curbed their giggles and masticated their gum with nervous molars; even the space salesmen on the benches in the reception room sensed the fact that the atmosphere was electric with suspense; in muted voices they muttered their selling talk over to themselves.

"J. S. B. is making some big decision," whispered the head of the copy department to the head of the media department.

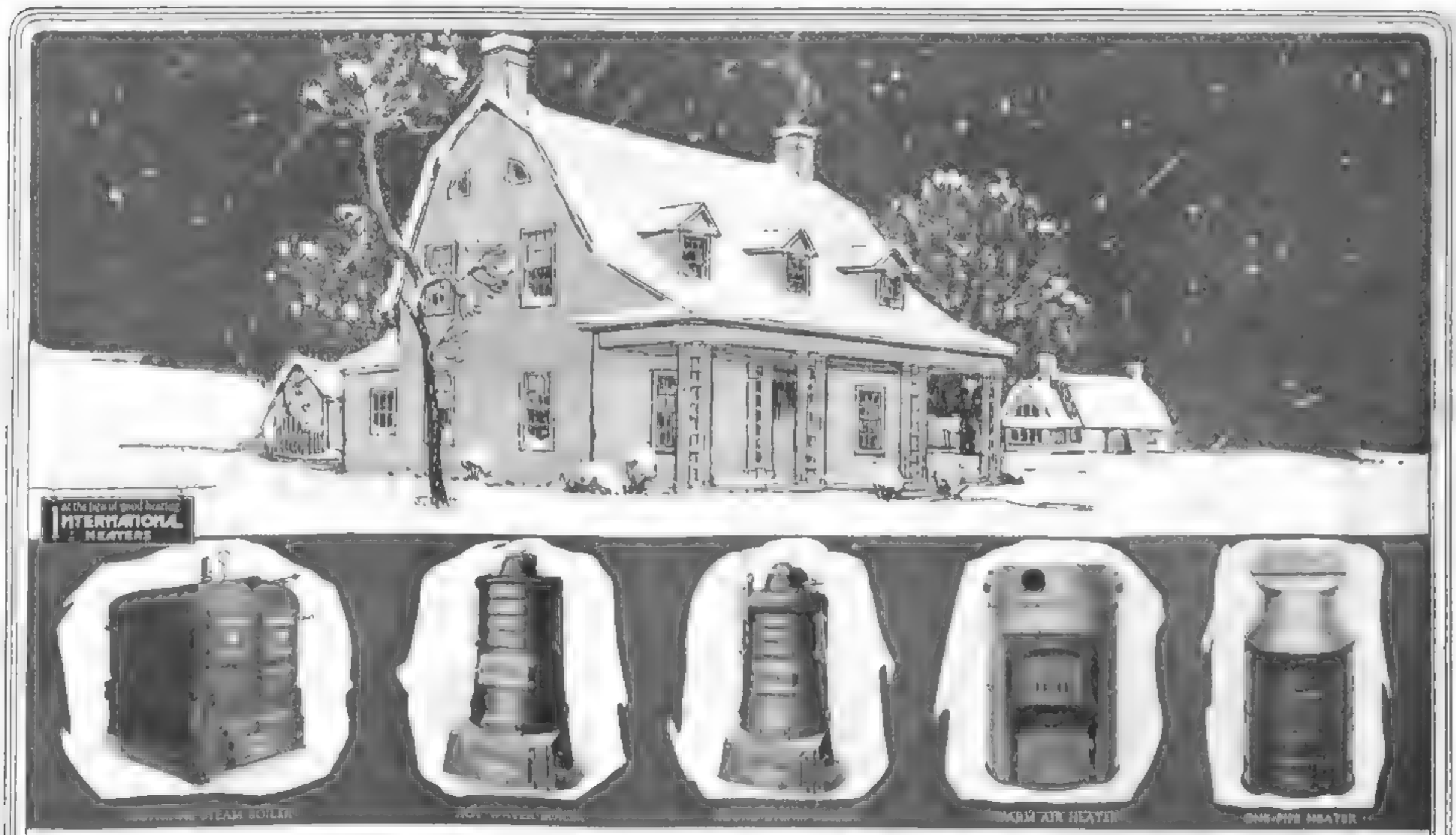
"The Chief is making some big decision," whispered Copy Writer Deyo to Copy Writer Shinners as they held hands in the Quiet Room.

"Mr. Bowser is makin' some big decision," whispered Mickey the messenger to Sallie the checker.

And Mrs. Bowser, where was she? Alone and aloof in her own private concentrating room on the roof of the building, she did not know of the spiritual wrestling match that went on in Mr. Bowser's soul. She was busy; her chin jutted out resolutely; with pieces of colored paper and with paint she frantically designed car cards, posters, cartons, on which she lettered vigorously "Garfinko Nostinko."

"Hit Them in the Eye with Something Tangible," she explained to the faithful Gussing who stood guard outside the door to prevent interruption. "Once Bowser

(Continued on Page 109)



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The house pictured above may be *any* home. Suppose it represents yours.

Below it are indicated 5 types of International Heaters that offer four methods of heating—steam, hot water, vapor steam or warm air.

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Suppose the house you are considering is different from this one. Suppose it is larger or smaller, more extended or more compact. Which heater will prove the best investment in comfort and convenience?

There are very many factors that must be considered before a reliable answer can be given. *All* must be considered.

It is precisely to answer such individual questions that we offer the services of our engineers. With our catalog we send a simple chart and question blank. When returned our engineers can and do give free, definite and reliable advice. We make all types of heaters in hundreds of styles and sizes at a wide range of prices and can therefore offer advice that is free from prejudice in favor of any method of heating or type of heater.

Before you decide on any heater send for our catalog. You will obligate yourself in no way. You will receive advice that has back of it 75 years of experience and good reputation. Address Dept. A.

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The basis of the good reputation of International Heaters is high quality. Much of this is brought about by superior design.

Take the International Onepipe to the right—the simplest, most direct type of heater.

Its radiator—the part where the smoke and gas circulate—a vital part of any warm air type—is cast in *ONE piece*.

This construction costs more to manufacture but it eliminates joints that may leak gas and smoke

International Heaters are built on the basis of not how cheaply they can be made and sold, but on how well and how economically they will serve.

An International catalog illustrates and describes all International features of design. It pays to study them. Write for catalog on any or all types. Address Dept. A.

INTERNATIONAL HEATER COMPANY

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

UTICA, N.Y.

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

What Will the Power Cost?

Suppose every quotation on machinery had the cost of electrical power added in.

The cost is *there* whether it is figured or not and the machinery buyer should consider it just as he does the freight or cartage.

He can make absolutely sure of low power bills by getting a machine equipped with a Lincoln Electric Motor. The saving is due not only to the construction of the Lincoln Motor but to its scientific adaptation to its work.

Every Lincoln Motor is *fitted* to the machine it drives—fitted by actual operating test, not by estimated horsepower figures.

Lincoln Engineers do this work in cooperation with the machinery manufacturer.

They guarantee any machine so fitted with Lincoln Motor to do the work at the lowest possible cost.

Ask for machinery quotations, "complete with guaranteed Lincoln Motor."

"Link Up With Lincoln"

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The Lincoln Electric Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto—Montreal
Manufacturers also of the Famous
LINCOLN WELDER

Branch Offices
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
London, England

(Continued from Page 106)

sees these, he'll forget Smelly-Welly. Smelly-Welly lacks dignity, don't you think, Gussing?"

"Yes, Bowser."

From the theater of war, where Mr. Bowser battled with himself, came a news bulletin which leaped from mouth to mouth:

"J. S. B. is going into the Quiet Room."

"The Chief is going into the Quiet Room."

"Mr. Bowser is going into the Quiet Room."

They saw him, hands clasped behind him, chin resting on necktie, eyes oblivious of things mundane, stride down the corridor and into the Quiet Room. As noiselessly as if it were the cobweb door to ghostland the gray door purred shut behind him. From basement to roof in the vast Bowser Building breaths were held.

In the Quiet Room Mr. Bowser set up on racks four cards, in groups of two. The first card bore the words:

SMELLY-WELLY
Dirt-devourer

The second card had inscribed on it:

GARFINKO-NOSTINKO
Easy on the Nostrils, But Hard on the Dirt

The other two cards were smaller. One bore the words:

KINZO BOWSER

The other had written on it:

JOHN BOWSER

J. Sanford Bowser leaned back in a gray easy-chair, stretched out his long legs and studied for many minutes the cards.

Abruptly he stood erect; dynamically his teeth clicked. With quick hands he seized the Garfinko-Nostinko card and the John Bowser card and tore them into small bits.

"Thinking out loud," he said—a favorite expression of his—"I intend to be master in my own office and in my own home."

He jabbed a buzzer button. Two thousand employes of The Bowsers, Inc., breathed again. They knew that the big decision had been made.

In spurted Miss Mink.

"Minktakmemo."

She looked at him in some alarm; he appeared ruffled, almost agitated. It was contagious; her hand trembled.

"Memo to Hencastle," he jerked out. "*In re* name. My final decision is SMELLY-WELLY—Dirt-devourer! This name must be used no matter what objections are raised; it will be up to you to see that this is done. Please note that appointment is for one sharp, as per verbal instructions given this morning.

"(Signed) J. SANFORD BOWSER,
"President."

He signed it as if he were signing the Declaration of Independence.

"Minktaknuthermemo."

Miss Mink snapped to attention.

"To Hendricks. *In re* matter discussed this morning. My final choice is Kinzo. Please carry out my instructions to the letter. Use my limousine.

"(Signed) J. SANFORD BOWSER,
"President."

"Now," he directed, "when Hencastle and Hendricks have left the office please find Mrs. Bowser and ask her to be so good as to come to the Quiet Room as soon as she can for a very important conference."

Miss Mink scurried forth, and he picked up a large pad of paper and began to sketch out posters for the forthcoming Smelly-Welly campaign.

So engrossed was he in this work that he did not notice that it was fully two hours before Mrs. Bowser entered. She was slightly disheveled, slightly smeared with purple ink, slightly flushed, and in her hand were many papers.

"Well, Bowser?" she inquired.

"Sit down, please," he said most affably.

She did so

"Bowser," he began levelly, "I'm not going to beat around the bush. I'm going to tell you straight out."

Her eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"Two heads," stated Mr. Bowser, "may be better than one in thinking, but one is better than two in doing. So I determined today that I would go ahead and name the new cleaning powder and attend to the christening of the baby myself."

"Oh, have you really?" said Mrs. Bowser in a voice ten degrees below freezing. "Important, if true."

"It is true," he rejoined calmly. "The things have been done."

"Done? Done!" The first "done" she uttered was a whisper; the second "done" a scream.

"Precisely. Both jobs I put through according to a careful plan," he continued with serenity. "By my order Hencastle went to Peabody Garfinkle and told him he could order one million cans bearing the label Smelly-Welly."

Mrs. Bowser, incapable of speech, sucked in her breath sharply.

"And," finished Mr. Bowser, "also by my order, Hendricks called at the house today, took the baby to the church in the limousine, and had him christened."

"What?" asked Mrs. Bowser faintly. "John?"

"No," said Mr. Bowser; "Kinzo."

For a brief second Mrs. Bowser appeared to be about to swoon, but she didn't; she spoke, but with an effort.

"There are times," she said slowly, "when mere words cannot express thoughts. And this is one of them." Then, with mounting ire: "Do you mean to sit there and tell me, J. Sanford Bowser, that you had the unmitigated nerve to name my baby without ——"

"Hush, for heaven's sake! There's somebody at the door," he said. There was indeed somebody at the door; the Bowsers heard a crackling noise.

"Look! What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser.

"It's a newspaper; someone is poking it under the door," she said, mystified.

He stooped and picked up the paper.

"Early edition of the Evening Clarion," he said. "Look it's marked right here"

For a moment they bent their heads over the sheet.

Then Mrs. Bowser gave forth a heart-rending scream that made the gray walls of the Quiet Room tremble; then Mr. Bowser cried aloud "Great Cæsar's ghost!" and collapsed into a chair. Staring out in cold black type they saw:

LATE NEWS

BOWSER SCION CHRISTENED

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford Bowser, well-known publicity engineers, of Park Avenue, and Great Neck, L. I., was christened at noon today in the Church of Saint Jude the Obscure, by the Rev. James Russell Swiggette. The name given the infant was Smelly-Welly Dirt-devourer Bowser.

Mr. Bowser recovered just enough to moan, "Great Cæsar's ghost—they got the memos mixed! They got the memos mixed!"

"Smelly-Welly Bowser," repeated Mrs. Bowser over and over, as if under some horrible spell. "Smelly-Welly Bowser. My baby! Smelly-Welly Bowser."

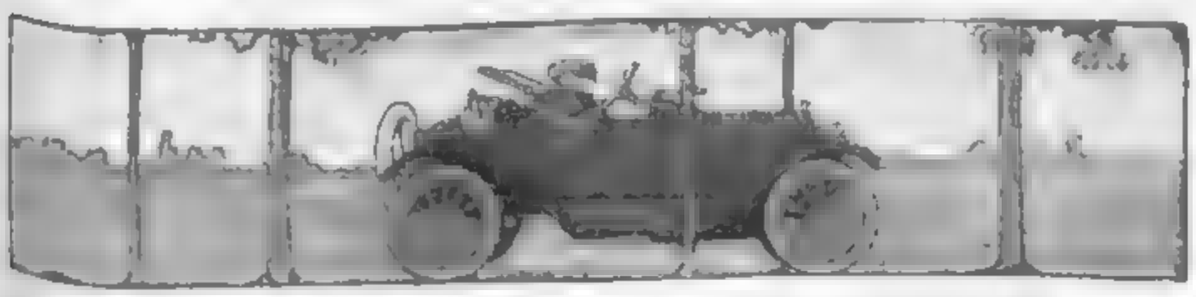
"They got the memos mixed, Pandora," he said abjectly. "I tell you they got the memos mixed."

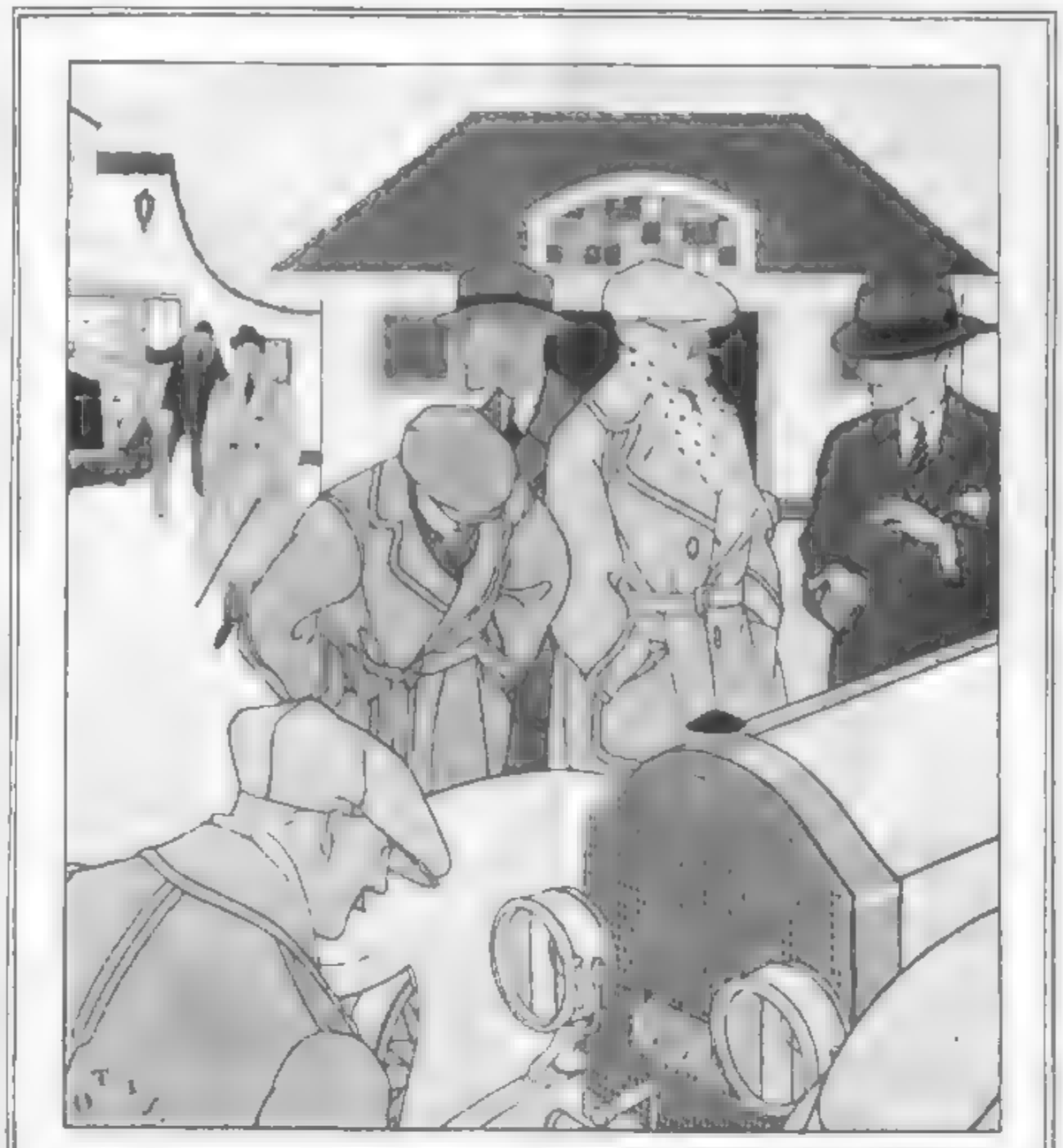
"Smelly-Welly Bowser," she moaned. "You wanted an unusual name! You wanted a name no one will forget! You wanted a name easy to say! Well, you've got it! Oh, dear; oh, dear—Smelly-Welly Bowser! My son. Smelly-Welly ——"

"Oh, Pandora," he cried, taking her hand, "how can you—or he—ever forgive me?"

She looked up and the beginning of a smile twitched her lips.

"Now we'll just have to call him John," she said.





THE FIRST AMONG HIS FRIENDS TO STABILATE HIS CAR

The first man in any group of friends who STABILATES his car, or who buys a STABILATED car, achieves a distinction comparable to that of the first one of them who bought an automobile.

At once he becomes the center of interest, bombarded with questions.

"What are they, anyway? Look like some new-fangled shock-absorbers. - - - Oh, come off. Some salesman hypnotized you. They can't be *quite* as good as you say.

"All right. We're willing to be shown. Drive us 'round the block. But you're in for a kidding if they don't do all you say."

And once more is the STABILATOR story told by unanswerable performance.

With all the progress in other phases of the motor-car, it has been a long time since anything of really great importance has been accomplished toward greater riding comfort, safety and roadability.

Now, STABILATION has dropped into this stagnant situation like a pebble into a quiet pool, and the news is rippling in ever-widening circles over the whole motoring population.

That's why you can pick any casual group of the "motor-wise," whether in "gasoline alley" or "peacock alley," and their animated discussion is as likely to be STABILATION as the Volstead Act—and that is saying a lot.

For STABILATORS are so absolutely different in principle that they have disturbed all pre-conceived ideas of how to give to the automobile the steadiness, equilibrium, comfort, safety and roadability it has needed to realize the full possibilities of motor travel.

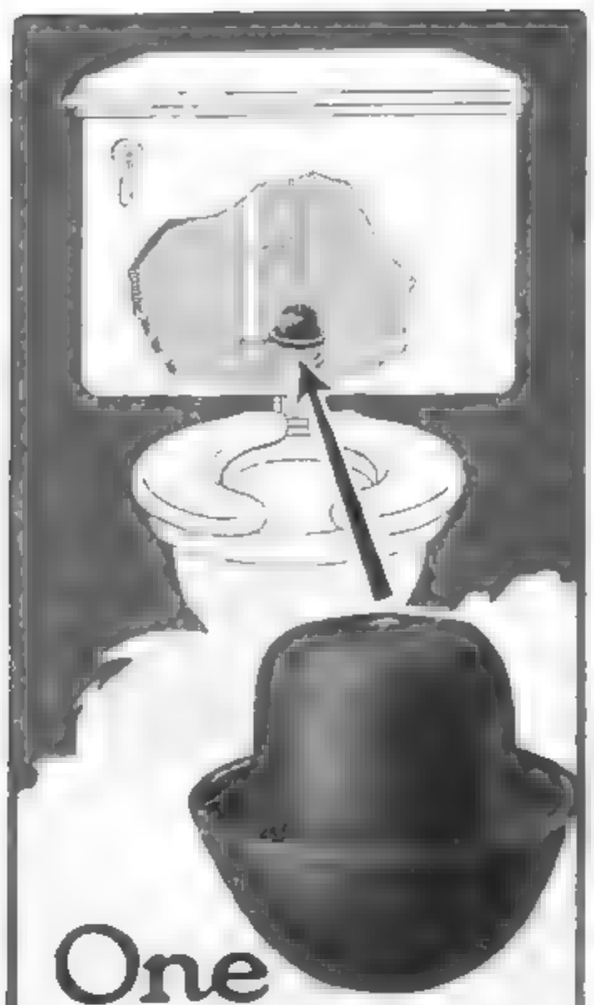
Ride in a STABILATED car and you will not care *how* such a totally new luxury of motion has been achieved; you'll be interested only in *the fact*.

But in lieu of such a ride, you can see the wholly different STABILATOR principle in the literature we will send you upon request.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

WATSON STABILATORS

CHANGE THE WHOLE NATURE OF YOUR CAR



One *household trouble at last eliminated!*

That annoying, wasteful trickle from the closet tank. Many's the time you've jiggled the handle to stop it and at last you've had the plumber fix it with a new tank ball

Yes, he fixed it in the best way possible. But, no tank ball available at the time was correctly shaped or made of lasting material. Sooner or later it collapsed, swelled or stretched and the trickle, trickle began ag....

But that's all over now since the invention of the

MUSHROOM Parabal

GUARANTEED 3 YEARS

This new tank bulb is made in one piece of pure, live gum, reinforced where the wear comes. It is not affected by the chemicals in water. It cannot swell or stretch. Shaped like a mushroom, the Parabal fits perfectly into the outlet valve seat, while the outstanding lip is tightly sealed down over the valve by the pressure of the water.

Stop your tank leaks with the Mushroom Parabal. Ask your plumber for it. If he hasn't his supply yet, send us his name and we will see that he gets it for you. Descriptive literature free on request.

Remember the Mushroom Parabal is guaranteed for three years and lasts much longer. That means we'll supply a new bulb free and pay for the plumber's time, should the Mushroom Parabal fail to give satisfaction.

Woodward-Wanger Co.
Philadelphia
Quality Plumbing Specialties for 17 years

THE MUSHROOM PARABAL
Costs $1.25
It may be had only through

Note this dis-

THE CINDER BUGGY

(Continued from Page 32

third time it was a blue ticket, and that was final. He could never come back. So McAntee was fired for good, and this was without precedent under the rules because that was the first ticket he had ever got. The next day Enoch sent a clerk to McAntee's house with Tom's wages. A widow received the money. Tom was dead.

The man who picked up Tom's beater and went on with the heat that day, all the men of the puddling and heating crews, every man in the mill, even the miners back in the mountains—they were all white with rage and horror, yet not one of them fumbled a stroke of labor, or quit, or thought of quitting. The effect of this incident, in fact, was to lift the breaking point through the whole organization. Those who had already had yellow and red tickets went on for years and died without ever getting a blue one. Many were dismissed. Almost never did a man quit. Why? Because more than anything else in the world they feared Enoch Gib's contempt for the man who broke. They could stand his cruelty; they could not bear his scorn. Also, in a strange way the men themselves shared his contempt for the one who broke. They would not acknowledge it; they tried hard to conceal it. Yet a man could not quit without feeling inferior, not only in the sight of the tyrant, but in the eyes of his fellow workers.

The demon who ruled them had no breaking point. Continuously day and night he walked among them like a principle of evil, calling to a spirit of demonry within them—a spirit that racked their bodies, scarred their souls, and responded in spite of their reason. A maddened hand would sometimes be raised against him. He never flinched. He was derisive. The hand would drop. He never gave a man a ticket for that.

Brains were another problem. He treated it separately, though in the same way and with the same consequences. Any inquisitive young man wishing to learn the iron business could begin at the bottom. He might begin in the mill and work toward the office or begin in the office and work toward the mill. He was sure to move fast in either direction. If he survived the ruthless selection that took place on the lower rungs of the ladder he could count on gaining a small partnership in a few years. An interest of 2 or 3 per cent in the business was more stimulating than wages. As the business grew the number of junior partners increased. There might be six or eight at a time, all trying to keep pace with Enoch. They emerged from the flux like a procession of sparks, burned brightly for a little while and fell in darkness. He used them up and bought them out.

In time the town of New Damascus, like the yard of his mill, was littered with things Enoch Gib had strained to the breaking point. Some, like Tom McAntee, were decently covered up in the cemetery. Others were aimlessly walking about. Conspicuous among these were the used-up partners. They all had nice houses and plenty to live on. The business was profitable. But they were withered and rickety, older than old Enoch in the midst of their years, and had a baffled look in their eyes.

The town became rich and famous. The mill was the source of its greatness. There the first American rails were rolled. For twenty years they were the best iron rails in the world. There iron nails were first cut from a sheet, like thin cookies out of dough. Then the Civil War came, and iron that cost ten dollars a ton to make could be sold for fifty and sixty.

IX

ONE August evening in 1869 a number of New Damascenes were gathered as usual at the railroad station to witness and audit the arrival and departure of the seven o'clock train. This was an event still miraculous and unbelievable, requiring verification of the senses. A young man swung off before the train had quite stopped, walked forward and stood watching the small freight unload. When the last of it was off, one of the heavers, leaning from the car door, called to the station agent, Andy Weir:

"Give us an extra hand here. There's a flat passenger."

Weir came and looked in.

"Them's rawkish words you use," he said admonishingly. "Suppose it was somebody we knew."

"Come on," said the heaver. "Give us a hand. This ain't a hearse. It's a railroad train."

Weir beckoned; several men stepped out of the crowd to help. With a hollow, grating sound the end of a long pine box was pushed into view. It came out slowly. Weir felt for handles. There weren't any. It was a plain coffin case.

"Shoulder it," he said to his volunteers.

They walked with it to the far end of the platform and stopped.

"Might rain," said Weir, changing his mind. "Over there," he added, after looking around. "Under the overhang."

They turned back. Awkwardly, with scraping feet and gruntings, they put it down against the station wall under the projecting eaves, and then stood looking at it, all a little red from the exertion and stooping.

"'Tain't yours, is it?" said Weir, turning suddenly on the young man who had followed the box to and fro.

"Yes," he said.

"Who are you?"

"John Breakspeare."

The station agent bent down and read the card tacked to the top of the box. The name was Aaron Breakspeare.

"I knew him," he said, now gazing at the young man. "Knew him well, I might say. Everybody around here knew him. You ain't his boy?"

"He was my father," said the young man. "Will it be all right to ——"

"And he's sent himself home," said Weir. "Sent himself home to be buried. You all alone?"

"I'm the whole family," said the young man, with a smile that made Weir look away. "Will it be all right ——" he began to ask again and hesitated before the pronoun. For nearly a week he had been traveling with this freight and the dilemma was new each time. How should one refer to one's father in a pine box? Corpse was a sodden, gruesome word. Body was too cold and distant. Remains—no. There were left only the pronouns it, this, that and they were disrespectful.

"It's all right there," said the station agent, seeing what the young man meant. "But if you want to leave it all night we'll take it in."

"Only for a few minutes," said the young man. "I'm coming right back."

The idlers about the station waited until he was out of sight, then gathered around the box, staring at it, reading the card, looking away, commenting.

"So that's poor old Aaron! As the fellow said, we're all alike at the end of the lane." . . . "He wasn't so old, because wasn't I born——" . . . "The young one brought him back." . . . "Where'd he come from, does it say?" . . . "Likely looking boy" . . . "Get his name?" . . . "Wonder what old Gib'll say." . . . "This one stole his sweetheart."

To John Breakspeare, son of Esther, great-grandson of the founder, now turning his twentieth year, New Damascus was a legend. He had never seen it. Yet without asking his way he walked straight to the inn that was his grandfather's, since named Lycoming House, and wrote two names in the register thus:

John Breakspeare, Denver, Colo.
Aaron ditto ditto

They meant nothing to the clerk, who was new in the place. He blotted the writing, then looked at it and asked:

"Is your party all here?"

"Not yet," said the young man. "We want two parlor rooms on the ground floor."

"Connecting rooms?"

"Yes."

"You are John Breakspeare?" the clerk guessed.

"Yes."

"The other member of your party will be coming tonight?"

"He is waiting at the station," said the young man. "We shall want the rooms only for tonight and tomorrow. I'll pay now, please."

"We can send a rig to the station," said the clerk.

"No, thank you," said the young man.

He looked at the rooms. In the large one he set two chairs six feet apart, facing; he left the gas burning, locked the door, put the key in his pocket and went out.

One hour later an undertaker's wagon, followed by a hack, pulled up in front of Lycoming House. The young man got out of the hack and stood in the main doorway waiting. Four men drew the pine box out of the wagon, shouldered it and started in.

There was a crash from end to end of the long hotel veranda overhanging the street. Twenty men sitting there in tilted chairs, their feet on the railing, smoking, all with one impulse dropped their feet and sat up straight to look. A rigid hotel custom forbids hospitality to Mister Death. There is only one way for a corpse to pass through a hotel door. That is out. If you die inside, it can't be helped. You must go out. But if you die outside you can't come in.

The clerk ran out to defend the threshold.

"What's this?" he shouted. "You can't do this. You can't rent a mortuary chapel in a hotel."

His words were futile. The young man turned his back, beckoned the undertaker to follow, and led the way through the door and down the hall to the big parlor room, the door of which he unlocked and threw open. They put the pine box on the floor, opened it, raised the coffin to rest on the chairs. The young man followed the empty box to the street and returned with two high candlesticks and candles. These he set at the head of the coffin and lighted. Then, locking the door behind him, he joined the undertaker outside and drove away with him.

The clerk, outraged in both his authority and his traditions, meanwhile had fallen downstairs and was shaking a red, tissue-logged hulk that dozed in a hickory chair at the end of the bar. This was Thaddeus Crawford, the proprietor. He never opened his eyes but to eat and speak and look at the books. The sign he gave of listening or of waking when addressed was to open his mouth, a small cherubic orifice, and roll the tip of his tongue round and round it. When he closed his mouth that was a sign he was no longer interested. When he opened his eyes and spoke it was a shock to discover that he could speak distinctly, that his senses were alert, that the triumph of matter was incomplete.

During the clerk's recital of what was taking place upstairs he rolled his tongue excitedly without opening his eyes. Then he heaved himself, achieved locomotion, and went up to look at the names on the register. He looked at them hard and long, dozed a bit, looked at them again, then returned inarticulate to the hickory chair downstairs and fell into it panting.

"What shall we do?" asked the clerk, who had followed him up and down again.

"Do the dishes," said Thaddeus, closing his eyes. "Wouldn't anyhow," he said to himself, thinking out loud. . . . "Won't hurt the house . . . Care a damn if it does . . . Time we had a funeral here." He dozed off for a minute, chortled in his depths, and spoke again with his eyes closed:

"Put it on you, didn't he? Guess he did Guess he did. . . . Damn smart! . . . Want to see him when he comes back. . . . Knew his father."

When John Breakspeare returned, the clerk, now very civil, took him down to Thaddeus. They talked until long after the bar closed. Thaddeus was surprised to discover how little the young man knew of his prenatal history and proceeded to restore him to his background. The picture was somewhat blurred in the romantic passages, from a feeling of delicacy. That loss was more than compensated by high lights elsewhere. He told him in turgid, topical, verbless sentences what the old Woolwine mansion was like in that other time; how Enoch and Aaron founded the iron industry together; how they prospered; how strange it was that they got along so well; how they parted suddenly when Esther, the banker's daughter, who was engaged to Enoch, changed her mind suddenly and married Aaron instead; and finally how Aaron failed with steel and how he changed all over after Esther's death.

The narrative had form and drama and a proper ending, very unexpected to the young man. The parlor room in which the body of his father then lay and the one adjoining in which he himself should spend the night were rooms he had lived in once before. They were the rooms his father took

(Continued on Page 113)

SELZ $SIX

Old South Church, Boston

All leather

Full grain Cherry Red Calfskin

Also other styles and leathers in high and low shoes

Goodyear Wing foot Rubber Heel

Goodyear Welt

Natural Finished Oak Sole, bringing longer wear

THE shoe dealer in your city that gives the best values—the far sighted merchant—sells Selz $Six Shoes.

He sells them at a short profit which gives him a volume of sales that more than makes up for it.

He knows the Selz $Six will please you. He wants you as a regular customer.

For in Selz $Six we combine metropolitan smartness with high quality leather—calfskin with oak soles—resulting in longer wear—at six dollars.

The Selz $Six is a shoe worthy of the name Selz which is stamped only on high quality footwear.

Trust Your Selz Dealer

He is in business to serve you well.
He knows good values and gives them to you.
He voluntarily takes less profit in the interest of greater sales.

SELZ
$SIX
Look for this stamp on the sole

1871 **SELZ** 1923

11 FACTORIES—30,000 DEALERS

MAKERS OF ALL-LEATHER SHOES, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS "ROYAL BLUE" LINE, FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS

CHICAGO : PITTSBURGH

This great pump's great success is due, primarily, to its measuring accuracy. That's automatic. It cannot vary.

Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one. Millions do!

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
Rochester, Pennsylvania

"Always Accurate"

Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

(Continued from Page 110)

when he closed the Woolwine mansion unable to live there without Esther, and came to this inn with nurse and infant. That infant was himself.

It came two o'clock. With no premonitory sign Thaddeus heaved himself out of the hickory chair and called for the porter to put out the lights.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I haven't thought of it," said the young man.

"Stay with us," said Thaddeus. "Long as you like."

On his way to bed Thaddeus said to the clerk: "Give him anything he wants. Don't send him a bill till he asks for it. Don't send him a bill at all."

A spiritual adventure awaited John Breakspeare to complete his day. As he reëntered the room where his father's body was and closed and locked the door behind him he got suddenly a sense of reality beyond any perception of things. It was a reality to which he himself merely pertained. This was a sense of existence. The story he had just heard in the barroom, as he was hearing it, seemed to concern only his father; and his father was a separate being who had lived and was dead and about to be buried. But, no, that was not so.

Vividly, yet with no way of saying it, no way of thinking it, with only a way of feeling it, he became in one instant aware that the story no less concerned himself. Everything that had happened to his father had happened also to him. His father was dead, for there he lay. That was merely the evidence of things. Beyond was the truth that his father was not dead. He, the son, was another knot in the flying thread. Life had been handed on. That naïve delusion of youth in which oneself is perceived as a separate miracle, beginning at the toes and ending at the top of the head, was shattered. Back of his father and mother were others, numberless. Their history was his history. He was but a link in a continuous scheme, as his father was, and his father's father, and so on and on, back through an eternity of moments. The past surrounded him. It was intangible, enormous, indivisible.

One of the candles, dying with a splutter, startled him. The other one was also low. He replaced them, lighted fresh ones, then slid back the panel of the coffin cover and gazed at the face of his father with strange, uneasy interest.

How little he knew of him! Always he had thought of him as a man of sorrow. Yet once he had been gay and spontaneous, full of the enthusiasms and compulsions of life. Never before had he sensed anything of that. The first recollection of his father was sad. It was of going with him, hand in hand, to an open-air show, trembling with excitement. It was a special occasion. His father had come a long distance to see him. How he knew that he could not remember. There were animals in the show and men and women who made them perform, and noise and music and peanuts and wonderful smells and much going on. He was delirious with happiness until he noticed that his father was weeping. That almost spoiled the day. After that he could not remember him again until somebody took him a long journey, lasting many days—for aught he knew many years—and at last they found his father, who was in bed, in a little white bed, and very strange, and he had not liked kissing him.

Then was a time, rather dim, when they were together and became great and equal friends. But it could not last. He was sent to school in Philadelphia and saw his father only at long intervals, and each time they had to get acquainted all over again. They both looked forward eagerly to these meetings, and always they were disappointed, especially in the beginnings of new acquaintanceship, until the strangeness wore off and they had reconstructed their memories of each other. At least, it had been so with him. He remembered it as a fact. And now he realized that it had been so also with his father. Intuition multiplied his recollections and made them new. He remembered something he had never once thought of before: They were together, waiting for the train that was to take him back to school. He was restless with childish impatience and counted the minutes that delayed their parting. The train was late. When it came he clamored to get aboard, lest he should be left, and almost forgot to look back and wave. The wistful sadness in his father's face meant nothing to him at the time. Now he understood it.

Suddenly, as he stood there gazing at his father's face, his spirit of itself achieved a form of mystical experience such as may occur naturally and surprisingly at a certain time of youth and is seldom if ever repeated save in the lives of ascetics. He felt himself flooded with understanding, though he knew not in the least what it was he so lucidly understood. There was a sense of new friendship then beginning with his father, a friendship that should be perfect, wordless, indestructible, beyond peril. Never had he felt so near to his father, so alive to him, so communicative. Death at the same time changed its aspect. It was a catastrophic event, but inconclusive. It was not the final enigma. It had nothing to do with life, for life was a prior transaction and bound to go on. It had nothing to do with love, for love was parallel to life and reached beyond death. Life and love—they were truly mysterious. For death there must be some simple explanation, like the explanation of night, without which every sunset would fill mankind with the terror of extinction. It was—death was—death itself was only—what? He had almost seen it, what it was, and then suddenly it disappeared. He had looked the wrong way. For an instant it was there. He tried to reconstruct the point of view. But when he began to think of what he was thinking the dazzling, jewel-like space he had been staring into collapsed with an inaudible crash. All that was left of it was the dead face reflecting the light of the candles. The experience was closed. Never in his life was it repeated. He had no idea what it meant, then or afterward. Yet the memory of it became his chief spiritual asset. One thought thereafter controlled his life. He was his father continued.

■

HE WAS yet to see his father in another light. That was the light of universal human affection. For a day there were two kinds of people in New Damascus—those who knew Aaron and others. Nobody was asked. It was meant to be a private ceremony. But that was impossible. All who knew him came to assist at the obsequies. They came from Quality Street and they came from the company houses beyond the canal. There were hundreds of old ironworkers and miners, who, at John's suggestion, walked in a body behind the hearse. He was amazed and deeply moved by all this demonstration of feeling, and saddened by it at the same time, for here were people strange to him whose knowledge of his father was older and greater than his own.

Enoch Gib neither came nor stayed away. As the funeral procession departed from the inn he was observed sitting on the veranda, his feet on the railing, his hat on his head, smoking a cigar, gazing vacantly into space.

Somebody said: "Tonight he will give a blue ticket to every man in the mill who took time off for this. That's why he came."

That was not true. Then why did he come? There is no answer. He himself probably did not know. The mourners returning saw him sitting there still. He sat there for hours, until evening, utterly oblivious. Then he rose, crossed the town and disappeared up the path to Throne Rock.

Late that night the furnace men at No. 4, deaf as furnace men by habit are to the uproar of the smelting process, looked at one another saying, "What was that?"

It was a sound of horrible, ribald laughter off the mountain, borne downward by the wind.

An old man spoke, one who stood in an open shirt, gray hair on his chest, stray gray curls below the edges of his skullcap, alight in the furnace glow.

"That's Enoch," he said, "crowing over Aaron."

They listened. The laugh was not repeated. But as they turned away, letting down their breath, another sound much worse came down the wind and caused their skins to creep.

That was Enoch screaming.

XI

JOHN BREAKSPEARE sat on the veranda of Lycoming House thinking of his situation and of what he should do. His father's old friends had pursued him with offers of hospitality, and as he had to choose he chose that of Thaddeus, for two

Made for You, Sir

Do me the kindness to try it

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN: We learned what you want in a Shaving Cream by consulting 1,000 men like you.

Then we set out to meet those ideals for you, better than others had done.

Now we ask a test—a free test—in fairness to yourself and us.

We are competent

This is a famous soap laboratory. For 60 years it has studied soap chemistry. The leading toilet soap of the world—Palmolive—is one of our creations.

We made up and tested 130 soap formulas to attain the utmost in a Shaving Cream. Step by step we met your desires in ways that will delight you.

Now we offer you a Shaving Cream that excels in these five major ways

Five new virtues

1—It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

2—It acts quickly, softening the beard in one minute.

3—The lather maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4—Extra-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting, while weak bubbles let hairs fall down.

5—The palm and olive oil blend makes the after-effects delightful.

No money wanted

Now we ask you to prove these claims. Make ten tests at our cost. If we have so excelled the others, you will want to adopt our cream. If we have not, you'll know it. Men can't be fooled in this line. Do us the courtesy of a ten-shave test. Cut out the coupon now

TEN SHAVES FREE

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept B-399 Milwaukee, U.S.A.

The Search for Riding Comfort

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Ten years ago Robert H. Hassler, Inc., produced such a device in the Hassler Shock Absorber—a device that won from the first a large following, and which is now approved by more than a million owners, including many of the country's largest corporations, operating great fleets of passenger cars and trucks.

Hassler Shock Absorbers control violent spring action, check the vicious and destructive upthrow after a big bump, make riding restful, and save more than their cost in reduced car depreciation, tire wear and lessened fuel consumption.

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reasons: One was that he liked Thaddeus extravagantly; the other was that living at the inn entailed no social amenities. He was by no means a solitary person. Naturally he was gregarious. But for the first time in his life he wished to be let alone, and that great, friendly hulk dozing in the hickory chair at the end of the bar was the only person who had no meddling curiosity and tactfully ignored his existence.

Well, first, there was no available estate, except a few thousand dollars in money. The wandering Blue Jay mill had worn out at last. Aaron's final act of business was to sell its good will to a corporation. That was where the few thousand dollars came from. The plant itself was scrapped for junk. The day after that Aaron lay him down with a fever and never got up again. John, in his junior year at college, was summoned at once, at Aaron's request, as if he knew he were going to die. Yet he could not wait. He died the night before the boy arrived.

His will, written by himself on a sheet of foolscap, was very simple:

All I have whatsoever I leave to my son, John. There is no one else.

Pinned to this was a personal note as follows:

Boy of Esther, I am leaving you. Go straight and God bless you. Bury me at New Damascus.

The writing, though clear, was evidently an achievement of great effort. He was dying then and was gone in less than an hour.

The old Woolwine holdings of ore and coal, though still intact, were in a state of suspended development and not very valuable, perhaps quite unsalable. As for the ore, it would not pay to develop that any further, because the whole iron region was now beginning to be flooded with cheap Mesaba ore from the head of the Great Lakes. Gib, in fact, was already buying this ore for his blast furnaces. He could buy it for less than the cost of producing his own. As for the coal, the only market there had ever been for that was at the New Damascus blast furnaces. Gib owned all the furnaces and had all the coal he needed. Coal is coal, of course; it may be sold anywhere. But the Woolwine holdings, which John Breakspeare inherited, were probably not large enough to bear the capital that would be necessary to put New Damascus coal into commercial competition with the output of the big established collieries up the river.

These thoughts, all wound up together in the young man's meditations, led nowhere. They merely revolved. They fell into a kind of rhythm. The same ideas kept repeating themselves in an obsessed, uncontrollable manner. "I'm stupid," he said, and got up to walk. Of a sudden he became aware of what it was that had been making his thoughts go round like that.

There was a throbbing in the air, a rhythmic punctuation, a ceaseless hollow murmur. He had heard this voice before—continuously, in fact—without attending to it. Now he listened. It came from the chest of the great driving engine in the rolling mill at the other side of town. It said:

Wrought iron
Wrought iron
Wrought iron
Iron, iron

The mill!

The mill that once was half his father's! Volcanic fires, incandescent difficulties, quick, elemental fluids, in these his father wrought and failed. Had not the son some pressing business with that same Plutonic stuff? He walked straight off and took the nearest way. Stalking the voice of the engine brought him to the rear of the mill.

It was evening. He had never seen an iron mill before. For some time he stood outside the gate, viewing it at large, smelling and tasting its sultry fumes, acquainting his senses with its angry roar. There was at first no sign of human agency. Then at intervals he made out figures passing back and forth through bolts of sudden light. They were more like phantoms, solitary, silent, bored and wearily attending. The notion crossed his fancy that man had tapped the earth of forces which turned genii on his hands, enslaved him, commanded strict obedience and consumed him in the end.

Now a shift was taking place. Night crews were coming on; day crews were going out. Those arriving walked erect, their faces, white and clean, showed vividly against the murky texture of everything around. Those going out were limp and bent; their faces did not show at all. Twice a day they passed like that, bodies healed by sleep and food relieving those all fagged and bruised from a twelve-hour struggle with the genii. Puddlers, heaters, hammermen and rollers were marked apart from common unskilled labor by leather aprons on their feet, tied round the ankles, flapping as they walked.

Curious glances fell upon the young man idling there in the dusk. Nobody spoke to him. On the gate was a painted sign: "Positively No Admittance." The rule was rigid, even more so in Gib's mill than at any other in the country, and all iron-working plants in those days were guarded very jealously because spies went to and fro stealing precious methods, formulas and ideas. The weakness of a rigid rule is that everyone supposes it will be observed. No doubt the men who saw Breakspeare enter took him to be a young man from the office. No common trespasser would be so cool about it; a spy would make his entrance surreptitiously. Whatwise, nobody stopped him. He went all the way in and was swallowed up in the gloomy, swirling, glare-punctured commotion.

And once inside he could move freely from place to place. No one paid him the slightest heed.

The air was torn, shattered, upheaved, compressed, pierced through by sounds of shock, strain, impact, clangor, cannonade and shrill whistle blasts, occurring in any order of sequences, and then all at one time dissolving suddenly in a moment of vast silence even more amazing to the ear. Conversation would be possible only by shrieks close up. The men seemed never to speak at their work. They did not communicate ideas by signs either. Each man had his place, his part, his own pattern of action, and did what he did with a kind of mechanical inevitability as if it were something he had never learned. They were not related to each other but to the process, kept their eyes fixed on it for obvious reasons, and stepped warily. A false gesture would have immediate consequences.

The process just then was that of rolling iron bars. From where Breakspeare stood he saw the latter end of it. He saw the finished bars spurt like dull red serpents from between the rolls. Two men standing with their gaze on the running hole from which the reptile darted forth snared it by the neck with tongs, walked slowly backward with it as the rolls released the glowing body, until its tail came free, then dragged it off, a tame limp thing, turning black, and put it straight along with others to cool.

The whole process could not be seen at once. It took place in a train of events covering many acres of area. It could be followed backward—that is, by going from the finished bars to the source of the iron, or in the other direction, downstream, from the puddling furnaces where the iron is cooked, to the hammermen who mauled it into rough shape and thence to the rolls. Breakspeare, having started that way, traced it backward, from the finished bar to the source of its becoming.

He moved to a position from which he could see all that happened at the rolls. The rolls were merely enormous cylinders revolving together in gears, with grooves through which to pass the malleable iron. The first groove through which it passed was very large, the next one smaller, the next one smaller still, and so on until the last, out of which the final form appeared. The iron had to be passed back and forth through each of these grooves in turn.

On each side of the rolls stood men in pairs with tongs—silent, foreboding men, with masks on their faces and leather aprons on their feet, singularly impassive and still save in moments of action. They were the rollers. At intervals of two or three minutes a man came running with two hundredweight of incandescent iron in the shape of a rough log five or six feet long, carried in tongs swung by a chain to an overhead rail, and dropped it at the feet of the rollers. Becoming that instant alive, the rollers picked it up with tongs, passed it through the first groove of the rolls, giving it a handful of sand if it stuck, and stood again in that attitude of brooding immobility, leaning on their tongs, looking at nothing, bathed in sparks as the tail of the iron disappeared. On the other side of the rolls similar men with similar tongs seized it as you would take a

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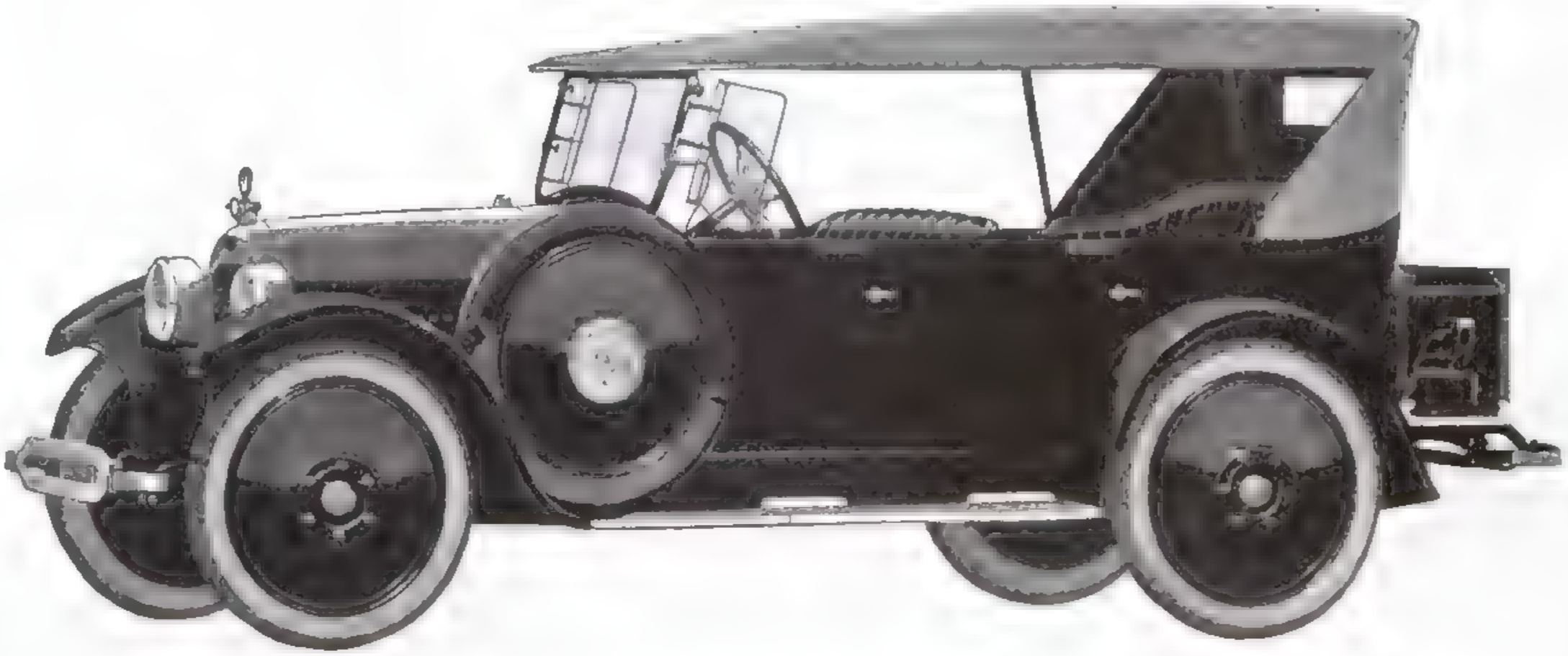
ANNOUNCING

The New Nash Four Sport Model



NASH

Here again, with the introduction of the new Four Sport car, Nash provides fresh proof of the creative originality that distinguishes the entire line.

The shapely beauty of its low-swung body and the quality of its extensive equipment are so compelling and arresting that you turn instinctively for a second glance.

And the advanced practice displayed in the engineering of the motorserves to make its performance as notable as its appearance.

The greater smoothness, quietness, acceleration and fuel economy are so impressively apparent that the car is certain to be awarded an especial precedence and a particular preference among four-cylinder cars.

Features and Appointments of the Sport Car—Shapely maroon body. Bumpers front and rear. Rear-view mirror. Transmission lock. Five disc wheels—spare with cord tire and tire cover mounted at front on driver's side. Trunk with waterproof cover. Trunk rack. Windshield wings, nickel-plated windshield posts. Two-piece windshield. Windshield wiper. Spotlight. Combination stop and tail lamp. Radiator shell, nickel-plated. Motometer, with radiator cap handles, nickel-plated. Locking type monogram radiator cap, nickel-plated. Running boards with special covering and aluminum step plates with metal-filled rubber pads. Enhanced smoothness and power responsiveness. Upright nickeled guard bars at back of body. Dark gray Spanish leather upholstery. Ecru silk mohair top.

(1111)

FOURS The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wis. **SIXES**

B22

"I'm Going to Make More Money!"

"I'm tired working for a small salary. I know I have just as good a head on me as Fred Moore and Bob Roberts, for we used to work side by side. But they've gone far ahead of me.

"Why? Because they saw the value of special training, and I didn't.

"But I know better now. If the International Correspondence Schools can raise the salaries of men like Fred Moore and Bob Roberts, they can raise mine!

"If they have helped others to advance, they can help me, too. To-day—right now—I'm going to send in this coupon and at least find out what the I. C. S. can do for me."

WHY don't *you* study some one thing and get ready for a real job at a real salary? Can you afford to let the hours after supper slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much?

Thousands upon thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous hours because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in their spare time for bigger work. You will find them in city, town and country—in office, factory, shop, store, mine and mill, on farms and on railroads. There are clerks who became Advertising Managers, Salesmen and Executives; carpenters who became Architects and Contractors; mechanics who became Engineers and Electrical Experts; men and boys who rose from nothing to splendid responsible positions.

More than two million men and women in the last 31 years have advanced themselves in position and salary through I. C. S. help. More than 150,000 are studying right now. You can join them and get in line for promotion.

The first step to success in the I. C. S. way is to choose your career from this list and mark and mail this coupon here and now.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4011, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet "Who Wins and Why," and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X.

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Name

Street Address

City State

Occupation

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

(Continued from Page 114)

reptile by the neck in a cleft stick, controlled and guided its wrigglings, and thrust its head into the next smaller groove. Thus they passed and repassed it through the tolls, catching it each time by the neck and returning it through a smaller groove. Each time it was longer, more sinuous, less dangerous, until at last, with the final pass it became what Breakspeare had first seen—namely, a finished wrought-iron bar, ready to cool.

From the rolls he moved to the tilt hammers. At corresponding intervals the hammermen received on tongs from the puddling furnace two hundredweight of iron in the form of a flaming dough ball which they laid on a block and turned under the blows of the tilt hammer falling like a pile driver from above until it was the shape of a log, fit to be passed through the rolls. Then helpers, lifting it in tongs again, ran with it to the rollers.

Beyond the tilt hammers were the puddling furnaces. There the process began. A puddling furnace is a long, narrow, mawlike chamber of brick and fire clay, with a depressed floor for the molten iron to lie in and a small square door at the end. It is heated to inferno by a cataract of flame rising from a fire pit at one side and sucked by draught across the roof of its mouth. When the whole interior is like a dragon's gullet, white-hot, wicked and devouring, cold pigs of iron are cast in, the door is banged to, the chinks are stopped and the puddler gathers up his strength.

In the door is a small round hole. Through that hole the puddler watches. When the iron is fluid his work begins. The thing he represents is Satan raking hell. With his beater, a heavy bar resembling a stove poker fifteen feet long, and working only through that little round hole, he must beat, stir, whip and knead the iron and skim off the impurities, which drain away in a lava stream beneath the door. He must not pause. The beater gets too hot to hold or begins itself to melt. He casts it into a vat of water and continues with another.

The puddler is the baker, the pastry cook, the mighty chef. All that follows, the whole pudding, the quality of the iron to the end of its life, will be the test of his skill and demonic impatience.

Presently the iron begins to bubble gravely, turning viscous. Now the art begins. The puddler, still working through that small hole, must ball the iron—that is, he must divide the molten mass into equal parts and make each part a ball of two hundredweight just. Having made the balls he must keep them rolling round without touching. If they do not roll they will cool a little on the underside and burn on top; and if they touch they will fuse together and his work is lost. One by one he draws them near the door. They must not all come done at once. Therefore, this one takes the hottest place; that one stays a little back. Then one is ready. The door jerks open. A helper, working tongs swung by a chain to the monorail overhead, reaches in, plucks out the indicated flaming pill, rushes with it headlong to the hammermen and comes running back to get another.

The puddling process fascinated Breakspeare. He watched it for a long time. He particularly enjoyed watching the work of a certain young puddler, tall and lithe, in whose movements there was an extraordinary fullness of power, skill and unconscious grace. He was bare to his middle, wore a skullcap and gloves, and in his outline, turning always in three dimensions, a quality was realized that belongs to pure sculpture. He moved in space as if it were a buoyant element, like water. Never did he make a sudden start or stop. No gesture was angular. One action flowed into another in a continuous pattern. When with the furnace freshly loaded with iron, the door closed, the chinks all stopped and the draught roaring, the moment came to rest, he flung himself headlong but lightly on a plank bench and lay there on his side, his head in his hand, propped from the elbow. And when he rose it was all at once without effort.

Standing in deep shadow, outside the area of action, Breakspeare was not aware that the puddler had once looked at him or knew of his presence there; and he was startled when without any warning at all that person departed from his orbit, came close to him, and shouted in a friendly voice:

"Well, how about it?"

"Bully!" Breakspeare shouted back at him.

They looked at each other, smiling.

"Don't let the old man catch you," said the puddler. "He's about due."

"All right," said Breakspeare.

The puddler went back to his work and never looked at him again.

Breakspeare liked the encounter. He liked the puddler, whose friendliness was in character with his movements, swift and unerring.

He was at the same time in a curious way disappointed. When the puddler spoke he was a man, like any other who made the same sounds and had the same difficulty in overriding the uproar. Speaking was the single act that visibly required effort of him. But as a puddler, with the glare in his face, an ironic twist on his lips, his body glistening with perspiration, his left leg advanced and bent at the knee and his other far extended, every muscle in him running like quicksilver under satin—then he was a demon, colossal, superb, unique. When he spoke that impression was ruined; when he returned to his work it was restored.

These were not Breakspeare's reflections; they were his feelings and so engrossed him that he was unconscious of the fact that he was no longer alone in the shadow.

Enoch Gib stood there beside him watching the puddlers. He seemed oblivious of everything else. The puddlers knew he was there. One sensed their knowing it from an increase in the tension of the work. But they did not look at him.

Breakspeare, close enough to have touched him, moved one step away. Gib was not so oblivious as he seemed. Not turning his head, in a quiet voice that carried through all other sound, he said: "Stay where you are." When he had seen the end of the heat he said in a peremptory tone: "Come with me."

They walked out side by side through the front gate, across the road to the little brick office building, into the front room. The old man took off his coat, hung it on the back of his chair, spread a towel over it, and sat down at a double walnut desk, the top of which was littered with ragged books, unopened letters, scraps of metals, sections of railroad iron, scientific journals, cigar ashes and little models of machinery, in the utmost confusion. Breakspeare, unasked, sat himself down at the other side of the desk and waited. He had a feeling that all the time Gib had been expecting him to break and run and was prepared to detain him forcibly. Why, he could not imagine. He knew nothing about the sacredness of ironworking premises nor of the suspicion with which intruders were regarded.

"What were you doing in the mill?" Gib asked brutally.

"Looking at it," said the young man.

"Who sent you?"

"Nobody."

"How did you get in?"

"Walked in."

"At what gate?"

"On the other side."

Gib made ominous mental note of that statement. Then he asked:

"Who are you?"

"John Breakspeare."

Gib had been looking at the young man with a keen, malign expression. Visibly he did not start. But he slowly averted his gaze. It fixed itself on a burnt cigar hanging over the edge of the desk, and his body slightly rocked.

Then he sat perfectly still, as if rigid, and Breakspeare could hear the ticking of a watch in his waistcoat pocket.

"What do you want?" Gib presently asked in a changed voice, rather dim.

Until that instant Breakspeare had no definite thought of wanting anything in this place. First had been that sudden spontaneous reaction to the voice of the engine. Then came the impulse to visit the mill. That impulse was unexamined. It had not occurred to him to think that anything might come of it, least of all had he any thought of meeting Gib or of what he should do in that event. Nevertheless the question as it was asked started a purpose in his mind.

"I want to learn the iron business," he said.

"Here?" said Gib quickly, with apparent astonishment.

"Isn't this a good place to learn it?" the young man retorted.

For a long time the old man sat in meditation.

"The iron business," he said, with singular emphasis. "Mind now, you said the iron business."

"Yes."

"Not the steel business. Iron! Iron!"

"I don't know the difference," said Breakspeare, adding: "Anyhow, you don't teach the steel business here, do you?"

The old man looked at him heavily. Then he got up to pace the floor with his hands clenched. Once, with his face to the

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PHOTO. BY DE COU. COPYRIGHT BY EWING GALLOWAY NEW YORK CITY

Grotto Geyser Cone, Yellowstone National Park

Why motors lose power

TO understand why and how motors lose power with use, it is necessary to realize something of how they are made and how they produce the power that gives us transportation or does our work—hour after hour and day after day. This power is first created by the explosion of gasoline vapor within the cylinders. Thousands upon thousands of these explosions take place, driving the crankshaft 'round in millions of revolutions. Then there are also an infinite number of other movements which are just as much a part of its operation.

Movement means friction—friction means wear—wear means changes in adjustment. Therefore, power losses of some kind are inevitable.

The first place wear appears—and it is ultimately the cause of greatest power loss—is in the piston equipment. Here is where incredibly rapid movement is the whole function. The pistons have to take the force of the explosion and, through their connections, turn it into power.

In order that the pistons may work freely, even when the metal has expanded to its limit under the terrific heat generated, they must have clearance space within the cylinders. To prevent, however, any escape either of the charge of gas previous to firing or the force of the explosion, this clearance space is taken up by piston rings.

These are springy bands of iron which encircle the pistons and press outward against the cylinder wall. A thin film of oil is held between the face of the rings and the cylinder wall, which serves to make the closure complete and also minimizes friction.

But, of course, friction can never be entirely eliminated, and that's why we have the wear problem. Wear of piston against cylinder wall—cylinder wall against piston—wear on piston rings, no matter how finely adjusted—wear on piston grooves which hold the rings in place. This wear destroys the original adjustments, pressures and balances, and away rushes power.

That is purely a matter of leakage and very important it is in its effect upon power production, but such leakage creates conditions which invite further power losses. Oil proceeds to work up past the piston rings into the combustion chamber, where it is destroyed, forming carbon. This carbon, deposited on the piston head, becomes incandescent under heat and fires the charge prematurely. It gathers on the points of the spark plugs and, by short-circuiting the current, prevents firing altogether. It also works up into the valve seats and interferes with close fitting, which allows the gas to blow away.

In the early days of automobiles, power losses through motor wear had to be accepted as inevitable, and when aggravating proportions were reached there was but one solution. You traded your car in for a new one—usually at great financial sacrifice. Today, however, it is different. This uneconomic condition has been met by the McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co. They have built a complete line of piston rings, pistons and piston pins for replacement equipment and developed a national distributing system which enables you to secure any of them everywhere.

All that many motors need to restore their maximum power and economy is McQuay-Norris Piston Rings. The best investment is the combination of LEAK-PROOF Rings for *power* and Supercyl Rings to *prevent oil trouble.*

Where unusual conditions have occasioned what is called "scored" or "out-of-round" cylinders, they ought to be rebored or reground and the new dimensions must then be fitted with new pistons and pins. In this case it will repay you to put in the complete McQuay-Norris equipment. Every unit has been designed with the single idea of increasing your motor's power, saving fuel and oil and decreasing carbon trouble and to serve with high efficiency for a long, long time.

There are competent shops specializing on reboring or regrinding cylinders. Your garageman or repairman can help you locate one if your motor needs this. Repairmen everywhere have McQuay-Norris Piston Rings, Pistons and Piston Pins in the correct size for your motor, or can get them promptly from their jobber or a McQuay-Norris Service Stock.

Ask us to send you our free booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power." It tells simply and plainly the whole story of power production in motors. Address Dept. B, St. Louis.

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PISTON RINGS
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PINS

FOR AUTOMOBILES, MOTOR TRUCKS, TRACTORS, STATIONARY GAS, OIL AND STEAM ENGINES, MOTOR BOATS, MOTOR CYCLES, AIRPLANES, COMPRESSORS, PUMPS, LOCOMOTIVES, STEAMSHIPS, REFRIGERATING MACHINES.

McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins—gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety permits—specially designed for replacements—available in standard sizes and over sizes—also in semi-finished form 75 thousandths over size. Pins of exceptional accuracy. Made of special heat-treated steel.

Pistons and Pins of quality

LEAK-PROOF—Its exclusive two piece design means equal cylinder wall pressure at all points. Its greater flexibility means better performance in worn cylinders. Best for all grooves except top, which should have Supercyl. Made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25

In Canada, $1.50

Supercyl—stops oil trouble. Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.00

In Canada, $1.25

JIFFY-GRIP—the quick seating ring with the non-butting joint. "Seats in a Jiffy." Can be fitted closer than the ordinary step cut rings. Ends cannot butt when fitted tightly as quick seating rings should be. Accurately made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in glassine envelope. Price per ring—

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Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Made of Electric Iron. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. Packed twelve to the carton and rolled in waxed paper. Price per ring—

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This striking evidence of its quality is enough.

You know by its very color that it is a perfect product of complete refinement. Its very translucency goes far toward proving that Texaco Motor Oil is free of all hard-carbon-forming residues.

Texaco Motor Oil is clean, pure, and full bodied—light, medium, heavy and extra-heavy—there is a grade for every car.

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Run it with Texaco Gasoline The Volatile Gas

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MOTOR OILS GASOLIN

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wall, he laughed in a mirthless way. That seemed to clear his mind. He sat again at the desk with an air of having settled it.

"Come tomorrow at eight," he said.

XII

WHEN John told his friend Thaddeus he was going to work in the mill Thaddeus rolled his tongue in a very droll way.

"You seem surprised."

"Ain't," said Thaddeus. "Ain't. Can't tell when I'm surprised."

That was all he would say.

Everybody who knew the past was astonished. It was supposed that the young man did not know what he was doing. A very old citizen of Quality Street, with a glass eye that gave him a furtive, untrustworthy appearance, came to visit with him on the hotel veranda and approached the subject by stalking it. He was not a presumptuous person. Never had he meddled in the affairs of others, though he would say that if he had it would have been more often to their advantage than prejudice. This matter of which he was making at his time of life a precedent, an exception, was nobody's business of course. Still in another sense it was. There had been a good deal of talk about it. Nobody wished to take it upon himself to speak out. That could be understood. People had to be cautious. Moreover, feelings of great delicacy were involved. But what a pity, said he, for any of these reasons to withhold from Aaron's son information he would not come by for himself until it was perhaps too late.

"I must be very stupid," said John, at one of the significant pauses. "You are evidently trying to tell me something."

"You are going to work in the mill?" said the old man.

"Yes."

"Do you know what happens to the young men Enoch Gib takes in?"

He did not know. The old man told him; and when he was through, Aaron's son thanked him and made no comment. After that people said he knew what he was doing. They said he had some ulterior design.

That was not the case. He had a feeling for the iron business. An opportunity to learn it had unexpectedly presented itself. There was besides a romantic touch in learning the business here, in New Damascus, on the ancestral scene. This was an afterthought. It never occurred to him that he had a feud to keep with Enoch Gib. All that matter was new to him. So far as he could see there was more reason for Gib to hate him as his father's son than for him to hate Gib as a man who might have been his father if his mother had not changed her mind. His father had never spoken ill of Gib, had never spoken of him at all, in fact. It would have been most unlike him to bequeath a quarrel or transmit a family feud.

Gib had been willing to receive the son of a man whom he hated indelibly. The circumstances under which it had come about were fortuitous; yet there was the fact. Why should the son be loath? As for what happened to Enoch Gib's young men—and of this John heard more and more—that was a matter he lightly dismissed.

A curious fact was that from the first Aaron's son liked Enoch Gib. Perhaps like is too strong a word. His feeling for him was one of irrational sympathy, which, though he did not know it, had been Aaron's feeling for Enoch to the end.

When John presented himself at eight o'clock that next morning Gib's way with him was impersonal and energetic.

"Did you ever sell anything?" he asked.

"No," said John.

"You can," said Gib. "I see it in you."

He removed the towel from over his coat on the back of the chair, folded the towel, laid it on the desk and drew on his coat, saying: "I'll show you now the difference between steel and iron. It's the first thing to be learned, the last thing to be forgotten."

They went to the mill yard. Laborers were piling up rails that looked all alike to John except that they varied in length and weight. Gib led the way straight to an isolate pile and pointed John's attention to the name of an English firm embossed on the web of each rail.

"That's a steel rail," he said. "It's imported into this country from England. Now look."

He beckoned. Four men who knew what he wanted lifted one of those rails and dropped it across a block of pig iron on the ground. It snapped with a clean, crisp break in the middle.

"That's steel," said Gib with a gesture of scorn.

The men then laid half of the broken rail with one end on the ground, the other resting on the pig iron block, and hit it a blow with a spike maul. Again it snapped.

"That's a steel rail," said Gib, "to run locomotives and cars over. It breaks, as you see, like glass. When they unload steel rails for track laying they let them over the side of the car in ropes for fear they will break if they fall to the ground."

The same four men, evidently trained in this demonstration, went directly to another pile of rails, carelessly picked up the one nearest to hand, laid it on the ground against a stout iron post and attached to each end of it a chain working to a windlass some distance off. Then they started the windlass. As it wound in the chains, pulling at both ends of the rail, the rail began to bend at the middle around the post. As the windlass continued to wind, the rail continued to bend until it became the shape of a hairpin—without breaking, without the slightest sound or sign of fracture.

"That is one of our iron rails," said Gib. "You can't break it. Look at the bend, inside and out."

John looked. The bent part was smooth on the outside and a little wrinkled on the inside. There was no break in the fiber.

"Do it for yourself as often as you like," said Gib. "That's what the men are here for. We buy steel rails to break. Bring anyone who wants to see it. Devise any other test you can think of. I want you to sell iron rails." Suddenly he became strange from suppressed emotion. "Steel is a crime," he said, in a tone of judgment. "The only excuse for it is that it's cheaper than iron. The public doesn't know. Congress doesn't care. It lets these foreign steel rails come in to compete with American iron rails. The gamblers who build railroads are without conscience. They buy them. Yet a man who lays steel rails in a railway track is a common murderer! He will come to be so regarded."

John was astonished and somewhat embarrassed. Gib's exhibition of feeling seemed to him inadequately explained by the technical facts. The possibility that personal facts were primarily involved made him suddenly hot and uncomfortable. Steel, he knew, had been the symbol of his father's defeat in New Damascus. Correspondingly, iron had been the symbol of Enoch's triumph. Was it that Enoch hated steel as he hated Aaron; that his feeling for steel was his feeling for Aaron?

It partly was. That day, twenty-five years gone, when Aaron made his spectacular steel experiment, with Esther watching from the Woolwine mansion terrace, was a day of agony for Enoch. To Aaron and Esther a victorious outcome meant power, fortune, the thrill of achievement. For Enoch it meant extinction. He could not have survived it in mind or body. Simply he would have died.

The failure of the experiment saved him. It plucked him back from the edge of the void. It saved him in the sight and respect of New Damascus. And he had a feeling that it saved him even in the eyes of Esther, though from what or for what he could not have said. Forever after the word steel had a nonmetallurgical meaning. It associated in the depths of his emotional nature with black, ungovernable ideas, including the idea of death.

And now this rare, this altogether improbable irony of teaching Aaron's son the iron trade, of demonstrating to him the utter fallibility of steel, of sending him forth from New Damascus to sell iron rails against steel! Did Gib relish the irony? Gloat on it, perhaps? That may not be answered clearly. There was at any rate a strong rational motive in his behavior.

Hitherto New Damascus rails had sold themselves. Therefore Gib had no sales department in his organization. Now steel rails were coming in and steel rails were being sold. There was a powerful selling campaign behind them. The competition was not yet alarming, but it was serious and likely to increase, and the right way to meet it was to sell iron rails. Gib had business foresight. It revealed to him the use of salesmanship to meet a new condition. What he had been seeking was not then so quickly to be found. That was a selling genius. John Breakspeare was not the first young man he had personally conducted through the testing yard. Three had already failed him, and he was wondering where he should look for another prospect when Aaron's son appeared. Gib perceived or felt in him the latency of what he wanted. If this young man had been anyone else he would have taken hold of him in precisely the same way. The fact of his being Aaron's son—no, Esther's—was one to be set aside. The relationship was experimental, on the plane of business, and what might come of it—well, that would appear.

On John's part a personal sensibility at the beginning gradually wore away as he discovered the drift of events, which was this: The star of iron was threatened in the first phase of its glory. The day of steel was breaking. It was not a brilliant event. It was like a cloudy dawn, unable to make a clean stroke between the light and the dark. Yet everyone had a sense of what was passing in this dimness.

Gib, whose disbelief in steel rested as much upon pain memories and hatred as upon reason, was a fanatic; but at the same time great numbers of men with no such romantic bias of mind were violently excited on one side or the other of a fighting dispute. Fate decided the issue. The consequences were such as become fate. They were tremendous, uncontrollable, unimaginable. They changed the face of civilization. Vertical cities, suburbs, subways, grapefruit, industrialism, the rise of a wilderness in two generations to be the paramount nation in the world, victory in the World War—those were consequences.

It is to be explained.

Less than ten years after Aaron's failure the great Bessemer process—a way of producing steel direct from ore—was successfully evolved in England, and the British now were producing steel, especially steel rails, in considerable quantities. Americans as usual were procrastinating, digressive, self-obstructing. The Bessemer patents were bought and brought to this country. A Kentucky ironmaster filed an interference on the ground that although he hadn't developed it in practice he had had that same idea himself, and had had it first, and his contention was sustained. Several years were lost in wrangling over rights. Meanwhile, England entered the American market with steel rails. They were competing with iron rails. When at last the Bessemer process began to be tried in this country the principle of perversity that animates the untamed elements bewitched it. Disappointments were so continuous, so humiliating, so extremely disastrous, that a period was when one would have thought the whole thing much more likely to be abandoned than persevered with. And when at length there was a usable product at all it was a poor and very uncertain product, comparing unfavorably with English steel; and how the English steel rails compared with good American iron rails has already been witnessed.

Man is the only animal that whistles in the dark. Being so long in a dogged minority, so much discouraged, so sore in their hope, the protagonists of steel were boastful. They could not boast of their product—it was bad. Nor of their success—it was worse. They had to boast of things which one could believe without proof. The Bessemer steel process, they said, was the enemy of privilege. It was for the many against the few. It would transform and liberate society and cast down all barriers to progress. They were the radicals, the visionaries, the theorists, the yes-sayers of their time. Many a sound, conservative, no-saying iron man was seduced by their faith to exchange his money for experience.

And all the time, bad as it was, steel kept coming more and more into use, especially—that is to say, almost exclusively—in the form of rails. And the reason the steel rail kept coming into use was that an amazing human society yet unborn, one that should have shapes, aspects, wants, powers and pastimes then undreamed of, was calling for it—calling specifically for the steel rail.

The steel men heard it. That was what kept them in hope. The iron men heard it and were struck with fear. Why was it calling for steel rails instead of iron rails—steel rails that broke like clay pipes instead of iron rails that could be tied in knots? Did it care nothing for its unborn life and limb? It cared only a little for life and limb;

(Continued on Page 121)

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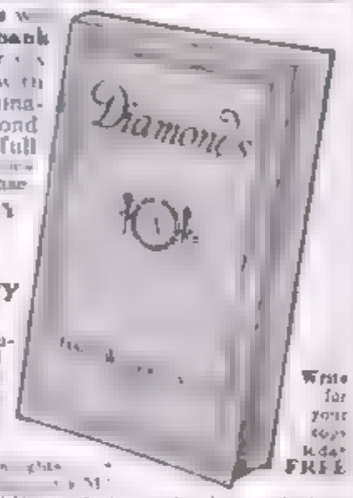

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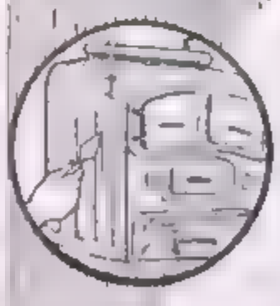
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Get a Headache vs. Get Glasses

"O-oo-ooh!" It was like a knife through the temple. He was unfit for rest, enjoyment, or work. "Can't you keep quiet?" he flared out at his son, playing with a metal toy. His wife checked the young engineer with, "Stop this minute! Don't you see your father is suffering from one of his headaches?"

How tragically she said it, as if headaches were an incurable disease. And yet how many of them are easily avoidable! For what are the facts in this commonplace episode—the facts back of nearly all headaches?

Eyestrain the principal cause of headaches

Defective eyesight! Some authorities say 90% of all headaches are caused by eyestrain; no authority puts it less than 70%. Leave it to your own experience. When getting a headache, you close your eyes, don't you?

Of the twelve pairs of nerves in the skull, six have some connection with the eye. No wonder the dull ache from eyestrain occurs in any part of the head! So when defective eyes are called upon to do the eye-work required by modern life, the tired ocular muscles set up pain along the nerves connecting with the other parts of the head. A correctly fitted pair of glasses gets at the cause. Glasses banish not *one* headache but a thousand.

Get the facts and lose your headache

In most cases, therefore, the right eyeglasses will put an end to all the pain and handicap of headaches. So much human misery is caused by defects in the eyes—which can be overcome by properly fitted glasses—that the labors and responsibilities of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff have an intensely human side, along with the delving into mysteries of metal and glass to improve vision.

Think what it would mean to the man of our story and his whole family if he knew what glasses would do for him! Think what it would mean to hundreds of thousands of people who, just for the lack of knowledge about glasses, needlessly endure the agony of headaches and cannot work to win! If you have headaches, have your eyes examined without delay.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH GLASSES

All that Science can give. all that Artistry can add

(Continued from Page 119)

much more it cared about bringing its existence to pass, and that was impossible with iron rails, with anything but steel rails, for reasons that we already know, having passed them. They require only to be focused at this point.

It was true of the iron rail that it was unbreakable, and therefore safe and superior to the steel rail, for all uses of human society in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century. That was still the iron age. But human society as it would be in the twentieth century was calling for a rail that would meet the needs of a steel age. This was a society that was going to require a ton of freight to be moved 2500 miles annually for each man, woman and child in the country! Transportation on that scale of waste and grandeur had never been imagined in the world. Iron rails simply could not stand the strain. They would not break under it. They would be smashed flat. They would wear out almost as fast as they could be spiked down.

It was true of the steel rail, as the iron people said, that it was very breakable, of tricky temper, dangerous to life and limb. Society in 1870 ran much more safely on iron rails. But the unborn society of the steel age was making rail specifications before hand. It was a society for which a quarter of a million miles of railway would have to be laid in one generation. That simply could not be done with iron rails. There would not be enough fuel, labor and time by the old wrought-iron process to make or replace iron rails on any such scale. Shoeing that society with iron rails would be like shoeing an army with eiderdown slippers.

The iron people of course could make steel in their own way from wrought iron, melted again and carbonized—fine cutlery steel, very hard and trustworthy—but you could not dream of making rails by the millions of tons from that kind of steel. The making of it was too slow and the cost prohibitive.

The three primary desiderata in the oncoming society's rail problem were hardness, cheapness, quantity. The new process produced a rail within these three requirements. It was hard because it was steel. It was cheap because the steel was got from the ore at an enormous saving of time and fuel. And it could be made in practically unlimited quantities. The Bessemer method made possible at once an increase of one hundredfold in metallic production. That was miraculous.

The iron age took three thousand years.

The steel age developed in thirty.

Enoch Gib stood with his face to it. He fought it with his eyes closed. His strength crystallized against it. When it passed him by with a rush and uproar, it passed New Damascus. Never was a pound of steel fabricated at New Damascus. It was an iron town. Steel towns grew up around it. That made no difference so long as he lived, and when he was gone, then it was too late. Opportunity had forsaken that spot.

The meaning of events is swift. Yet events are spaced with days, and days are of equal length, lived one at a time. Historically you see that the iron rail was suddenly and hopelessly doomed. But from a contemporary point of view one might have been for a long time in doubt. It was not until 1883, fourteen years after John's arrival in New Damascus, that the steel rail definitely superseded the iron rail.

XIII

ENOCH GIB'S knowledge of human nature in the uses of business was deep and exact. He was not mistaken in Aaron's son. John Breakspeare could sell iron rails. He could sell anything.

Selling ability in its highest development is a strange gift. There is no accounting for it. One has it or one has it not. He had it in that all-plus-degree which is the undefinite part of genius. The final irony was that Gib should have discovered it, for it belonged to the steel age and it was destined to be turned against him. In this young man who could sell iron rails he prepared a weapon for his invisible adversary.

The steel age always knew in advance what it needed. Salesmanship was its very breath. Why? Because when it came suddenly, like a natural event, men found themselves in command of means for producing wealth—that is to say goods—enormously beyond any scale of human wants previously imaginable. Production attended to itself. It ran utterly wild. There was a chronic excess of producing capacity, because the supply of steel had been magically increased one hundredfold and steel was the basis of an endless profusion of new goods.

The dilemma that presented itself was unique. Its name was overproduction. It occurred simultaneously in Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States. They all had the same goods to sell, the very same goods, rising from steel, and they sold them to each other in mad competition. Prices fell steadily for many years, continuously, until goods were preposterously cheap, and still always there was a surplus unsold. Rails fell from $125 to $18 a ton, and the face of two continents was netted with railways. Yet there was a surplus of rails. Never before in the history of mankind did goods increase faster than wants. It is not likely ever to happen again.

In a way that becomes clear with a little reflection, a surplus of steel caused a surplus of nearly everything else—for example, food. There was a great surplus of food because steel rails opened to the world the virgin lands of the American West. These lands in an iron age would have sustained only the people dwelling upon them and some small isolated communities, instead of feeding the industrial workers of Pennsylvania, New York, New England and Europe.

The steel age foreshortened time and distance. In the iron age an inland farmer raised grain only for himself and the villagers, and took it to the nearest gristmill to be ground. In the steel age he raised wheat to sell on the world's market. Kansas wheat was sold in Chicago; Chicago sold it in Liverpool; and the mills of Minneapolis sold flour in Kansas. It made no difference how far a thing was hauled.

The surplus of food released people from agriculture. They went to the industrial centers to make more steel and things rising of steel, so that there were more of such goods to sell.

More, more, more of everything!

Sell! Sell! Sell!

That was the voice of the steel age.

But we overrun the thread of the story. It lies still in the iron age. How did John Breakspeare sell iron rails for Enoch? It is to be mentioned that he founded the art of Messianic advertising. He took the message of iron rails to the people. He dramatized the subject.

After four weeks of study and reflection, going to and fro in the mill, absorbing all the technical literature there was, acquainting himself with the way of the trade—Gib watching and letting him alone—he outlined a plan of campaign. It involved a considerable outlay of money. Gib approved it nevertheless and the young evangel set forth.

At Philadelphia he arranged an exhibit the first feature of which was a pair of New Damascus iron rails that had bridged a perilous gap twelve feet wide and twelve feet deep washed out under a railway track at night. A locomotive and six passenger cars had passed safely over those rails in the dark. The miracle was discovered the next morning. Steel rails under that strain would have snapped. This was very effective. He reproduced in public the breaking tests applied to steel and iron rails alternately in the New Damascus mill yard. He collected data on railway accidents, which were then numerous and terrifying, and published regularly in the newspapers a cumulative record of those that were caused by the failure of imported steel rails, at the same time offering $10,000 for proof of the failure of a New Damascus iron rail under any conditions. He handled his facts in a sensational manner. Public sentiment was aroused. In several state legislatures bills were introduced requiring all new railway mileage to be laid with iron rails and all steel rails in use to be replaced with iron. None of these bills was passed. Still they were useful for purposes of propaganda. A fact-finding committee of Congress held hearings at which the young Elias from New Damascus appeared and made a worthy impression. This was the beginning of his familiarity with the law-making mentality. Without asking for it directly he got what the iron people had prayed for in vain. That was a punitive tariff against foreign steel rails. He had moved public opinion; the rest was automatic.

Thus he sold first the idea of iron rails. Next he proceeded to sell the rails. Railway building at that time was the enchanted field of creative speculation. Railways were made in hope, rejoicing and sheer abandon of willful energy. Once they were made they served economic ends, as a navigable waterway will, no matter where or how it goes; but where one was intelligently planned for the greatest good of the greatest need, four or five others derived their existence fantastically from motives of emulation, spite, greed, combat and civic vaingloriousness. When in the course of events all these separate translations of the ungoverned imagination were linked up the result was that incomprehensible crazy quilt which the great American railway system was and is in the geographical sense.

It was more exciting and more profitable to build railways than wagon roads. That is how we came to have the finest railways and the worst highways of any country in the civilized world.

Into this field of sunshine and quicksand marched the young man from New Damascus. He could scent a new railway project from afar, up or down wind, and then he stalked it day and night. He sold it the rails. Without fail he furnished the rails. He sold them for cash when he could, and when he couldn't get cash he took promissory notes, I.O.U.'s, post-dated checks, bonds and stocks. He took all he could get of what he could find, but whatever it was he sold the rails.

Enoch Gib, greatly startled at first, was willing to see how merchandising by this principle would work out. But as he was unused to excursions in finance, and as the notes and stocks and bonds of the railways in the gristle piled up in his safe, he called in his banker for consultation. John was present.

"It's not so much of a gamble if you go far enough," John said. "There's a principle of insurance in it. It would be risky to sell insurance on one ship. Nobody does that. It is perfectly safe to sell insurance on a thousand ships. This is the same thing. Some of these railways will bust, of course. But if we sell rails to all of them we can afford to lose on the few that go down. The whole question is: do you believe in railways?"

The two old men looked at their youthful instructor with anxious wonder.

"Is that your own idea?" the banker asked.

"It's pretty obvious, isn't it?" John answered.

"When you mention it, yes," said the banker. "I should never have thought of it that way."

Later the banker spoke privately with Gib.

"That's a very dangerous young man."

"Very," said Gib.

Yet it worked out rather well, partly owing to the principle and partly to John's uncanny instinct for making a safe leap. He could smell bankruptcy before it happened. Moving about as he did continually in the surge of the railway excitement he had access to much private information. He knew pretty well how it fared with the companies that owed the mill for rails. Besides, he got daily reports from the mill, and he could tell a great deal from the way a company called for rails on its contract. And if a company were verging toward trouble he knew how and where to get rid of its paper at a discount. The losses were seldom important; and they were balanced by profits in those cases where a company that had been charged a very high price for rails, because it was short of cash and nobody else would take its notes, was able at length to redeem its paper in full.

In John's mind was no thought of either loyalty to iron or disloyalty to steel. It was a question of American rails against foreign rails. Steel rails were entirely of foreign origin. The steel age had not crossed the ocean. His work justified itself. It was immediate, creative business and greatly assisted railway building. It was his education also. A collateral and very important result was that it hastened the advent of the American steel rail, since the punitive tariff against foreign rails gave the American steel people the incentive of greater profit. That presently changed the problem.

Meanwhile, never had the New Damascus mill been so active. Never had its profits been greater. Yet Enoch Gib was uneasy. He had offered the young man a partnership. John had flatly declined it. What did that mean?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dad's at it again!

Dad is one of the thousands who were unable to get a new set of Puzzle-Peg with the free book of 69 problems, during the Christmas rush. Many dealers stocked this fascinating, fun-provoking game just as they did any other. They were not prepared for the "greatest call any game ever had." Thousands were disappointed and Dad was one of them

A year ago Dad got his first set of Puzzle-Peg for 50 cents, and he has had a barrel of fun with it ever since. So have all the rest of the family. They have never tired of it. Now, Dad has his new set with the free book of 69 hardest problems sent in by Puzzle-Peg fans from all over the world. Problem No. 64 has him guessing. But he will stick to it 'till he gets it. Then watch him try it out on all his friends

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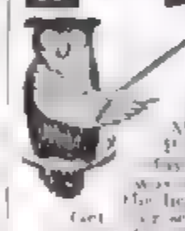

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ON SAVING EUROPE

(Continued from Page 4

because also the enormous amount of uncritical publicity bestowed upon it has submerged all that other state of facts. In a place like Europe all things are so. But we seek the truth, and truth is in proportion.

One has only to get a little excited to visualize the American press as an unsuspecting, amiable bull fiddle, flat on its back, with the nations of Europe playing upon it what tunes they like. Otherwise one says: "It is this—that they know how to state their case effectively. They make news of it. The English especially know how to do that, and they outwrite us."

British Writers at the Conference

The English can outwrite us. They did it at the Arms Conference in Washington. Great American newspapers, for fabulous fees, engaged distinguished English writers and publicists, like H. G. Wells and the editor of the London Times, to report the news of that Conference for the American people; and these newspapers sold the work of those English writers to hundreds of lesser newspapers throughout the country on a syndicate plan. Why not? Everybody was supposed to know who those distinguished persons were and to be able to allow a little for British bias. Yet there stands the case. To the extent that English writers were employed to report that news in the American newspapers American writers were displaced, and day after day the beautifully written British word fell upon millions of American minds. Words produce chemistries. We forget that scientific fact. And these British writers—Lloyd George men; Northcliffe men hating the Lloyd George men; free liberals hating both the Lloyd George and the Northcliffe men; H. G. Wells, whose matter was barred from the Northcliffe papers in England—they had among them one theme above discord, to wit: Europe looked to America and America could not decently look away. For America was rich. It had got rich in the war. That was bygone; and yet all the less could America refuse to do her part and help Europe to its feet.

Give, forgive and lend.

If propaganda be defined as a way of putting forth the liquid word with intent to affect the shape of public opinion, we have had much of it from abroad in these last few years. We suspect it more and perceive it less than perhaps any other people in the world. We run to meet successive waves of foreign speakers, writers and publicists, all at one time saying the same thing: now, that we must lend Europe the specific sum of $4,000,000,000 more; again, that we must cancel the debts; and again, the word cancellation having become taboo, that we must be just and generous and reasonable; and if our hospitality were distinguished not otherwise than by the amount of newspaper space devoted to their opinions and judgments upon us, it would still be very notable. Somewhat must be allowed for our love of good writing and speaking. Many foreign correspondents resident here write so well and entertainingly of all manner of things that their by-product is welcomed in American newspapers and periodicals. One writer at Washington, who has been knighted by the British Government for distinguished journalistic services in America, contributes regularly an unsigned political column to a New York newspaper.

For a long time we were officially deaf to the European formula and to all the internal echoes and variations of it. The Government was. Then about the middle of last December it seemed to take effect all at once. Suddenly there was an eruption of wide newspaper headlines, four, six and eight column headlines, over the news from Washington that the Administration had come to the end of its waiting aloof and was resolved to do an ultimate thing. In the event of the failure of the European premiers at their Paris conference on January second to settle the German reparations question, America would act, intervene, do something—*videlicet:* Take Europe by the hand and lead her to restoration.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune went so far as to say, on the highest authority, that the Administration had not the slightest desire to avoid the responsibility of exerting America's strength according to a plan it has evolved for putting normalcy into Europe, and that the "injection of the White House into the European situation could not be averted, though every man, woman and child in the country were an irreconcilable." British journalists in this country sent cables to the London newspapers, saying America was about to abandon her childish attitude of isolation, and American correspondents in London cabled that the news received there from the United States of America's change of policy caused the flame of hope to burn brightly.

What Happened?

What had happened? Well, it isn't quite clear yet—not all of it; but apparently what happened was that we launched a propaganda upon ourselves. Our exports, especially exports of foodstuffs, had been falling somewhat, our surplus agricultural product was heavy, and on Capitol Hill was the farm bloc brooding ominously. Then the idea seems to have seized the Administration that if only the wretched turmoil in Europe could be settled and German reparations fixed, then Germany could be financed—that is, she could borrow money and the American farmer, according to all notions, could sell his surplus grain abroad.

On December eighth the President sent his annual message to Congress. In one paragraph the thought was adumbrated that if people would but come and sit around a table in a certain spirit the world might be rid of its afflictions. On the following Tuesday occurred the regular biweekly meeting of the President with the gentlemen of the press. At these meetings the President stands on one side of a large flat-top desk and forty to fifty newspaper men stand facing him on the other side. All questions are written beforehand and sent in. The President takes them up one by one and talks in a very informal manner.

On this occasion naturally there were several questions about that thought in his message to Congress, and he talked about it. He talked very freely, elaborating the

(Continued on Page 124)

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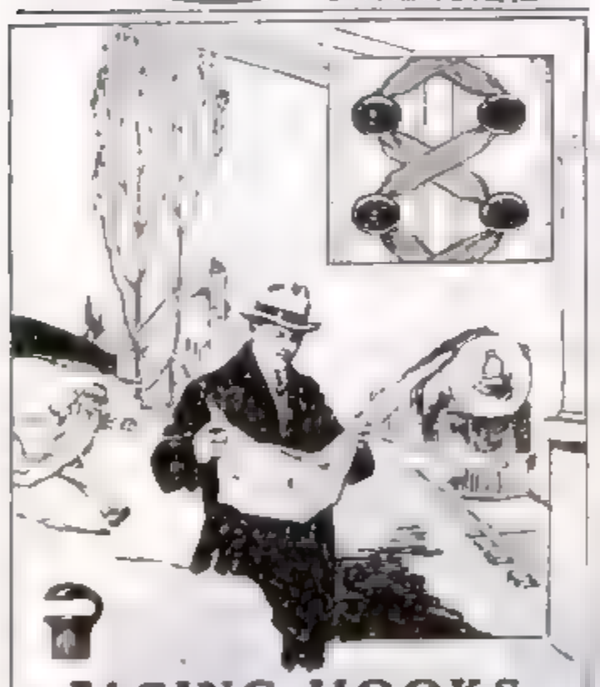

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(Continued from Page 122)

idea of a round-table conference of the powers to settle German reparations and other economic matters, precisely as the state of the Pacific had been settled at the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armaments and Far Eastern Questions. Why not a similar conference to settle the affairs of Europe? And then a pact, like the four-power Pacific pact, to enforce the consensus. As to whether the United States should participate in the conference or join the pact, that would have to depend from circumstances. The President warned everybody to be very cautious about what he wrote and not to spill the beans, but there was the slant of the wind.

The nature of these biweekly conversations is confidential, strictly. The President is never to be quoted by name. The reporters are free to make any proper use they like of what he says; but they must do it in their own way, not as coming from him. Therefore, in making use of it—that is, in pointing the slant of the wind they write that a spokesman for the Administration has said, or that in official circles it is understood, or that on semifinal authority it may be announced—whatever it is.

German Loan Talk

Effect in this instance: That sudden eruption of wide headlines over the news that the Administration, having so long stood apart, now favored and was moving to bring about a conference of powers, the United States under certain conditions participating, to settle the European situation, especially the matter of German reparations, upon which everything else turned—provided, of course, these questions were not settled at the meeting of the premiers about to be held in Paris.

Thus it began. The headlines grew wider and deeper. There was news on very high authority—this time a member of the Cabinet who could not be named—that there would be starvation in Germany before spring for want of 80,000,000 bushels of wheat unless in the meantime German reparations were fixed so that Germany could borrow the money with which to buy that wheat from the American farmer; there was news that the Government's plan for intervening in Europe was progressing rapidly, though as behind a veil, since obviously these high international matters were not to be managed on an open stage; news from London that America's change of policy would cause the premiers to agree and that a loan of $1,500,000,000 to Germany would be effected at once; news that the President was about to call a conference of the powers and that the sense of the Senate had been explored as to the possibility of the United States joining a European pact; news that the first feature of the American Government's plan was a commission of American experts to determine how much Germany should pay; news from London by Associated Press that England's consent to the plan had been cabled to the American State Department, and the consent of France was expected; news that wheat was very strong at Chicago on expectations of a large food loan to Germany; news that the United States Chamber of Commerce got the idea of an American commission from Germany; news that Julius Barnes, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, denied the rumor and said the plan was made in America; news that J. P. Morgan & Co. had not pledged their support to a loan of $1,500,000,000 to Germany, saying nothing of that kind could happen until the sum of reparations was reasonably fixed; news of Senator Borah's resolution urging the President to call an international conference to consider the economic difficulties of the world, and of a split in the radical-farm bloc thereon, radicals opposing, farmers favoring; Senator Capper saying farmers were for almost anything because they need markets.

First and last, it was an amazing episode. It culminated in a speech by Secretary Hughes at New Haven on December twenty-ninth in which he said: "The crux of the European situation lies in the settlement of reparations . . . If statesmen cannot agree, then there should be called to their aid those who can point the way to a solution." He suggested a commission of financial experts to name a sum Germany could and would pay, and had no doubt that "distinguished Americans would be willing to serve on such a commission."

Now what was the situation?

For more than two weeks on the first page of every newspaper in the country we had been repeating the European formula as our own, together with all the specific European arguments about our common economic interests, our dependence upon foreign trade, the disasters that would befall our farms and factories if we continued to hold aloof. And above all, the idea had been emotionally established in the news that if the British, French and Italian premiers failed again to agree upon a sound reparations scheme, the American Government would feel itself obliged to act for the peace of the world and for the sake of our foreign markets.

The premiers met on January second and immediately disagreed. Never had they so hopelessly disagreed; never had they parted in a more amicable spirit. Then Europe faced this way.

And now into this do-something American atmosphere, created in a bereft political moment, came the Chancellor of the British Exchequer at the head of a commission to discuss what should be done about Great Britain's debt to the United States Treasury. The British Debt Commission was received at Washington by the American Debt Commission. There were, of course, formal salutations, and these were given out to the press.

The head of the American Debt Commission spoke first, which was the polite procedure. He said how pleased we were to receive the distinguished visitors and nothing whatever about our side of the debt controversy. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer replied with a carefully prepared argument against payment of the debt according to the bond. Both compositions were then delivered to the newspapers. So it was that in the first-page news the British case was stated and the American case was not.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer touched both the merits and the economics of the debt. He touched the merits of it when he said: "The debt is not a debt for dollars sent to Europe; the money was all expended here, most of it for cotton, wheat, food products and munitions of war. Every cent used for the purchase of these goods was spent in America; American labor received the wages; American capitalists the profits; the United States Treasury the taxation imposed on those profits."

So far as it is true that the money was spent here, that has nothing to do with it. It was our own money, circulating among us for the express purpose of producing things. What we loaned was not money, but things. And the money that was needful to be circulated for the purpose of producing things to be loaned to Great Britain was raised by the sale of Liberty Bonds, of which more than $4,000,000,000 were on Great Britain's account alone. To pay the interest on these Liberty Bonds, the very bonds that were sold to raise the money to produce the things that Great Britain borrowed—interest due from Great Britain—the American people have since been taxing themselves $175,000,000 a year.

The Cost of Pegging Sterling

He touched the merits of the debt again when he said: "Now, seeing that the debt is a debt for goods supplied, it would be natural to ask, why not repay with goods? Those goods were supplied in wartime at war prices. Prices have fallen so that thus to repay $4,000,000,000 Great Britain would have to send to America a far greater bulk of goods than she originally purchased with the money loaned."

One had thought the English would be the last people in the world to hold for scaling the principal of a debt up or down with fluctuations in prices. Suppose a portion of the debt were laid off on that account, and then prices in two or three years advanced again to the wartime level. Would the British propose in that case to increase the principal of their debt to us? Nevertheless, in some ethical sense a point is there. But will it hold again at another? During the war, and for a long time before we got into it, the exchange value of the English pound sterling was pegged in New York at the arbitrary figure of $4.75. American credit was used to do that extraordinary thing. The purpose was to hold the purchasing power of the English pound at an artificial point. In March, 1919, the exchange market was set free and the value of the English pound sterling, obliged to find its natural level, fell from $4.75 to $3.18. What its average dollar value would have been all that time nobody precisely knows. Mr. Stuyvesant Fish thinks its average natural value would have been about four dollars; and he estimates that the difference between what we received for our exports, with the value of the English pound pegged at the fictitious value of $4.75, and what we would have received for them if British money had possessed only its natural buying power, was an apparent loss to the United States of perhaps $5,000,000,000. What part of that sum would the English allow against the amount in which they propose to reduce their debt of $4,500,000,000 to the United States Treasury because prices have fallen and the purchasing power of the dollar has correspondingly risen?

On the economics of the debt the British Chancellor of the Exchequer knowingly stirred all our bugaboos.

He said: "The payment of our debt to you will impose upon us the necessity of levying heavy taxes to meet those payments. . . . Further taxation would decrease the purchasing power of the British workingman and reduce our consumption of American products."

There go our foreign markets again!

He said: "If we are forced by stern necessity to economize still further, to buy from you only those things we must have, but even these in greatly reduced quantities, the American farmer as well as the American workingman will feel the pinch. He likewise will be brought down to a lower standard of living."

Food for the brooding farm bloc.

He said: "Laying aside all considerations of the tariff barrier, would it be possible for America to accept payment in coal, steel, iron, manufactured cotton goods, and so forth, a method of repayment which would affect the employment of her people"—American people—"for years to come?"

The Tariff Factor

This speaks to the fear, industriously cultivated among us, that we shall be ruined, that our factories will shut up, that our prosperity will wither, if we receive from Great Britain $281,000,000 worth of goods a year. That is all that is required of her to pay the interest in full and redeem the principal of her debt in twenty-five years. Annually, $281,000,000 worth of goods to be received among 110,000,000 people! That is $2.55 per capita per year. We undertake to bear it.

He said: "We intend to pay, but how best can international credits be made liquid when the creditor nation is unwilling to permit liquidation through the direct delivery of goods?"

The creditor nation is not unwilling. This was the second reference made to the American tariff, which our debtors, especially Great Britain, have been pointing to as evidence that we are unwilling to receive payment in goods. So say also our free traders. It is meat for their thought. But how strange that Great Britain and France should protest that they cannot pay us because of our tariff, when at the same time they insist that Germany shall pay them, though they have themselves erected special, discriminatory and prohibitive tariffs against German goods? This they do not mention. J. M. Keynes does not mention it, either, in the tariff number of those special Manchester Guardian supplements on the reconstruction of Europe edited by him. If Great Britain and France, having protected their own markets against German competition, could then persuade the United States to do without the immoral device of a protective tariff, thus making of this country a dumping ground for German goods, it would be very nice. It would be another way of making the Americans pay for the war.

He said: "Our modern civilization does not permit of economic isolation. . . . If on the economic map of the world there is a spot of prosperity surrounded by distress, that spot will not spread to bring health, but it will be wiped out by the poverty and misery that surround it."

Which is to say, according to the formula "Your prosperity is bound up with ours. If we sink you sink too." And that is the most awful bugaboo we have among us.

Having isolated our economic fears, having indicated of what stuff these great bugaboos are probably constructed, let us challenge them; for if we are about to be obliged to change our political religion

(Continued on Page 127)

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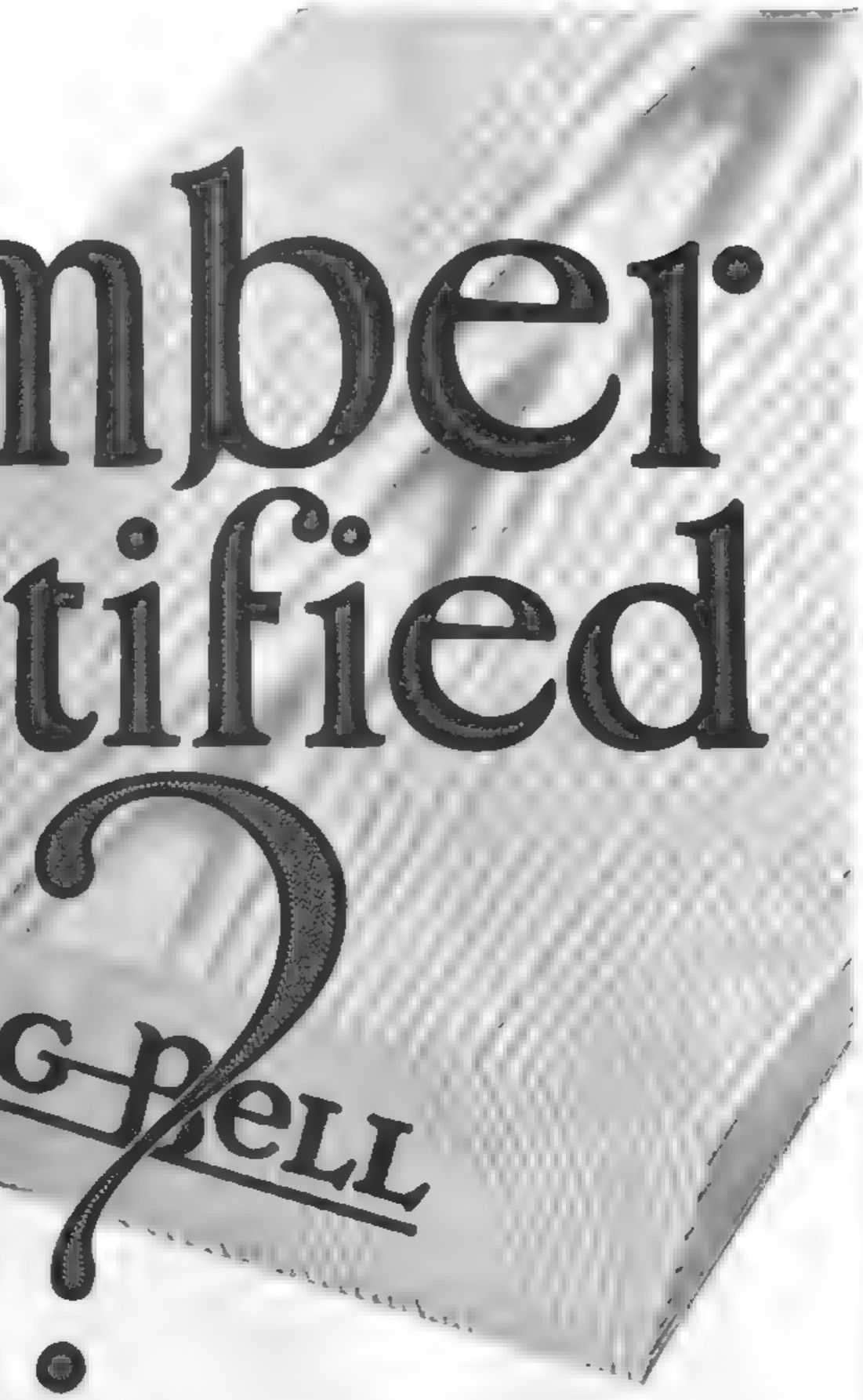

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(Continued from Page 124)

under economic necessity, we ought to be sure the reasons are in fact true.

There is first the fear that unless the European demand for our surplus agricultural produce is sustained the American farmer will be ruined

Well, but here appears at once the unexpected circumstance that while the farm bloc was supporting the Borah resolution and was willing to support the Administration in almost anything it might think to do for the purpose of saving Europe so that Europe could buy America's grain surplus—even then our exports of grain and grain products were running twice over what they were before the war, and had been running that way through the year, with exports of other food, like provisions, running at the same time half again as high as in normal prewar times.

What is the explanation? It is simply that during the war and ever since our exports of food to Europe have been abnormal; not subnormal—abnormal. Fix that fact. They were abnormal during the war for obvious causes. They have been abnormal since the war because European agriculture is not yet back to normal. American agriculture has continued to supply the difference between normal and subnormal food production in Europe. Russia is still out. We are filling her place as food purveyor. But Russia presently will come back. Agriculture all over Europe is coming back. During the war Europe's annual grain production fell 1,000,000,000 bushels. The production in North America increased in the same amount. That kept a balance. In the last four years Europe's production has increased about 400,000,000 bushels. It is nearly half way back to normal. And just to that extent her abnormal demand for North American grain is reduced. In the same way and for the same reasons the European demand for all American food products is tending to fall naturally—that is, tending to become normal again.

Instead of telling the American farmer that the American Government must settle things in Europe, must get German reparations fixed if it has to fix them itself, in order to sustain the foreign market for his surplus, the farm bloc ought to be telling him this: "Tranquillity in Europe will be a human blessing, though not for the reasons you think. Prepare yourself for the immediate effects. You will not like them. You are supposing that an abnormal postwar demand for food will continue. It will not. When Europe returns to a state of normal productivity she will be 95 per cent self-sustaining in foodstuffs, as she was before, and American exports therefore will fall to what they were before the war, which was much less than they now are. You are overproducing to meet the aftermath of a war demand which will tend to disappear no matter what we do. Therefore govern your work accordingly, as industry does, and let your production down."

A Fantastic Thought

But, no. It talks to him of a food loan to Germany, and of continuing to give our surplus away—of giving, forgiving and lending Europe the money with which to buy our things.

The thought of making a capital loan of $1,500,000,000 to Germany, or a capital loan of any sum, is fantastic. All that she can legitimately need is maybe 80,000,000 bushels of wheat to take her into the next crop and raw materials on which to apply her labor, provided she is willing to begin to pay—three or four hundred million dollars at the utmost. And that may all be managed in the way of commercial bank credit. It ought not to be managed in any other way. She will buy the food in any event.

There is another thing the farm bloc ought to tell the American farmer and doesn't dare to say. That is: Growing grain for export is the most wasteful industry we have. It is conducted and must be conducted in competition with Australia, Argentina and India. The sooner we stop it the better.

Then there is the fear that unless the European demand for our surplus manufactures is sustained American industry will lie prostrate. To say this one must have forgotten what and where we are. Our foreign trade is nearly a quarter of all the foreign trade there is in the world. Great Britain has another quarter. The rest is scattered. When you think of it that way it is dazzling. A quarter of all the foreign trade in the world! But for all that, how much of our total industrial production is sold abroad, do you suppose? Guess. Put it very low. You will be surprised. No, lower. You have it much too high.

Secretary Hoover, who, as head of the Department of Commerce, is not likely to be disparaging of foreign trade, in his annual report says, "Our exports of manufactured goods comprise less than 4 per cent of our production."

That, mark you, is the total of our exports to the whole world. How much of our industrial production is sold in Europe, do you suppose?

The Secretary of Commerce says, "Our exports of manufactures to Europe is less than 1 per cent of our production." He adds: "This fact has much to do with our ability to shake loose from European economic currents in the manufacturing industry, and with strengthening of employment in our home industries we will no doubt increase home consumption of agricultural products."

What Would Happen

Less than one one-hundredth part of our industrial production sold in Europe! Yet we are to imagine that if anything happens to the European demand for our manufactured goods American industry will fall on its face.

Now, we are by way of overtaking the delusion that foreign trade is so vital to this country. One does not say foreign trade is unimportant. It is very important. It is infatuating. It is the highest way of mankind with the material things of life. But to us it is not vital. And in telling ourselves so much that it is vital, beginning really to believe it, we are about to forget that in the mysterious dispositions of human destiny there was allotted to us a portion of the globe unlike any other portion thereof -a place in the sun where one hundred, two hundred, three hundred millions of people may live by themselves, to themselves, in perfect security, and be wholly self-sustaining. Could this have been by chance? Is it not wiser to believe the fact—ordained for purposes of that experiment with liberty in which we are engaged?

Isolate us as we are, cut us off entirely from foreign trade, and what would happen? We should have to do without some tropical fruits, get on without coffee, produce our own sugar from beets, which is rather hard work; find substitutes for rubber, and some new alloys in small quantities to put with our ores to get certain qualities of steel; use aluminum or something else in place of tin cans—and that would be about all. There might be a panic in Wall Street and a year or two of commercial readjustments. Well, we have panics and violent periodic readjustments as it goes.

Then we should begin to look around. We should very soon see that this portion of the earth we are talking about needs yet an endless amount of work to be done upon it. There are deserts to be watered, swamps to be drained, mountains to be moved, rivers to be harnessed to wheels. There is the railroad system to be rebuilt. There is the gigantic task of converting coal into power. There is already the outline of a superhydroelectric power project for which it will be difficult to find the capital; that is to say, the labor spared from agriculture, in another whole generation. Nowhere in the world may time, capital and human effort be more profitably employed beyond any imaginable limit.

And yet it is supposed that we must export capital in order to prosper; that to save and keep our foreign markets we must continue to give, forgive and lend our things away. This idea, besides, is intrinsically fallacious. Foreign trade does not necessarily follow capital. In fact it is very likely not to follow capital unless the lenders stipulate in the bond for economic arrangements and rights of exploitation. European lenders do that. We do not.

Proof that trade does not follow capital is contained in our economic history. In the twenty years preceding the war our foreign trade increased faster than that of any other country, until we were third from the top, only Great Britain and Germany doing more; but we had no great loans abroad, no mercantile marine, no colonies. How did this happen? In a very simple way. We had a surplus of certain things that people wanted and they had things we were

(Continued on Page 129)

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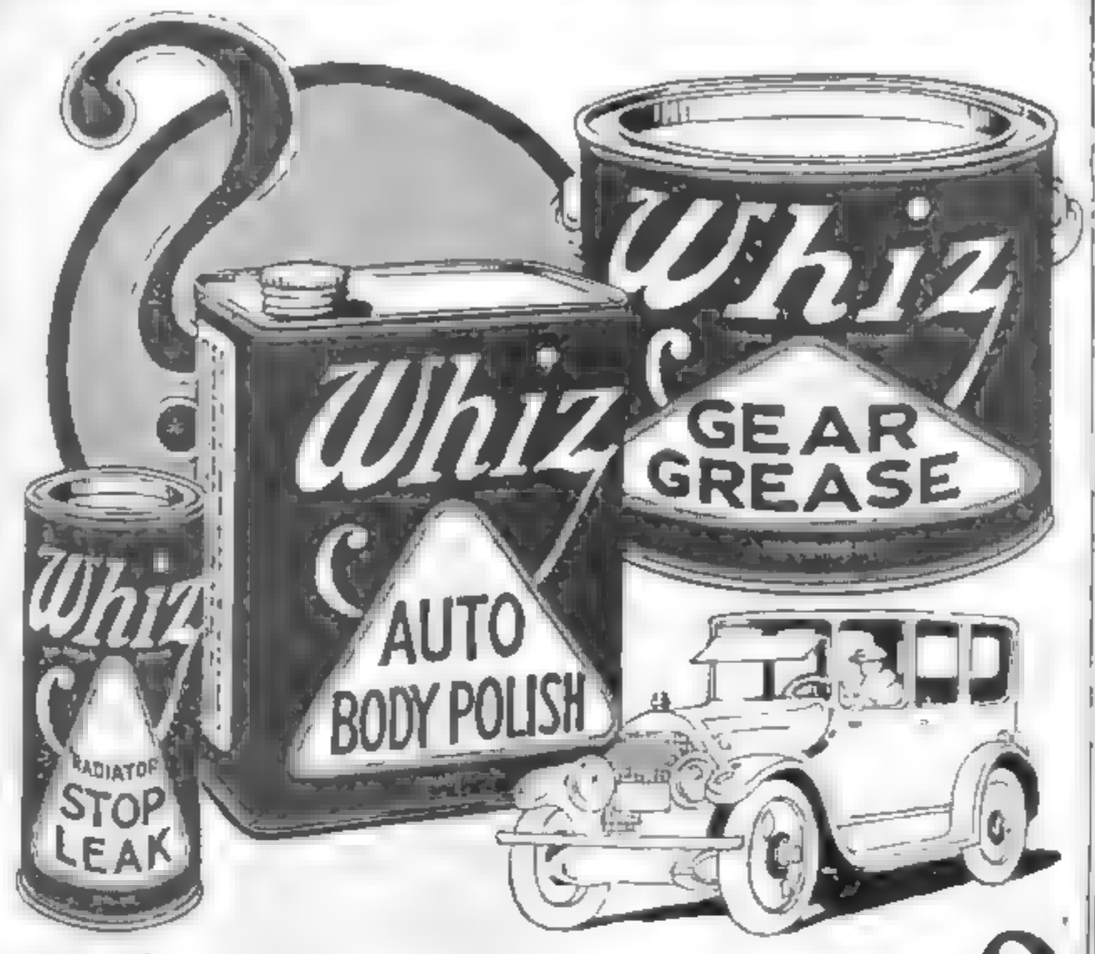

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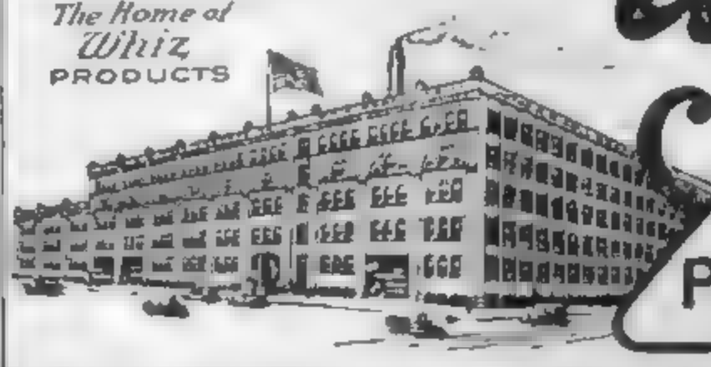

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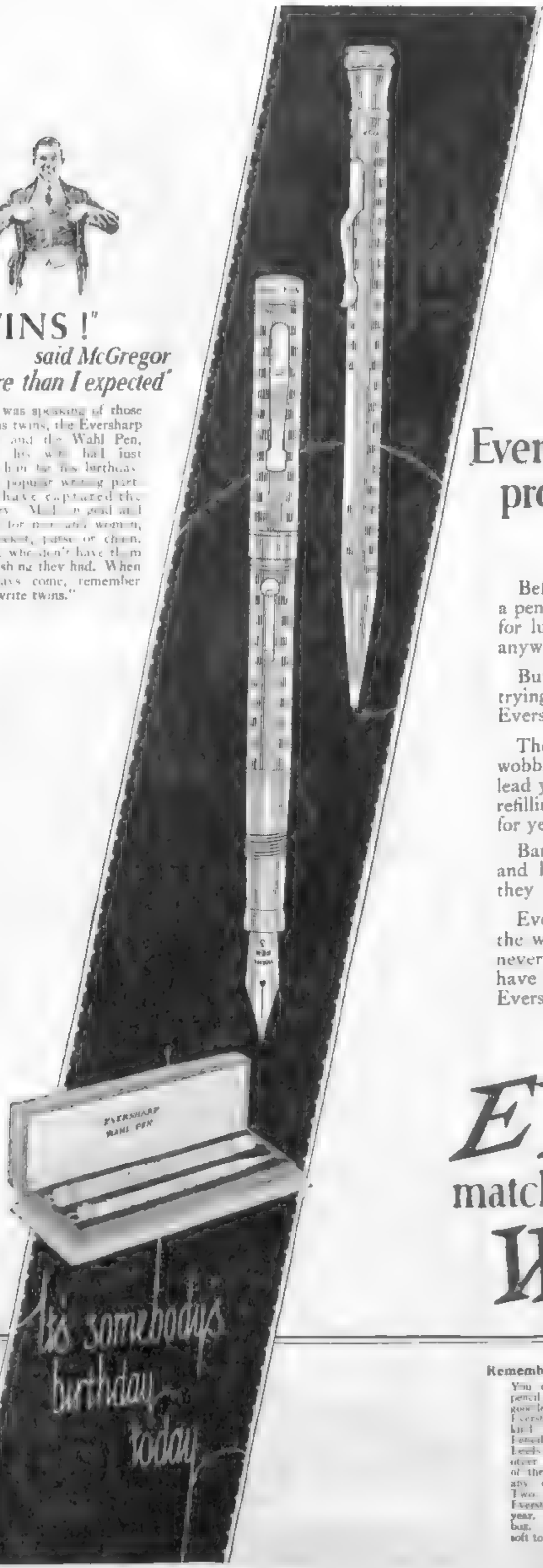

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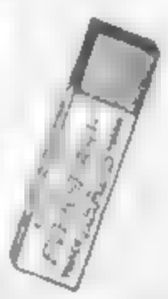


(Continued from Page 127)

willing to take in exchange. There is nothing else to foreign trade, rightly conducted. So it was and so it will be. They will continue to want our cotton and our copper, because they need them, and to offer us things in exchange—unless, of course, we prefer to go on lending our cotton and copper away, as we have been doing these last eight years. There is no end of that until we are weary of doing it.

Not at all is this a thesis for economic isolation as an American policy. It is only to show how absurd it is to say that we shall have to abandon a political way which is our unique and precious right and go forth in the world against our will for economic reasons. We may do as we please about it. And if we please not to participate in the distractions of European politics, even if we let Europe entirely alone, we are neither ruined nor impoverished.

Also, there is a habit of thinking that the settlement of the German reparations question will cause the economic sun to rise and dispel all the fog in the world. As to that, there is much to be debated. After all that has happened, with everybody saying reparations must be fixed at a sum Germany will be willing to pay, since it is clear that a people cannot be made to pay more than it will—if after all this you can imagine any very large sum that Germany would honestly undertake to pay, then suppose it were so fixed. What would happen? Everyone can recall what anxiety there was about the deluge of German goods that would appear on the markets of the world after the war. Nothing like that has occurred. It has not occurred precisely for the reason that Germany has not been willing to pay.

Now, if the sum of reparations were fixed to suit her and she began to pay it off, those German goods would soon appear. They would compete in the world's markets with the goods of Great Britain, France and the United States. All three of these countries have already more industrial capacity than can be profitably employed in foreign trade. Wherefore a sudden increase of German competition, though it should make goods cheaper, might not at the same time increase everybody's profit.

"But the debts!" you say.

Around the Vicious Circle

Yes, the debts. They come in here again. The argument as to the debts may now be completed. It stands thus:

We must continue to lend credit to Europe in order that Europe shall be able to buy from us, else our prosperity will be crushed beneath the weight of our own surplus; and then we must not press Europe to repay us, because she can repay us only in goods, and that would be the same as not to have got rid of our own surplus goods. Our prosperity would be crushed again. So it is bound to be crushed either by the weight of our own surplus or by the weight of those goods which Europe owes us. Therefore to save ourselves we must continually lend our surplus away, merely in order to be free of it.

So the economic science of international trade solemnly enters Wonderland. Let it stay there. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer kissed it good-by in that direction. He said: "Had it been possible to find in the world a nugget of gold worth $4,000,000,000 we would have spared no sacrifice to secure it and we would have brought it with us; but unfortunately the limitations of Nature put such a simple method of payment out of the question."

One trusts that honesty as well would put it out of the question, for if the British had found such a nugget and had brought it with them to pay their debt with we should have been out exactly that sum. Things we loaned; not gold, not money. Money was only the measure, and things only can repay.

And that is how all our European debtors are thinking of their debts. If only they could find a great nugget of gold! If only there was some way to pay debts without performing the equivalent in labor!

The first question—the only question in fact—is a debtor nation's will to pay. There is no saying how much it can pay. That is an *x* factor. The highest financial opinion is worthless. All high financial opinion said the war could not last beyond four months because people could not produce things fast enough to keep it going. Its requirements increased tenfold, and people kept it going four years. What they could produce was amazing, beyond any estimate.

It is only a matter of how much they will do. Nobody has yet tried to pay. Germany has not tried. She is without any will at all to pay. It is notorious, as France says. But the measure of France's will to pay is that against the sum she owes to the United States Treasury she has written down in her budget: "Political Debt." This is literal.

The economic productive power of France is reduced more than $500,000,000 a year by her standing army. That would pay the interest on her debt to us about three times. Who shall say what they can pay?

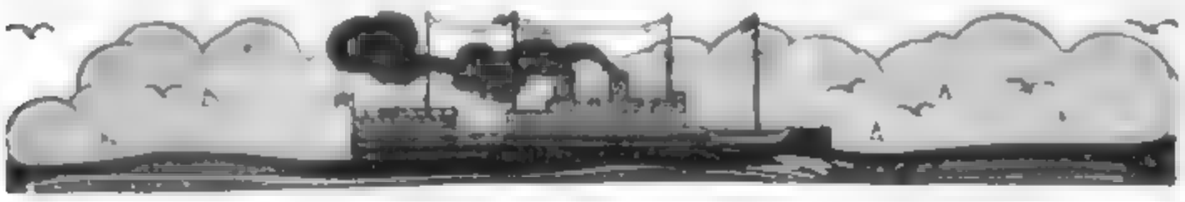
Mr. Houston's Warning

We could afford to be more pleasant about it if, as so many people seem to think, all that had happened was that our European debtors borrowed and took hence $10,000,000,000 worth of goods and left their I O U's in the United States Treasury. But in order to lend the Allied countries that $10,000,000,000 worth of goods the American Government had first to buy the goods. To buy them it had first to raise the money. What the American Government did was to sell Liberty Bonds. With the proceeds of those bonds it bought the cotton, wheat, food products and war munitions referred to by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer and loaned them to Great Britain, France, Italy and the other Allied nations, who left their 5 per cent I O U's for $10,000,000,000 with the United States Treasury.

The situation now is that the I O U's still lie there in the Treasury, and the $10,000,000,000 of Liberty Bonds are outstanding. The interest due from the European borrowers on their I O U's was to have paid the interest on the Liberty Bonds. But if our debtors do not pay interest on their I O U's we still have to pay the interest ourselves on the Liberty Bonds. So the American people are being taxed $425,000,000 a year to pay this interest which our foreign debtors do not pay. The American people have already been taxed more than $1,500,000,000 in that way. And if the interest on Great Britain's debt, or on any of the foreign debt, is made less than 4¼ per cent a year, which is our interest on Liberty Bonds, the difference will be a permanent addition to our taxes, because interest on the Liberty Bonds cannot be reduced.

In 1920 the Secretary of the Treasury, D. F. Houston, wrote in his annual report: "Of late there has been no little discussion as to how this foreign debt should be treated. Some advance the proposal that it should be canceled. This is a favorite plan of some Europeans and some Americans. The suggestion is based first on one ground and then on another. At one time it is based on sentiment or on considerations of generosity. By some it is based on the contention that it will promote peace. It apparently is assumed that antagonisms will be set up if the nations of Europe are asked to repay the loans which they sought and so gladly received. At another time it is based on consideration for present producing interests. Voices are heard representing that it will ruin the trade of America if Europe is to send us her commodities for what she owes us. Apparently these advocates contend that international trade will be profitable provided only we give to the world what we produce, declining to receive any commodities in return. I imagine neither of these suggestions will be received with favor by the American taxpayers. They will realize that if the debts are canceled they must pay taxes to meet the interest and to redeem the principal of ten billions of dollars."

They have not realized this truth. There has been no propaganda behind it.



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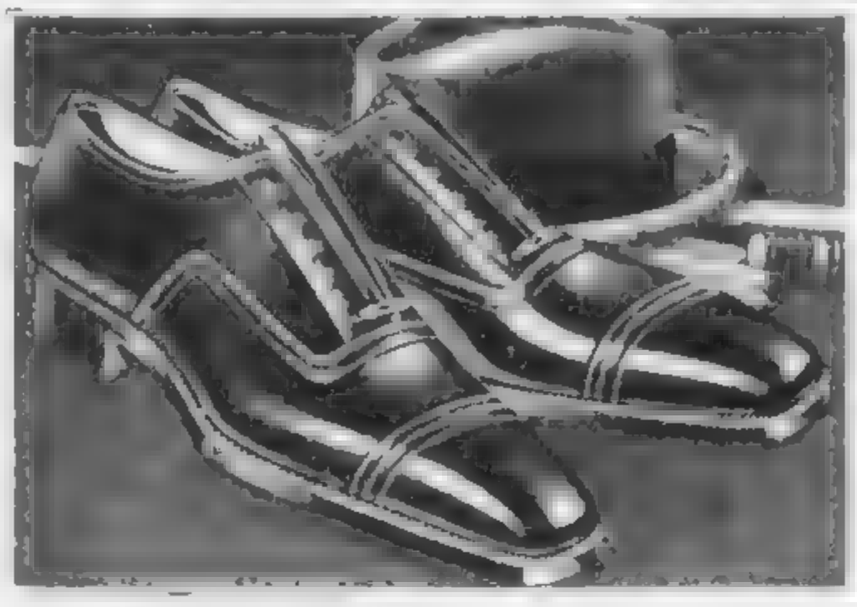

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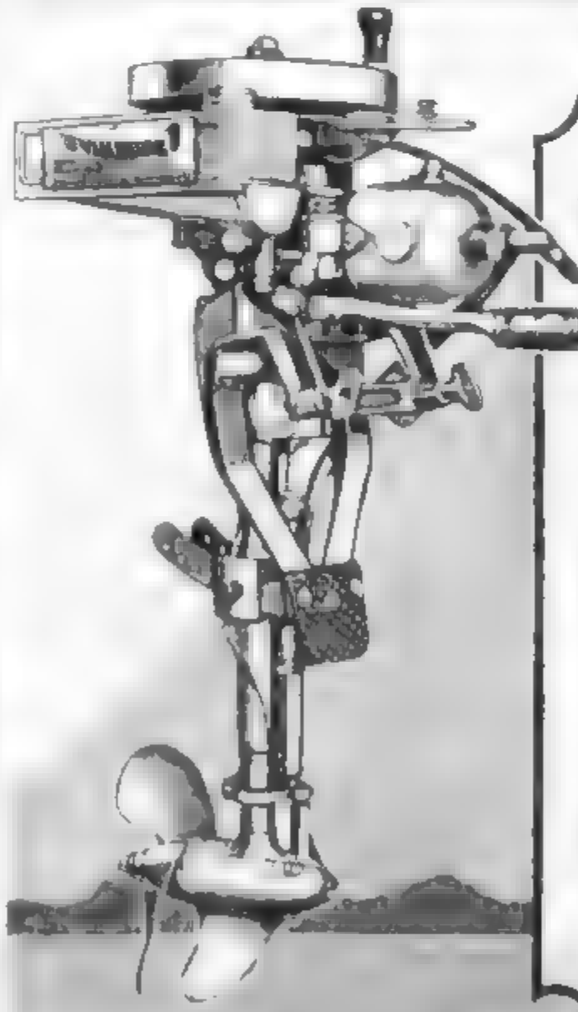

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WINNIE AND THE CAT LADY

(Continued from Page 15)

The gloomy millionaire permitted himself a sparse smile.

"Too late, Miss Winnie. I have bought it for you, and it is packed up and on its way to your flat."

He did not release her hand.

"Give me my way, little one," he said, dropping his voice. "It is well meant and a great pleasure, and if you feel indebted you can pay your debt by lunching with me."

"Very well," said Winnie with demure obedience. She hated to be in debt anyway.

So they went out to the 40 h.p. settee on wheels which was Mr. Hallis' car, and were floated along to the Astoritz for Winnie to get out of debt by the simple process of playing with a costly luncheon and mitigating with conversation for a few moments the habitual gloom of the millionaire. It had befallen very convenently indeed. Mr. Hugo Hallis was the one man Wide Eyes wanted to see. She liked him, too, as she might have liked a big, middle-aged, bearded, rather solemn, slightly old-fashioned but wholly reliable uncle. For these and other more complex and obscure reasons she really and truly exerted herself to entertain and amuse him during the debt-paying lunch. Naturally she succeeded.

By the time they had entered the coffee stage Hugo Hallis was being extremely confidential, a habit of men well aware that they are lunching with the prettiest little thing in a roomful of pretty little things. She had gently rallied him upon his reputation for gloom and had inquired the reason in these terms:

"You know, please, I don't think you have any really good excuse for being sad and gloomy. You see, dear Mr. Hallis, you have everything a man could wish for."

"Except a little witch who has cast a spell on me," interpolated Hallis rather progressively for him.

Winnie's eyes fell.

"Oh, except for just that unimportant little thing perhaps," she admitted.

Then suddenly she looked up again and spoke impulsively, breathlessly:

"Sometimes I think that you have had a great grief—a blow—in your life and that it wounded you so deeply that the wound never healed," she declared, her eyes shining with sympathetic interest.

He stared at her for a moment, then like one yielding to a sharp impulse he nodded.

"Yes, child, you are partly right. I have had my wounds, but they have healed up long ago—except for one; a wound I don't think I shall ever forget."

He seemed to hesitate, then took out his pocketbook and withdrew from it a newspaper cutting yellow with age and fragile from much handling.

"Read that, Miss Winnie. That happened to me fifteen years ago."

Winnie read it intently. She fully expected something that might shed light on Mrs. Mallandane's intense desire to meet again the man she had once jilted. But at first glance the cutting seemed to have nothing to do with the soft and purrful cat lady. It was simply a newspaper report announcing the return of Mr. Hugo Hallis from an extremely successful diamond-prospecting expedition in the interior of Australia. He had suffered many hardships, but he had secured a number of good stones. But the man, one Haynes Carroll, with whom Hallis had started out for the wilderness in partnership had not returned. He had disappeared during the expedition and Hallis had been unable to account for his disappearance. All he could tell inquirers was that he and Carroll had turned in one evening, Carroll being well and apparently in good spirits, and that next morning he was gone, leaving no sign of his going. He had vanished like smoke and Hallis had never seen him again. There was a good deal of queer, ugly comment, cautious but suggestive, following Hallis' narrative, its veiled implication being that, though the survivor's story was accepted, nevertheless, the writer of the half column did not regard Hallis as an ideal companion with whom to go on a diamond-prospecting trip.

Winnie handed back the slip, her eyes troubled.

"A lot of people hinted openly that if I had not actually killed Carroll for the sake of his share of the diamonds, at least I had taken no trouble to find him," said Hallis evenly, carefully folding away the cutting. "That was a lie. I did everything possible to find him, but there was nothing much one could do. He left no tracks or any signs at all, just disappeared. There were no wild animals or any tribesmen aborigines—about. Why that talk was started, who began it, I don't know I never knew Carroll had no intimate friends that I could hear of in the country. Jealousy, I suppose By the time I left the country it was being said quite openly that I had killed Carroll for his share. But if I can't produce evidence that I did not kill Carroll, I can show proof that I did not steal his share. For I am still keeping an exact half of the diamonds for him, if he ever turns up to claim them, or his heirs, if ever they produce proof that they are entitled to inherit That's my answer to those slanderers in Australia.

"You asked me why I am so quiet, reserved, Miss Winnie I suppose it's that experience which made me so- soured me maybe. I suppose I'm getting over it now it's nearly fifteen years ago—but I'll never forget it. If I don't trust people very easily, that's why. You can deal with most things, but you can't do much against a thousand-tongued slander like that. But Carroll's diamonds—a fair half—are waiting for him, cut and ready, if he ever comes for them. They're worth a fair sum, but not a fortune. My half only gave me my start. I made my money mainly in rubber, years ago, not in diamonds."

Winnie leaned forward.

"Oh, what a wicked thing to do—to slander any man so!" she said breathlessly. "Nobody with any intelligence could possibly mistake you for the sort of man who would do such a thing. And I think that it is a splendid answer to them all—and a perfect proof—I mean your having kept a half of the diamonds for your friend in case he ever comes for them."

She surveyed him with an increased and friendly interest, smiling again, the charming, misty pink on her cheeks a little deeper, her eyes a little darker; a certain indication that she was a shade excited.

"Oh, I can understand that such an experience should have made you reserved and -and gloomy," she cried softly. "But you are not bitter about it now -no longer. It was so long ago, and nobody who matters would regard a suggestion of that kind as anything but absurd. So you aren't bitter any more, please, dear Mr. Hallis, are you!"

He shook his head, smiling a little.

"No, not now."

"So it was not a love disappointment after all," continued Winnie absently "Somehow I have always believed that you must have had a love disappointment."

"Well, you were not so far wrong. I had that too. Not that it matters much now. As it chanced, I was engaged to a girl at home. But she did not wait for me. When I reached home I learned that she had gone to London and married there. Her parents had died and I never traced her."

The big eyes were very sympathetic.

"And you never saw her again, never knew who she married—nothing at all?"

"Nothing at all."

"Oh, poor Mr. Hallis!" Winnie rose. "I am so sorry; it was so sad. If it had not been for your good fortune with the diamonds it would have been heartbreaking. But the diamonds helped a little, didn't they?"

"Oh, yes, they helped."

Winnie smiled.

"People may say what they like about diamonds, but they are helpful. Nobody can deny that," she summed up gayly.

The gloomy millionaire agreed, as he would have agreed with anything else she said.

Presently, with marked reluctance, he put her down at the house of her friend Lady Fasterton and rolled away in his big car, presumably to cultivate the fine art of unlearning the habit of perpetual gloom.

May Fasterton was out lunching with somebody somewhere, but Winnie did not mind very much. She wanted a few quiet moments alone with the loyal little lady of the mirror whom she loved so fondly and trusted so entirely. She sweetly demanded and received comfits—chocolate variety—from her old ally Butler Barlow, and settled down on a big couch in dear May's

(Continued on Page 133)

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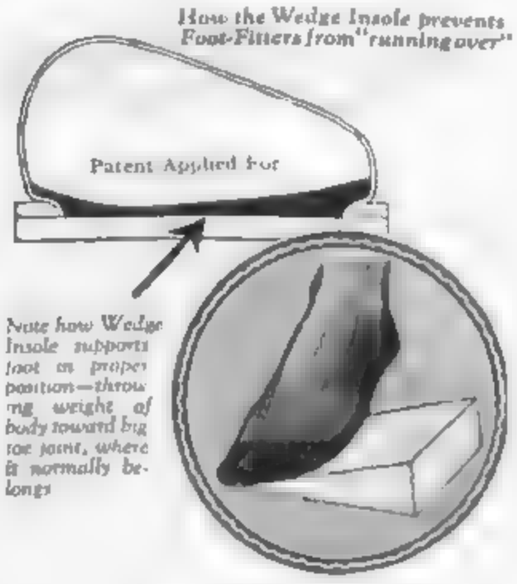
Notice how the cork filler has packed together ... hard outer ridges and a depression in the middle of the insole. Foot has been compelled to ride on the outer ridges, forcing the bones ... upsetting the metatarsal arch down into the center depression. The outside of the foot has obviously crept over the sole extension, pulling the upper leather out of shape

How the Wedge Insole prevents Foot-Fitters from "running over"



Note how Wedge Insole supports foot in proper position—throwing weight of body toward big toe joint, where it normally belongs

The most persistent problem that has confronted the shoe industry, and the most common trouble that shoe wearers have contended with, has been overcome by the Edmonds organization. No longer need men buy shoes that will "run over". This glaring fault of ordinary shoe construction has been eliminated by the Wedge Insole, originated and scientifically constructed by the Edmonds Shoe Company.

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is built into every Foot-Fitter shoe and positively prevents "running over" if the shoe is properly fitted. We know that to be a fact. We have examined thousands of worn Foot-Fitters to get the proof. A heavy 7-iron insole is used. It is buffed flat on the bottom, forming a wedge which properly supports the foot and keeps it from creeping. The wedge makes the insole literally fit the bottom of the foot. Thus the outsole is kept flat and wears evenly, doubling the life of the shoe.

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EDMONDS SHOE COMPANY, *Milwaukee, Wis.*

Edmonds Foot-Fitters

(Continued from Page 130)

boudoir to consider all that the gloomy Mr. Hugo Hallis had told her.

"I don't think there is any doubt at all that Mrs. Mallandane is the lady who was faithless to poor Mr. Hallis when he was on his diamond expedition," she said softly, nodding confidently to Best Beloved. "And I can see that he must have suffered a great deal to return home dejected at those terrible imputations in Australia and find the girl he loved gone without even a farewell message. It was such a shame, because he is a kind and true and generous man under his cold manner. The fact that he has kept his partner's share of the diamonds intact all these years ——"

She broke off, her big blue eyes suddenly dilating and darkening.

"I wonder if it can be because of those diamonds that Mrs. Mallandane wants so badly to get in close touch with him again," she whispered. "That would help to account for her willingness to pay Mr. Jay five hundred pounds to arrange for her to meet Mr. Hallis—under my wing."

Her eyes grew absent. She liked the idea very much. It looked like a good idea, one worth working on.

"But the cat lady can only be interested in the diamonds with one object," Winnie was telling herself presently, "and that is to get them. And she cannot get them without stealing them, unless she has some kind of claim to them." She was ticking off the steps of her reasoning on her slim fingers. "But Mr. Carroll is the only person with any claim to them—Mr. Carroll and his heirs, his next of kin."

The blue eyes suddenly shone.

"His next of kin! Can Mrs. Mallandane be his next of kin?"

The fair face clouded.

"No; because she need only go to see Mr. Hallis and prove that to receive the diamonds. There would be no need of any maneuvering."

A tiny frown painted itself between the pretty curving brows as she concentrated her whole mind on the problem—one of the kind she loved.

"I think it is almost as if the cat lady has a real claim to the diamonds, but for some reason is afraid to make it openly to Mr. Hallis. Why?"

She leaned back, thinking hard. That was how Lady Fasterton found her.

"May, darling," asked Winnie a little later after the fond greetings were over, "do you know or, please, have you ever heard of a Mrs. Mallandane?"

"Mallandane? A pretty, purry, well-got-up woman, with a touch of hardness about her painted mouth?" asked May bluntly.

"Yes."

"Of course, child. She's Gervase Mallandane's wife. Have you met her or him? If so, be careful of them, Winnie. They are no good."

"No good?" echoed Winnie.

"Not the slightest. I used to know them, but they have rather dropped out. They used to have money, but they ran through it and are now in a set that is a trifle too dubious for even the most broad-minded and extreme set of any consequence at all. They're adventurers now."

"Do you know how Mr. Mallandane made the money he once had, May?"

"I haven't the least idea, darling. Probably he stole it," laughed May airily. "Does it matter?" She looked closely at Winnie. "Is my Winnie on the hunting trail again?" she asked.

"Oh, no; just wondering about things, that's all."

"H'm! Well, if it really matters I've no doubt it could be discovered how Gervase Mallandane made his money. I could find out I expect—or why bother? Telephone to that peculiar Jay person who acts as your agent and tell him to do so," suggested May.

Winnie had already decided to do that, and did it while May made herself lazily comfortable. But it appeared that the gentle George H. Jay knew next to nothing about Mr. Gervase Mallandane. He had heard of him, on race courses and places where men seek easy money, as a razor-edged come-down from the ranks of the rich; but no more than that. Nevertheless, he expressed himself with extreme earnestness as being intensely, even incandescently, anxious to find out—if Miss Winnie said so. He knew very little about Mr. Mallandane at present, he frankly admitted; but if Miss Winnie wished, for any reason, business or otherwise—ha-ha—the gentleman's past looked into, he, George Scrutiny Jay, ventured to claim that within a space of a day or two only one would know more than he—and that one was the recording angel, who, said George H., was not a business competitor anyway.

Winnie thanked him as only Winnie knew how to thank folk, and having carefully planted a germ of yeast in his mind—to the effect that maybe that five hundred would yet come home to roost—left him to ferment.

III

FEW of the few who knew Winnie well were in danger of mistaking her for a golden-curled philanthropist. The child never by any chance started operations with her big blue eyes, her butterfly fingers or her arrowy wits with a view to anybody's interests but her own. After she had arranged to take care of Winnie she was generous to a fault—with what was left over or was tagging on. She was not greedy—give her the fruit and she would never, never deny you the peel or the pips. Her sweet, suave methods were extremely liable to give onlookers an impression that her efforts were almost entirely made on behalf of somebody else. But those who looked on at Winnie's game saw chiefly what Winnie intended them to see. She was in the habit of taking care of her own interests first, because she had learned that it was the way of the world to do so. The most important person on earth is Number One, though many of the keenest and most devoted of his worshipers frequently claim that true happiness is to be found in studying the interests of Number One last and in giving those of all other numbers precedence.

The reason why Winnie was interested in this matter of Mr. Hugo Hallis, Mr. Haynes Carroll, deceased, and the Mallandanes was because she had a premonition that, adequately handled, the diamonds could be honestly steered into what she considered the preordained and correct receptacle for them—namely, her own little bag.

For several days the brains of the busy, beautiful little honey bee ground at the veiled motives of the cat lady, and they ground exceeding small.

"I am sure that Mrs. Mallandane does not intend deliberately to steal the diamonds," she told herself; "but all the same she means to get them. They are something that Mr. Hallis would much sooner part with—to the right person—than keep, and it would be easier for her to get them than something he does not want to part with. But if she claims them she must give him a reason. She would have to be a relative or heir or next of kin to that poor man who disappeared—Mr. Carroll. I wonder if she has been married before; if Mr. Mallandane is her second husband and if Mr. Carroll was her first. But if that were so she would have a splendid claim and could go straight to Mr. Hallis and tell him. Besides, she jilted Mr. Hallis before he returned from Australia. It is all very mixed, and I ——"

She stopped abruptly, a lovely, faint pink flag of excitement flying on her cheeks. A new idea had occurred to her—a solution.

"I wonder. It would account for so much—why, it would account for everything!"

She rose and went to the telephone. Within the next quarter of an hour she had put in two calls—one to Mr. Hugo Hallis, one to Mr. George H. Jay. She rang neither solely for sake of hearing his melodious voice. As she shyly put it to the gloomy millionaire, she felt that she ought to tell him of a dream which had happened to her.

"Please, you won't laugh at me, dear Mr. Hallis, will you? Only sometimes dreams come true, and one never knows. I suppose it was because I thought for a long time about your sad story that I dreamed so. You know, it was so vivid that I could not resist telling you. I dreamed I saw Mr. Carroll—your partner who disappeared. In my dream I was standing in a street in London when a tall, sunburned man with blue eyes and a big red beard, without a coat and with his shirt sleeves rolled up, walked past. He was carrying a bag. And I looked at his brown arm—you aren't laughing at me, please, are you?—and quite vividly I saw tattooed on it in big letters Hayles Carroll. He went into a house and I got the number of the house just before I woke up. Do you think, please, that it means anything?"

Delicately and very kindly Hugo Hallis ventured an opinion that it meant very little.

"You see, dear Miss Winnie, your dream Carroll was not at all like the real one—my old partner. Yours had a red beard, mine was clean shaven; yours was six feet and over, mine was five nine; yours was red haired, mine was black haired, with a queer little gray tuft over his left ear; yours was tattooed Hayles Carroll, mine wasn't tattooed and his name was Haynes; yours sounds about fifty, mine would only be about thirty-eight—a year or two younger than myself, Miss Winnie—so I'm afraid they don't quite tally. But it was very, very kind of you to ring me up—in case—and I appreciate it very much indeed. I hope that you aren't puzzling your head about all that past history."

No, Winnie wasn't really puzzling her head. She explained that with a little wistful touch of disappointment, and presently disengaged herself with her usual sweet gracefulness. She had what she wanted—a description of Mr. Haynes Carroll—and she was much too busy for prolonged dalliance even with a millionaire admirer.

Then she notified Mr. Jay that she would be at his office within a quarter of an hour, there to glean such information as he had harvested.

She kept her word, and when presently the gentle one ushered her into her taxicab again his eyes were shining almost as brightly, though much more glassily than her own.

It was one of Winnie's most enviable gifts that she could go about making people happy; and if, while shedding brightness and happiness along her path, she usually managed also to shed a ladylike profit into her own bank pile, who with a heart would carp at a little thing like that?

George H. Jay had done some good work in raking up a few facts about Mr. and Mrs. Mallandane. Perhaps he had hardly outrivaled the recording angel, as promised, but he had done by no means meagerly. Winnie had been so interested and grateful for what seemed to the gentle one to be a string of rather uninteresting and meaningless old stuff relating to the reputationless Mallandane that she had not withheld his reward.

"And I expect you will be glad that I can arrange to do what you wished, dear Mr. Jay," she chimed sweetly when he had finished.

"I mean, please, that I am quite, quite willing to take Mrs. Mallandane with me to afternoon tea at White Court with Mr. Hugo Hallis tomorrow. So you will be able to have your fee after all, and I am so glad of that."

Mr. Jay looked as if he would have liked to bay forth a chant of praise and thanksgiving, but pulled himself together, merely thanking her by word, picturesque and vivid; by look, protuberant and slightly bloodshot with gratification; and by a laugh resonant and penetrating like the bray of a wild jackass disporting himself in the desolate places. He watched her taxicab weave itself out of sight.

"A great little lady," he murmured "Hey? I am announcing here on the spot that if half the world had her brains the other half could volunteer for cremation for all the good life would be to 'em. Yes, sir! Quick as a cat, sharp as a fishhook, as pretty as a morning in May, and she pays cash. God bless her—cold, hard cash! Lord, I'm getting sentimental!"

He hurried into his office for fear, no doubt, of a fresh outburst of cold, hard sentimentality. Besides, he was busy. He had to arrange with Mrs. Mallandane for her trip down to White Court with Winnie on the following afternoon; and, further, to extract from the lady just as heftsome a portion of the promised fee as he could induce her to unclench.

He was not idle, and no hitch rose to dim his record of efficiency with Winnie. At three o'clock on the following afternoon the two ladies were en route in a very handsome car—provided by the cat lady. They were very sweet to each other, but the cat lady had been quick to realize that her wistful-admiration style was outclassed by that of the demure, ingenuous little beauty beside her, and she had adopted the high-strung, sensitive, slightly misunderstood manner which sometimes is equally effective.

"Oh, I do so hope that Hugo Hallis will be ready to forgive and be friends," she said with a species of sweet, delicate, rather

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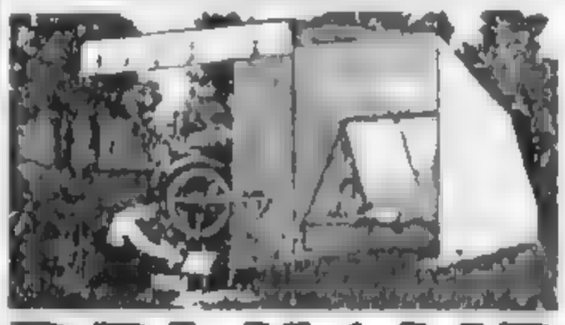

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sorrowful fretfulness. "It means so very much to me."

Winnie did not doubt that last claim, and she gayly reassured her as to her first hope.

"Oh, but, please, dear Mrs. Mallandane, I am sure he will. He is so kind and generous."

"But, my dear," protested the cat lady, "they all say that he is cold and hard and intensely reserved. Why, I have heard that his very nickname is the gloomy millionaire." She was watching Winnie very intently.

But Winnie corrected that idea.

"Oh, yes, I know that is what they say, but it is not true. I—I am sure that it is not really so. Mr. Hallis is so generous and kind, and so patient."

Her gloved fingers fell impulsively on the wrist of the cat lady.

"You see, I know something—a secret—that proves conclusively how good Mr. Hallis is. I ought not to tell you, but if you will promise truly never to tell anyone I will tell you, just to prove that what I say is true."

Her eyes were starry with her earnest desire to champion the maligned millionaire. The cat lady stared into the deep-blue pools with a touch of real envy as she eagerly gave the solemn promise.

Then Winnie told her the story of the bag of diamonds treasured up for the missing Carroll or his heirs. Winnie was convinced that she already knew of the diamonds—what the child had gleaned from Mr. Jay had taught her that—but even so the story brought a chill glitter into the liquid brown orbs of the cat lady, and a tightening of the narrow, beautifully touched-up lips.

"That certainly sounds much more like the generous, straightforward Hugo Hallis I knew so long ago," she said in her velvety voice. "Are the diamonds so very splendid?"

"I—I think so. I have not seen them. But Mr. Hallis promised to show them to me when I went to White Court again. Perhaps he will show them to us today."

"That will be awfully interesting," said the cat lady with a fine attempt at carelessness.

But under the velvet of her voice, deeply concealed, like a dagger in a big fur muff, lurked faintly but ominously a hint of steel. Winnie caught it.

"She is after the diamonds. I knew it," said the girl silently within herself, not a flicker of change upon her face or in her eyes.

"Yes, won't it?" she cooed. "Do you like diamonds, dear Mrs. Mallandane?"

"Oh, yes, with some things. But with these new colors and fabrics one has to be careful I think. In the old days when silk was just silk and one's gowns were cut ——"

The conversation became femininely technical—almost to the very gates of White Court, reached at about teatime.

Hugo Hallis was in the park with his dogs.

"We were motoring, dear Mr. Hallis, and we thought you would give us some tea, please," zephyred Winnie happily. Hallis was delighted.

"A great honor, a great pleasure, Miss Winnie."

She introduced Mrs. Mallandane.

"But really you don't need an introduction at all, you know," she said, and paused.

"Don't you remember me, Hugo?" asked the cat lady tautly.

Hallis was gravely civil, friendly, pleased, but not enthusiastic. She was no longer his baby; Winnie was that.

"It is Edna—after all these years," he said, perfectly composed. "I am very glad to see you again, Edna." His eyes played quickly over her. "And to see you so well, looking so happy and prosperous. I needn't ask if everything is well with you, I see. It was kind of you to come; kind of Miss Winnie"—his eyes brightened—"to bring you."

It was not quite the greeting the cat lady had expected, Winnie thought, though it was difficult to believe that any sane woman of the world could have imagined any other. The old relationship, naturally, was impossible. It was dead, anyway, and it had been she who killed it. But he obviously had got over all that and was cheerfully—for him—willing to be friends. It was not necessary to make any appeals or to import any drama. A couple of old friends—acquaintances—meeting after a lapse of years, that was all.

They moved towards the house, talking. It was all very tranquil, pleasant and equable. Even after tea under the cedar, when Winnie wandered away to play with the goldfish in the lily pool on the other side of the lawn—playing with goldfish, the more golden the better, was a foible of Winifred's leaving the millionaire and the lady he had once loved to talk a little of old times, if they wished, nothing occurred to ruffle the smooth surface of affairs. The cat lady met the millionaire halfway in the spirit in which he had met her, and things went very well so. So well, indeed, that Hallis had no difficulty at all in persuading the ladies to dine at White Court.

It was during dinner—just the three of them—that, curiously, the subject of diamonds cropped up. Winnie might have known how. And from any old diamonds to *the* diamonds was not a far journey. In any case it was no policy of Hugo Hallis to conceal the existence of the stones treasured for Carroll; and even had it been so he might have made an exception in favor of Mrs. Mallandane.

"You had a very successful prospecting expedition when you went to Australia, hadn't you, Hugo?" asked the cat lady gently.

The gloomy millionaire looked dubious.

"In one way, yes—we found diamonds," he said. "But all the rest of the expedition was just tragedy for Carroll—you knew Haynes Carroll, Edna, didn't you?—and ill luck for me." He was staring at his wine glass. "Bad luck. He was lost—disappeared—and they hinted that I was responsible."

"But that's quite an impossible accusation."

"Not at all. It was made. I'll tell you, if Miss Winnie can endure a repetition."

Winnie hastened to say that she could, and so Hallis told the story again. The cat lady seemed to find it intensely thrilling; she was genuinely interested and, as the big blue eyes of Winnie noted, intensely excited, though she strove to conceal that.

"And I have held the diamonds ready ever since, Carroll's share, waiting for him or his nearest relatives. I don't want them; they are distasteful to me. It would be a great relief to hand them over," concluded Hallis with obvious sincerity.

Here the butler brought coffee. They had decided to have it there because the ladies would be leaving almost at once. When the butler had gone Hallis rose.

"I have them in the next room. I promised you that you should see them"—he smiled at Winnie—"and you shall."

He rose, opened a door and passed into an adjoining room. Both Winnie and Mrs. Mallandane saw him take from the top drawer of a fine old French bureau a chamois-leather bag, with which he returned to the dining room.

"Here they are," he said, "just as Carroll and I found them in a vein of blue clay, except that they have been cut and polished."

He tilted the wash-leather bag with a carelessness that spoke of familiarity become contempt, and a cascade of rainbow flame splashed on the table before them.

"Oh, how glorious!" Winnie's vocal admiration was genuine.

For a fraction of a second the flashing things, a blaze of hot, spurting color, claimed her whole interest; but only for the fraction of a second. After that her wits were all for the cat lady, who drew in her breath with a sharp gasp of amazement.

"But these are superb!" she said, her eyes glittering. Her lips tightened.

She picked up a big stone, moving it in the light.

"And these, all these, you are keeping for Haynes Carroll in case he ever returns, and his next of kin—his wife, for example—if he doesn't?"

"Yes; a fair half of what I brought home."

The butler, an old, suave man, entered, announcing a telephone call for Miss O'Wynn. That was intensely irritating, but Winnie gave no sign of it, though she would have given a great deal of money to have postponed that call for a few minutes. She went, smiling

It was none other than the gentle George H. Jay at the far end of the wire, rather excited.

"Excuse me ringing up this way, but there's been a surprising development—awkward probably—but I thought you ought to know, Miss Winnie. Gervase Mallandane was arrested for fraud and

(Continued on Page 137)

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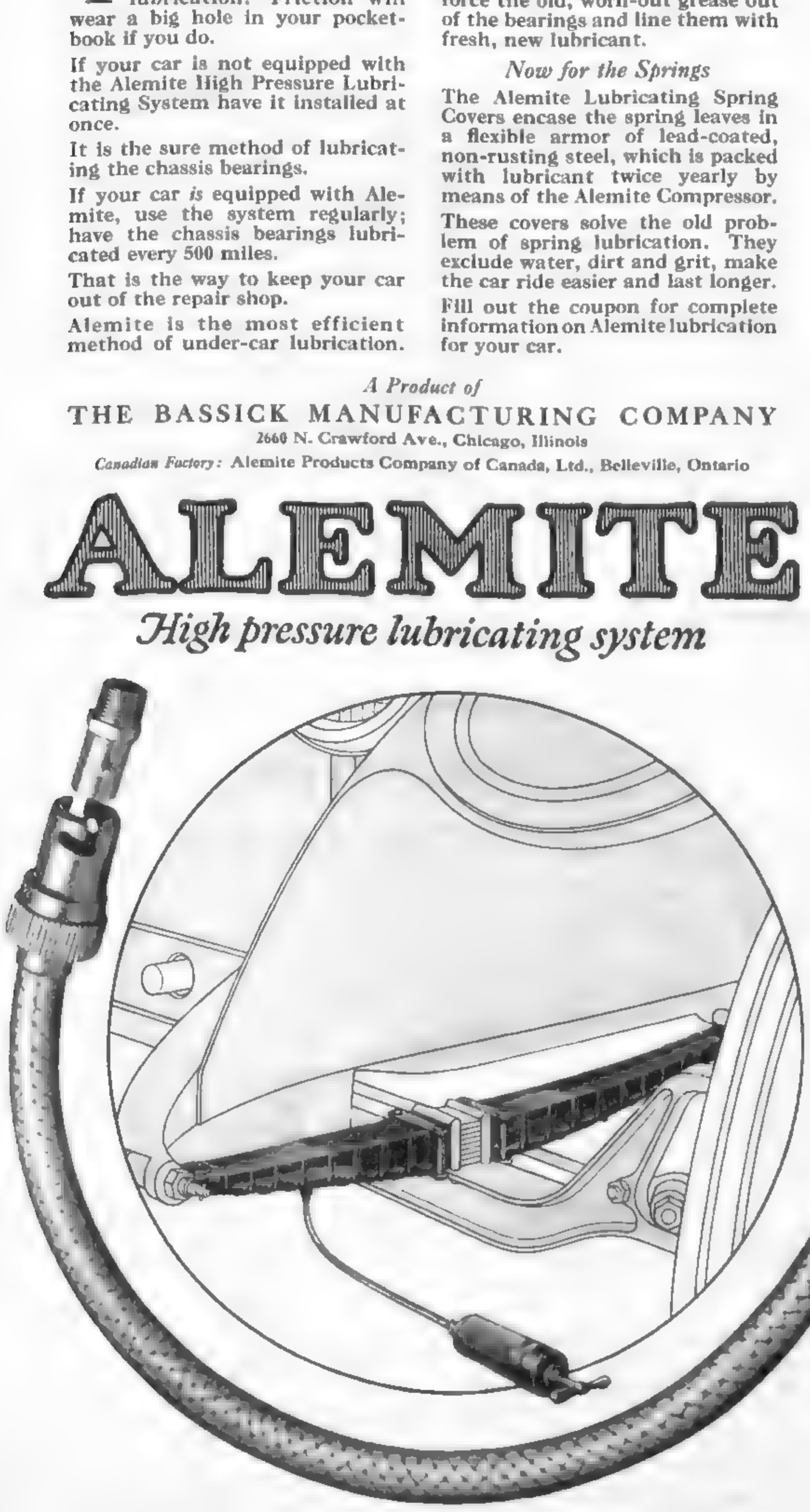

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(Continued from Page 134)

forgery this afternoon. It's in all the papers, and a clear case, I fancy. He's a real crook right through! I thought you ought to know, Miss Winnie."

The gentle one was right, though it was about the last bit of news Winnie expected just then.

"Wait, please, Mr. Jay," she said. "Let me think." Her voice was quick and clear and cold.

She thought. It was the quickest bit of thinking she had ever done in her life. She had come to White Court that day expecting to have to think swiftly. She knew that the cat lady had a plan, and she knew it was highly probable that she would have to think out a counterplan at a moment's notice. But, naturally, she had not dreamed of hearing this news from Mr. Jay. Her genius did not fail her.

"Listen, please," she said softly. "Mrs. Mallandane is here, in a room quite close. I am going to send her to the telephone. I shall tell her that you have a private urgent message for her. Please break this news to her. Do not tell her I know of the arrest. . . . Tell me, please, is that quite clear, Mr. Jay?"

The gentle one repeated her instructions faithfully.

"Oh, yes, that is right. You are so reliable always, dear Mr. Jay. Please hold the line. I will send Mrs. Mallandane," she cooed, put down the receiver, thought for a further second or two, smiled sweetly and returned to the dining room.

"It is Mr. Jay telephoning. He wants to speak to you, dear Mrs. Mallandane, not really to me. An urgent private message I think it is."

The cat lady rose. The gloomy millionaire was tying the strings of the bag of diamonds—about to be returned to their resting place. Winnie showed the cat lady the waiting telephone and returned to her coffee. She had sipped it once, found it insufficiently sweet, and was daintily reaching for the sugar when Mrs. Mallandane cried out. It was a strange, chilling sound, half a wail, half a scream—a terrible hysterical sound. Hallis started up.

"What's wrong?"

He failed entirely to catch in that shocking cry the thrilling acid streak of sheer bitter anger, even fury, which made it almost discordant. But Winnie did. Hallis hurried out, leaving the bag of diamonds on the table. He was frankly alarmed. But Winnie was not to be stampeded by a cry. She listened a second, then smiled sweetly and reached again for the sugar basin.

"I think Mrs. Mallandane would rather have Mr. Hallis to comfort her at the first shock than me," she whispered, her eyes very bright.

She was right. At any rate Hallis was very successful. Within a couple of minutes he had brought the cat lady back, a little pale but quite herself again, and full of apologies and protests.

"It was so insane to cry out like that," she was saying, "and for nothing—at least nothing very serious." But she was very pale and her hands were not quite steady. "A small matter which at first sounded serious, that was all. My nerves are not what they used to be, Hugo." She laughed a little, quite mirthlessly. "My—my nerves," she said at random. "Oh-h, I think I am going to faint!"

And did so—or appeared to do so. She lay back in her chair, lax and pale. But it was only for a little. She recovered even as Winnie hurried to her. It was a quick bit of fainting. But it was enough to start Hugo Hallis protesting that she was not fit for the motor journey back to town that night. She made only the slightest effort to convince him otherwise, and in Winnie's sympathetic blue eyes was no demur at all. Indeed, the girl supported their host.

"Dear Mrs. Mallandane, I think Mr. Hallis is quite right," said Winnie earnestly, and the cat lady yielded at once.

"Very well, I will be obedient," she said, smiling faintly.

Within half an hour she was comfortably in bed in a room with a door communicating with Winnie's. And Winnie, claiming to be very tired, lingered only long enough to say good night to Hallis before following her example. The last thing the girl did was to take one tiny peep in at the cat lady.

She was sound asleep, if appearances were anything to judge by. That was at about nine o'clock. But at two A.M. Mrs. Mallandane was certainly awake again. So was Winnie, who had had no more sleep than the cat lady; and so, too, was the gloomy millionaire. Indeed, they all three met—for a few seconds only—in Hallis' study. Curiously enough, the ladies were fully clad—Mrs. Mallandane even to her outdoor things.

It was the low soft sound of a motor stealing along the drive that had warned Winnie that the night was less tranquil than it seemed. She was listening, as she had listened for hours, for a nearer sound than that—sounds of soft movement from the next room. But they had never come. Winnie's zoological classification of Mrs. Mallandane had certainly been right as far as the feline ability to move softly was concerned

It was the sound of the stealing car that brought her out into the corridor, and even as she opened her door the lights flashed on, under the hand of Hugo Hallis, who, half dressed, was hurrying downstairs. He saw Winnie.

"Burglars," he said softly. "Go back to your room, in case of trouble," and passed on.

He might as well have asked water to flow back uphill or the electric-light current to stop being electric.

Winnie, fairly kitten-footed herself, followed him downstairs. They were just in time to see the cat lady turn from the forced drawer of the diamond bureau, the wash-leather bag in her hand and, with one swift, startled, vicious glance over her shoulder, disappear through the open French window, slamming it behind her. Instantly the exhaust of the car roared out and the machine leaped forward down the drive across the park.

"I'll phone the lodge keeper to lock the gates," snapped Hallis, pushing past Winnie. "I wouldn't have minded half so much anything but those particular diamonds!"

She stopped him

"Please wait a moment," she said softly, wide-eyed. "That woman is Haynes Carroll's wife."

He stared.

"What's that, Miss Winnie?"

Then, as the verb soaked in:

"*Is* his wife—you mean he's alive?"

He gasped, staring.

"Oh, yes," said Winnie, blithely *con-tando*. "He is alive, but the police have him. He was arrested for forgery today under the name of Mallandane. You see, dear Mr. Hallis, that was the news on the telephone which upset his wife so this evening."

"But, my dear, I don't understand. If that's the case, if Carroll's alive, there was no need to steal the diamonds. They were for him, or her. She knew it, too; I told her so tonight."

"I know," cooed Winnie. "But, you see, please, neither Mr. Carroll, alias Mallandane, nor his wife dared to tell you he was alive."

"But why—why? He was my old chum, my partner, the man they hinted I had killed."

He was shaking with excitement. Winnie's fingers fell to his shirt-sleeved arm.

"Because they feared that you knew the truth, and that you were only keeping the diamonds as a—a bait, a trap, to attract Mr. Carroll," she told him.

His eyes were puzzled.

"A trap, child! Why should he fear a trap?"

She gave him the truth then.

"Because the reason Carroll disappeared years ago," she said, "was that he had found far more and far better diamonds than ever he allowed you to know of, and when he disappeared years ago he took with him a much bigger fortune than the one which remained at your—your camp, and which you divided in half loyally, keeping one-half for him to this day. And he came home to England before you and married your—sweetheart."

Hallis went white. His eyes were suddenly hard and grim.

"He robbed me! Both ways! And I suffered all that slander because of him!"

"It is quite true, dear Mr. Hallis."

Winnie's eyes darkened and her voice was almost timid, certainly pleading.

"Oh, are you angry with me? I—I thought you would be pleased, so pleased to know the truth, to have proof. I have looked forward so much to telling you, so that you should not be a gloomy millionaire any more."

He stared at her, reassorting his impressions. She saw the great relief dawn in his eyes.

"Why, of course, child! Of course—of course, all that is off my mind. What do the diamonds matter? I'll have this written up in the Australian press. Alter the views of some of them, eh, little girl?"

He laughed gayly—for him.

"Fine! Fine!" A thought struck him. "But how did you learn all this?" he asked. "You, a little bit of a lovely slip of a blue-eyed thing like you!"

Winnie told him of the beginning in Mr. Jay's office, of her awakened interest in Mrs. Mallandane after hearing the story of the diamonds, of her inquiries about Mallandane's squandered money—which was said to have been made in diamonds in Australia—how Mallandane matched his, Hallis', description of Haynes Carroll.

"When I decided that the cat lady was interested in the diamonds—something you wanted to part with to the right person rather than keep—it occurred to me to think over what the situation would be if she happened to be Mr. Carroll's wife, and then I saw everything. They dared not claim the diamonds openly, for fear you really knew where Haynes Carroll made the fortune he squandered. I think the cat lady's plan was to meet you again and find out if it was really a trap, your keeping the diamonds, and presently to worm her way into your confidence and perhaps prove that she was Carroll's wife in some way without Carroll appearing at all. But his arrest spoiled everything—the police are certain to expose his past—and so she had to act quickly; as she did, you see," she concluded breathlessly.

Hugo Hallis stared at the exquisite face, the matchless eyes, looking so appealingly into his, in a sort of fury of admiration.

"And you, a sweet baby lady like you, with your great big blue eyes, puzzled all that out by yourself!"

"Please, I didn't like to see you so unhappy. You see, although I don't love you enough to be married to you, I like you very much; so much that I wanted to fight for you against the cat lady, who deserted you for the man who robbed and deserted you too."

"Wonderful! You wonderful little beautiful thing. I swear, Miss Winnie, that you are the one who deserved those diamonds, not that sly, stealthy cat woman. And if she had not got away with them, by Jove, child, you should have had them, too, for driving away an obsession that has worried me for years. I never looked on them as my diamonds in any case."

Wide eyes, parted lips, a delicious flush of pink ——"

"Oh-h! But do you mean that you would have given them to me? Those lovely diamonds? I couldn't possibly have accepted them."

"My dear," said Hugo Hallis very seriously, "I should have made you—made you, Winnie. You earned them, from my point of view, every carat of them!"

"Oh, no, no, no! Please, you mustn't say that! You see, you don't understand. I—I should have said, explained before, the cat lady did not steal the diamonds."

"Did not steal them! My dear child, I saw the open drawer, the actual bag in her hand as she turned away!"

"But that was not the diamonds," faltered Winnie.

"Not the diamonds! What was it, then?" he demanded, perplexed.

"Bits of sugar from the sugar basin. You see, I suspected her and I put them in the bag, from the coffee sugar, when she was at the telephone and when you went out to see why she screamed. I substituted sugar for diamonds and tied up the bag tightly. The—the actual diamonds are here. I wanted to save them for you, and I did. Didn't I?"

She drew her hand from a pocket and poured a pool of iridescent flame across the table, as a man might pour a fistful of dice.

"Ah, you little witch!"

"Oh, no, please, it was only just thinking quickly that did it."

He pushed the jewels across the table.

"These are yours, child. I said it. I don't want them, and I don't need them. I hate them, their memories. And, moreover, you deserve them—Lord, but you deserve them! They're yours—yours! Humor me, Winnie."

"Oh, no, no, no! I—I mustn't; really I must not, I ought not to."

Well, would you yield, lady? Would you humor him?

Anyway, Winnie did. She was a great little humorist.

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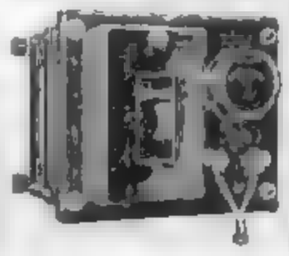

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STOCK-MARKET MANIPULATION

(Continued from Page 17)

should tell the story the manipulator wishes its readers to see. The truer the story the more convincing it is bound to be, and the more convincing it is the better the advertising is. A manipulator today, for instance, has not only to make a stock look strong but also to make it be strong. Manipulation therefore must be based on sound trading principles.

"That is what made Keene such a marvelous manipulator; he was a consummate trader to begin with. In his manipulation he used the same talents and aptitude that won millions for him in the stock market when he traded for himself.

"I cannot tell you what other manipulators do when they are employed to develop a market for a special stock as Keene was employed by the Havemeyers to market Sugar or when Morgan turned over to him the market career of the untried and unproved U. S. Steel shares. In my own personal dealings I never manipulate stocks; I trade in them. If I raided the market as often as I am accused of doing I'd be one busy manipulator. When I speak of my own manipulation I mean those operations on behalf of others which I carried on whenever I sought to sell a big block of some not easily vendible stock or tried to develop for it a market in which anybody could buy or sell a reasonable amount with no more friction than you would experience if that stock had been widely distributed and actively traded in for years.

"The word 'manipulation' has come to have an ugly sound. It needs an alias. I do not think there is anything so very mysterious or crooked about the process itself when it has for an object the selling of a stock in bulk, provided, of course, that such operations are not accompanied by misrepresentation. There is little question that a manipulator necessarily seeks his buyers among speculators. He turns to men who are looking for big returns on their capital and are therefore willing to run a greater than normal business risk. I can't have much sympathy for the man who, knowing this, nevertheless blames others for his own failure to make easy money. He is a devil of a clever fellow when he wins. But when he loses money the other fellow was a crook; a manipulator! In such moments and from such lips the word connotes the use of marked cards. But this is not so.

"As I said before, I cannot tell you how others work, but I can tell you what I myself do when I engage to develop a market for a particular stock. It might be and usually is the stock of a new enterprise or consolidation—new on the Stock Exchange, I mean—securities that are untried and unproved marketwise. Or again, it may be an old stock which for some reason does not move as it should; say, for instance, because it has been mishandled in the market; a stock that the public will not buy and the room traders dare not sell. Its record may discourage hopes of successful plays in it, and that, of course, discourages the wise and the witless, the professional and the sucker alike."

Participation in Pools

"Personally I do not like to join pools. I will manage pools, but I do not go in as a member, as Keene did. I will do certain work and charge a fee for my professional services. In a measure the fee is contingent. My profit depends upon what success I meet with in my operations.

"Usually the object of manipulation is to develop marketability—that is, the ability to dispose of fair-sized blocks at some price at any time. Of course a pool, by reason of a reversal of general market conditions, may find itself unable to sell except at a sacrifice too great to be pleasing. They then may decide to employ a professional to conduct the selling, believing that his skill and experience will enable him to conduct an orderly retreat instead of an appalling rout.

"You will notice that I do not speak of manipulation designed to permit considerable accumulation of a stock as cheaply as possible, as, for instance, in buying for control, because this does not happen often nowadays.

"When Jay Gould wished to cinch his control of Western Union and decided to buy a big block of the stock, Washington E. Connor, who had not been seen on the floor of the Stock Exchange for years, suddenly showed up in person at the Western Union post. He began to bid for Western Union. The traders to a man laughed at his stupidity in thinking them so simple and they cheerfully sold him all the stock he wanted to buy. It was too raw a trick, to think he could put up the price by acting as though Mr. Gould wanted to buy Western Union. Was that manipulation? I can only answer that by saying 'No; and Yes!'

"In the majority of cases the object of manipulation is, as I have said, to sell stock to the public at the best possible price. It is not alone a question of selling but of distributing. It is obviously better in every way for a stock to be held by a thousand people than by one man—better for the market in it. So it is not alone the selling at a good price but the character of the distribution that a manipulator must consider.

"There is no sense in marking up the price to a very high level if you cannot induce the public to take it off your hands later. Whenever inexperienced manipulators try to unload at the top and fail old-timers look mighty wise and tell you that you can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink. Original devils! As a matter of fact, it is well to remember a rule of manipulation, a rule that Keene and his able predecessors well knew. It is this: Stocks are manipulated to the highest point possible and then sold to the public on the way down."

Professional Services

"Let me begin at the beginning. Assume that there is someone—an underwriting syndicate or a pool or an individual—that has a block of stock which it is desired to sell at the best price possible. It is a stock duly listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The best place for selling it ought to be the open market, and the best buyer ought to be the general public. The negotiations for the sale are in charge of a man. He—or some present or former associate—has tried to sell the stock on the Stock Exchange and has not succeeded. He is—or soon becomes—sufficiently familiar with stock-market operations to realize that more experience and greater aptitude for the work are needed than he possesses. He knows personally or by hearsay several men who have been successful in their handling of similar deals, and he decides to avail himself of their professional skill. He seeks one of them as he would seek a physician if he were ill or an engineer if he needed that kind of expert.

"Suppose he has heard of me as a man who knows the game. Well, I take it that he tries to find out all he can about me. He then arranges for an interview, and in due time calls at my office.

"Of course the chances are that I know about the stock and what it represents. It is my business to know. That is how I make my living. My visitor tells me what he and his associates wish to do, and asks me to undertake the deal.

"It is then my turn to talk. I ask for whatever information I deem necessary to give me a clear understanding of what I am asked to undertake. I determine the value and estimate the market possibilities of that stock. That and my reading of current conditions in turn help me to gauge the likelihood of success for the proposed operation.

"If my information inclines me to a favorable view I accept the proposition and tell him then and there what my terms will be for my services. If he in turn accepts my terms—the honorarium and the conditions—I begin my work at once.

"My fee is not a flat sum or in cash—that is, not as a rule. I generally ask and receive calls on a block of stock. I insist upon graduated calls as the fairest to all concerned. The price of the call begins at a little below the prevailing market price and goes up; say, for example, that I get calls on one hundred thousand shares and the stock is quoted at 40. I begin with a call for a certain number of shares at 35, another at 37, another at 40, and at 45 and 50, and so on up to 75 or 80.

"If as the result of my professional work—my manipulation—the price goes up, and if at the highest level there is a good demand for the stock so that I can sell fair-sized blocks of it, I of course can call the

(Continued on Page 141)

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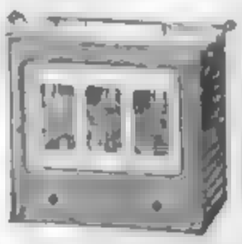

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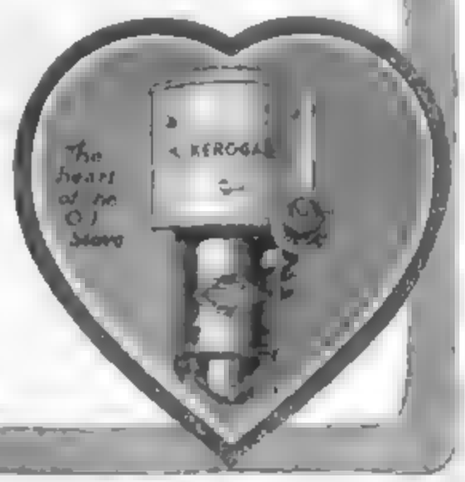

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(Continued from Page 138)

stock. I am making money; but so are my clients making money. This is as it should be. If my skill is what they are paying for they ought to get value. Of course there are times when a pool may be wound up at a loss, but that is seldom, for I do not undertake the work unless I see my way clear to a profit. This year I was not so fortunate in one or two deals, and I did not make a profit. There are reasons, but that is another story, to be told later—perhaps.

"The first step in a bull movement in a stock is to advertise the fact that there is a bull movement on. Sounds silly, doesn't it? Well, think a moment. It isn't as silly as it sounded, is it? The most effective way to advertise what, in effect, are your honorable intentions is to make the stock active and strong. After all is said and done, the greatest publicity agent in the wide world is the ticker, and by far the best advertising medium is the tape. I do not need to put out any literature on the subject. I do not have to inform the daily press as to the value of the stock or to work the financial reviews for notices about the company's prospects. Neither do I have to get a following. I accomplish all these highly desirable things by merely making the stock active.

"When there is activity there is a synchronous demand for explanations; and that means, of course, that the necessary reasons—for publication—supply themselves without the slightest aid from me."

Tactical Methods

"Activity is all that the floor traders ask. They will buy or sell any stock at any level if only there is a free market for it. They will deal in thousands of shares wherever they see activity, and their aggregate capacity is considerable. It necessarily happens that they constitute the manipulator's first crop of buyers. They will follow you all the way up and they thus are a great help at all the stages of the operation. I understand that James R. Keene used habitually to employ the most active of the room traders, both to conceal the source of the manipulation and also because he knew that they were by far the best business spreaders and tip distributors. He often gave calls to them—verbal calls—above the market, so that they might do some helpful work before they could cash in. He made them earn their profit. To get a professional following I myself have never had to do more than to make a stock active. They don't ask for more. It is well, of course, to remember that these professionals on the floor of the exchange buy stocks with the intention of selling them at a profit. They do not insist on its being a big profit; but it must be a quick profit.

"I make the stock active in order to draw the attention of speculators to it, for the reasons I have given. I buy it and I sell it and the traders follow suit. The selling pressure is not apt to be strong where a man has as much speculatively held stock sewed up—in calls—as I insist on having. The buying, therefore, prevails over the selling, and the public follows the lead not so much of the manipulator as of the room traders. It comes in as a buyer. This highly desirable demand I fill—that is, I sell stock on balance. If the demand is what it ought to be it will absorb more than the amount of stock I was compelled to accumulate in the earlier stages of the manipulation; and when this happens I sell the stock short—that is, technically. In other words, I sell more stock than I actually hold. It is perfectly safe for me to do so since I am really selling against my calls. Of course, when the demand from the public slackens, the stock ceases to advance. Then I wait.

"Say, then, that the stock has ceased to advance. There comes a weak day. The entire market may develop a reactionary tendency or some sharp-eyed trader may perceive that there are no buying orders to speak of in my stock, and he sells it, and his fellows follow. Whatever the reason may be, my stock starts to go down. Well, I begin to buy it. I give it the support that a stock ought to have if it is in good odor with its own sponsors. And more: I am able to support it without accumulating it—that is, without increasing the amount I shall have to sell later on. Observe that I do this without decreasing my financial resources. Of course what I sold short at higher prices when the demand from the public or from the traders or from both enabled me to do it. It is always well to make it plain to the traders—and to the public, also—that there is a demand for the stock on the way down. That tends to check both reckless short selling by the professionals and liquidation by frightened holders—which is the selling you usually see when a stock gets weaker and weaker, which in turn is what a stock does when it is not supported. These covering purchases of mine constitute what I call the stabilizing process.

"As the market broadens I of course sell stock on the way up, but never enough to check the rise. This is in strict accordance with my stabilizing plans. It is obvious that the more stock I sell on a reasonable and orderly advance the more I encourage the conservative speculators, who are more numerous than the reckless room traders; and in addition the more support I shall be able to give to the stock on the inevitable weak days. By always being short I always am in a position to support the stock without danger to myself. As a rule I begin my selling at a price that will show me a profit. But I often sell without having a profit, simply to create or to increase what I may call my riskless buying power. My business is not alone to put up the price or to sell a big block of stock for a client but to make money for myself. That is why I do not ask any clients to finance my operations. My fee is contingent upon my success.

"Of course what I have described is not my invariable practice. I neither have nor adhere to an inflexible system. I modify my terms and conditions according to circumstances.

"A stock which it is desired to distribute should be manipulated to the highest possible point and then sold. I repeat this both because it is fundamental and because the public apparently believes that the selling is all done at the top. Sometimes a stock gets water-logged, as it were; it doesn't go up. That is the time to sell. The price naturally will go down on your selling rather further than you wish, but you can generally nurse it back. As long as a stock that I am manipulating goes up on my buying I know I am all hunky, and if need be I buy it with confidence and use my own money without fear—precisely as I would any other stock that acts the same way. It is the line of least resistance. You remember my trading theories about that line, don't you? Well, when the price line of least resistance is established I follow it, not because I am manipulating that particular stock at that particular moment but because I am a stock operator at all times."

Possibilities of Imperial Steel

"When my buying does not put the stock up I stop buying and then proceed to sell it down; and that also is exactly what I would do with that same stock if I did not happen to be manipulating it. The principal marketing of the stock, as you know, is done on the way down. It is perfectly astonishing how much stock a man can get rid of on a decline.

"I repeat that at no time during the manipulation do I forget to be a stock trader. My problems as a manipulator, after all, are the same that confront me as an operator. A manipulator learns his trade by operating in stocks for his own account. I could keep on talking about it all night, but I'll stop now, with this warning: All manipulation comes to an end when the manipulator cannot make a stock do what he wants it to do. When the stock you are manipulating doesn't act as it should, quit. Don't argue with the tape. Do not seek to lure the profit back. Quit while the quitting is good—and cheap.

"I am well aware that all these generalities do not sound especially impressive. Generalities seldom do. Possibly I may succeed better if I give you a concrete example. I'll tell you how I marked up the price of a stock 30 points, and in so doing accumulated only seven thousand shares and developed a market that would absorb almost any amount of stock.

"It was Imperial Steel. The stock had been brought out by reputable people and it had been fairly well tipped as a property of value. About 30 per cent of the capital stock was placed with the general public through various Wall Street houses, but there had been no significant activity in the shares after they were listed. From time to time somebody would ask about it and one or another insider—members of the original underwriting syndicate—would say that the company's earnings were better than expected and the prospects more than encouraging. This was true enough and very good as far as it went, but not exactly thrilling.

"The speculative appeal was absent, and from the investor's point of view the price stability and dividend permanency of the stock were not yet demonstrated. It was a stock that never behaved sensationally. It was so gentlemanly that no corroborative rise ever followed the insiders' eminently truthful reports. On the other hand, neither did the price decline."

Terms of Compensation

"Imperial Steel remained unhonored and unsung and untipped, content to be one of those stocks that don't go down because nobody sells and that nobody sells because nobody likes to go short of a stock that is not well distributed; the seller is too much at the mercy of the loaded-up inside clique. Similarly, there is no inducement to buy such a stock. To the investor Imperial Steel therefore remained a speculation. To the speculator it was a dead one—the kind that makes an investor of you against your will by the simple expedient of falling into a trance the moment you go long of it. The chap who is compelled to lug a corpse a year or two always loses more than the original cost of the deceased; he is sure to find himself tied up with it when some really good things come his way.

"One day the foremost member of the Imperial Steel syndicate, acting for himself and associates, came to see me. They wished to create a market for the stock, of which they controlled the undistributed 70 per cent. They wanted me to dispose of their holdings at better prices than they thought they would obtain if they tried to sell in the open market. They wanted to know on what terms I would undertake the job.

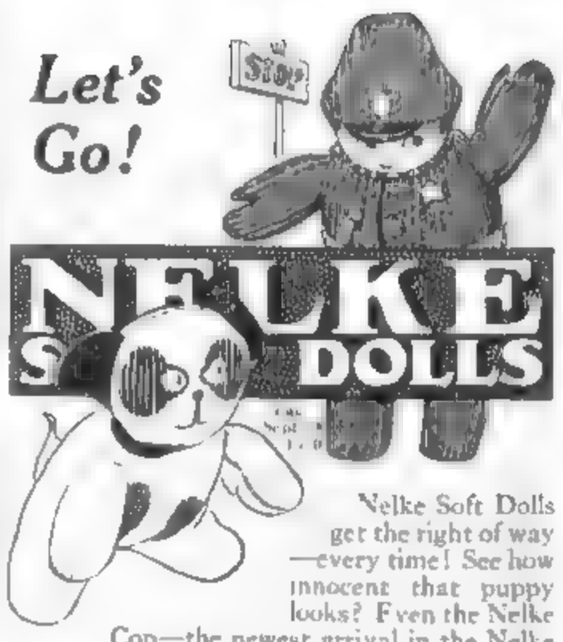
"I told him that I would let him know in a few days. Then I looked into the property. I had experts go over the various departments of the company—industrial, commercial and financial. They made reports to me which were unbiased. I wasn't looking for the good or the bad points, but for the facts, such as they were.

"The reports showed that it was a valuable property. The prospects justified purchases of the stock at the prevailing market price—if the investor were willing to wait a little. Under the circumstances an advance in the price would in reality be the commonest and most legitimate of all market movements—to wit, the process of discounting the future. There was therefore no reason that I could see why I should not conscientiously and confidently undertake the bull manipulation of Imperial Steel.

"I let my man know my mind and he called at my office to talk the deal over in detail. I told him what my terms were. For my services I asked no cash, but calls on one hundred thousand shares of the Imperial Steel stock. The price of the calls ran up from 70 to 100. That may seem like a big fee to some. But they should consider that the insiders were certain they themselves could not sell one hundred thousand shares, or even fifty thousand shares, at 70. There was no market for the stock. All the talk about wonderful earnings and excellent prospects had not brought in buyers, not to any great extent. In addition, I could not get my fee in cash without my clients first making some millions of dollars. What I stood to make was not an exorbitant selling commission. It was a fair contingent fee.

"Knowing that the stock had real value and that general market conditions were bullish and therefore favorable for an advance in all good stocks, I figured that I ought to do pretty well. My clients were encouraged by the opinions I expressed, agreed to my terms at once, and the deal began with pleasant feelings all around.

"I proceeded to protect myself as thoroughly as I could. The syndicate owned or controlled about 70 per cent of the outstanding stock. I had them deposit their 70 per cent under a trust agreement. I didn't propose to be used as a dumping ground for the big holders. With the majority holdings thus securely tied up, I still had 30 per cent of scattered holdings to consider, but that was a risk I had to take. Experienced speculators do not expect ever to engage in utterly riskless ventures. As a matter of fact, it was not much more likely that all the untrusteed stock would be thrown on the market at one fell swoop than that all the policyholders of a life-insurance company would die at the same



Nelke Soft Dolls get the right of way—every time! See how innocent that puppy looks? Even the Nelke Cop—the newest arrival in the Nelke Family—hasn't the heart to stop him!

That's just the way Nelke Soft Dolls win their way into the affections of kiddies everywhere! They're so soft, so cuddly, so lovable, you can't resist them. Not a button or pin anywhere. Lovely, bright colors—but absolutely fast! Boys and girls, clowns, puppies, kittens, rabbits—and now, to make them all behave, a Nelke Cop!!

Leading department, drug, notions and specialty shops everywhere sell Nelke Soft Dolls at [illegible]. A [illegible] and trade mark [illegible] free booklet "The World's Happiest Family" in full colors! We'll appreciate your mentioning the name of your dealer

The Nelke Corporation
10th and Norris Streets **Philadelphia, Pa.**

NELKE
Look for this Trade Mark

MOJO
SELF SELLER
ALONE IN ITS CLASS
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE—
VENDING TRADE MARKED GOODS
"SELF SELLER"------$5.00
LASTING SWEETS-300 REFILLS $1.00
DELIVERED-POST-PAID-3RD ZONE—
BEYOND ADDITIONAL POSTAGE ADDED
WRITE FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
CHICLE PRODUCTS CO.
NEWARK — NEW JERSEY

Smoke on Me—FREE

Let me send you a big, liberal sample of pure nature flavored Old Green River smoking. FREE. [illegible] The [illegible] to [illegible] it will [illegible] pure [illegible] goodness [illegible] mellow all [illegible]

"Bred in Old Kentucky"

It will give you more pleasure than you have ever known before [illegible] smoke ball, tobacco [illegible] and say how you like your [illegible] ing mild, medium or strong. Write today

Pete Roberts, Box 883, Owensboro, Ky

Old Green River
Smoking Tobacco

Safe Milk *and* **Malt Grain Ext.** in powder, makes *The* **Food-Drink** *for* **All Ages**

Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

SALESMEN WANTED resident or travelling, to sell Shinola Products to retailers and jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Low prices, attractive deals. 25 year quality reputation. Big commissions and handsome income. All or part time. Rock. Chem. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Conklin

Pen - BETTER BUILT FOR BETTER WRITING - *Pencil*

When you admire the slender beauty of the Conklin pencil, please remember that it is as much better, in every detail, as it is more beautiful.

Conklin—Toledo

Boston San Francisco Chicago
London Barcelona

The Conklin 7 Points

1. 2 feet of lead (7 leads, 3½ in. long).
2. Quick filling through point.
3. Propels, repels, expels.
4. Leads cannot jam, clog or stick.
5. Simple mechanism.
6. One-hand clip saves pencil and clothes.
7. Conklin quality guaranteed.

Look for this tag

When buying insect screen cloth you can follow no better guide than the Jersey Tag. This red and black tag is attached to the end of every roll of Jersey Copper Screen Cloth. Its value to you lies in the fact that it definitely identifies the screen cloth which will give you the maximum of service at a minimum of expense.

Jersey Copper Screen Cloth will save you money in the long run. It is made of copper 99.8% pure. It cannot rust as do iron and steel. The wire has been made stiff and strong by a special Roebling process, so that the cloth will not bulge or sag. It will last almost indefinitely.

It will prove to your profit to investigate this material when you consider insect screens. Many hardware dealers carry Jersey Copper Screen Cloth. Write directly to us, however, if your dealer does not have it. Send for a booklet "A Matter of Health and Comfort" which includes useful information about screens.

THE NEW JERSEY WIRE CLOTH COMPANY
626 South Broad Street Trenton, New Jersey

JERSEY
Copper Screen Cloth
Made of Copper 99.8% Pure

hour, the same day. There are unprinted actuarial tables of stock-market risks as well as of human mortality.

"Having protected myself from some of the avoidable dangers of a stock-market deal of that sort, I was ready to begin my campaign. Its objective was to make my calls valuable. To do this I must put up the price and develop a market in which I could sell one hundred thousand shares—the stock in which I held options.

"The first thing I did was to find out how much stock was likely to come on the market on an advance. This was easily done through my brokers, who had no trouble in ascertaining what stock was for sale at or a little above the market. I don't know whether the specialists told them what orders they had on their books or not. The price was nominally 70, but I could not have sold one thousand shares at that price. I had no evidence of even a moderate demand at that figure or even a few points lower. I had to go by what my brokers found out. But it was enough to show me how much stock there was for sale and how little was wanted.

"As soon as I had a line on these points I quietly took all the stock that was for sale at 70 and higher. When I say 'I' you will understand that I mean my brokers. The sales were for account of some of the minority holders because my clients naturally had canceled whatever selling orders they might have given out before they tied up their stock."

The Line of Least Resistance

"I didn't have to buy very much stock. Moreover, I knew that the right kind of advance would bring in other buying orders—and, of course, selling orders also.

"I didn't give bull tips on Imperial Steel to anybody. I didn't have to. My job was to seek directly to influence sentiment by the best possible kind of publicity. I do not say that there should never be bull propaganda. It is as legitimate and indeed as desirable to advertise the value of a new stock as to advertise the value of woolens or shoes or automobiles. Accurate and reliable information should be given to the public. But what I meant was that the tape did all that was needed for my purpose. As I said before, the reputable newspapers always try to print explanations for market movements. It is news. Their readers demand to know not only what happens in the stock market but why it happens. Therefore without the manipulator lifting a finger the financial writers will print all the available information and gossip, and also analyze the reports of earnings, trade condition and outlook; in short, whatever may throw light on the advance.

"Whenever a newspaperman or an acquaintance asks my opinion of a stock and I have one I do not hesitate to express it. I do not volunteer advice and I never give tips, but I have nothing to gain in my operations from secrecy. At the same time I realize that the best of all tipsters, the most persuasive of all salesmen, is the tape.

"When I had absorbed all the stock that was for sale at 70 and a little higher I relieved the market of that pressure, and naturally that made clear for trading purposes the line of least resistance in Imperial Steel. It was manifestly upward. The moment that fact was perceived by the observant traders on the floor they logically assumed that the stock was in for an advance the extent of which they could not know; but they knew enough to begin buying. Their demand for Imperial Steel, created exclusively by the obviousness of the stock's rising tendency—the tape's infallible bull tip!—I promptly filled. I sold to the traders the stock that I had bought from the tired-out holders at the beginning. Of course this selling was judiciously done; I contented myself with supplying the demand. I was not forcing my stock on the market and I did not want too rapid an advance. It wouldn't have been good business to sell out the half of my one hundred thousand shares at that stage of the proceedings. My job was to make a market on which I might sell my entire line.

"But even though I sold only as much as the traders were anxious to buy, the market was temporarily deprived of my own buying power, which I had th therto exerted steadily. In due course the traders' purchases ceased and the price stopped rising. As soon as that happened there began the selling by disappointed bulls or by those traders whose reasons for buying disappeared the instant the rising tendency was checked. But I was ready for this selling, and on the way down I bought back the stock I had sold to the traders a couple of points higher. This buying of stock I knew was bound to be sold in turn checked the downward course; and when the price stopped going down the selling orders stopped coming in.

"I then began all over again. I took all the stock that was for sale on the way up—it wasn't very much—and the price began to rise a second time; from a higher starting point than 70. Don't forget that on the way down there are many holders who wish to heaven they had sold theirs but won't do it three or four points from the top. Such speculators always vow they will surely sell out if there is a rally. They put in their orders to sell on the way up, and then they change their minds with the change in the stock's price trend. Of course there is always profit taking from safe-playing quick runners to whom a profit is always a profit to be taken.

"All I had to do after that was to repeat the process; alternately buying and selling; but always working higher.

"Sometimes, after you have taken all the stock that is for sale, it pays to rush up the price sharply, to have what might be called little bull flurries in the stock you are manipulating. It is excellent advertising, because it makes talk and also brings in both the professional traders and that portion of the speculating public that likes action. It is, I think, a large portion. I did that in Imperial Steel, and whatever demand was created by those spurts I supplied. My selling always kept the upward movement within bounds both as to extent and as to speed. In buying on the way down and selling on the way up I was doing more than marking up the price; I was developing the marketability of Imperial Steel.

"After I began my operations in it there never was a time when a man could not buy or sell the stock freely; I mean by this, buy or sell a reasonable amount without causing overviolent fluctuations in the price. The fear of being left high and dry if he bought, or squeezed to death if he sold, was gone. The gradual spread among the professionals and the public of a belief in the permanence of the market for Imperial Steel had much to do with creating confidence in the movement; and, of course, the activity also put an end to a lot of other objections. The result was that after buying and selling a good many thousands of shares I succeeded in making the stock sell at par. At one hundred dollars a share everybody wanted to buy Imperial Steel. Why not? Everybody now knew that it was a good stock; that it had been and still was a bargain. The proof was the rise. A stock that could go thirty points from 70 could go up thirty more from par. That is the way a good many argued."

A Profitable Offer

"In the course of marking up the price those thirty points I accumulated only seven thousand shares. The price on this line averaged me almost exactly 85. That meant a profit of fifteen points on it; but, of course, my entire profit, still on paper, was much more. It was a safe enough profit, for I had a market for all I wanted to sell. The stock would sell higher on judicious manipulation and I had graduated calls on one hundred thousand shares beginning at 70 and ending at 100.

"Circumstances prevented me from carrying out certain plans of mine for converting my paper profits into good hard cash. It had been, if I do say so myself, a beautiful piece of manipulation, strictly legitimate and deservedly successful. The property of the company was valuable and the stock was not dear at the higher price. One of the members of the original syndicate—a prominent banking house with ample resources—developed a desire to secure the control of the property. The control of a prosperous and growing concern like the Imperial Steel Corporation is possibly more valuable to a banking firm than to individual investors. At all events, this firm made me an offer for all my options on the stock. It meant an enormous profit for me, and I instantly took it. I am always willing to sell out when I can do so in a lump at a good profit. I was quite content with what I made out of it.

"Before I disposed of my calls on the hundred thousand shares I learned that these bankers had employed more experts to make a still more thorough examination

(Continued on Page 145)

Announcing the Winners of the Red Seal Battery Contest

"After careful consideration we have selected the following Winners: Signed—Mr. Llew Soule, Editor of *Hardware Age*, New York; Mr. Howard A. Lewis, Manager of *Electrical Merchandising*, New York; and Mr. Joseph A. Richards, President, Joseph Richards Co., Inc., Advertising Agents, New York—Judges."

"Finish-the-Sentence" Contest

FIRST PRIZE—$725.00 Kennedy Radio Set

"Thirty Years of Experience are back of its Seal."
LOUIS PEINE, 1506 Rosalie Avenue, Houston, Texas

SECOND PRIZE—$408.50 Westinghouse Radio Set

"It retains Nature's Energy under Seal."
RALPH E. TURNER, 34 Dwyer Circle, Medford, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE—$256.50 Grebe Radio Set

"Red Seal outside means more energy inside."
W. E. LONG, 408 West 4th Street, Sterling, Ill.

Prizes of Manhattan Radio Headsets were awarded to:

Glenn G. Harter, Parish, Oswego, N. Y.
Herbert J. Howden, Antioch, Calif.
R. F. Langford, Greenville, S. C.
V. E. Fowler, Portsmouth, Ohio
Thos. L. Healy, Bower, W. Va.
J. E. Sater, El Paso, Texas
William S. Wells, Bethlehem, Penn.
Merl Goldman, Patton, Penn.
Francis George Kellow, Pen Argyl, Penn.
Harvey Abercrombae, Thomas, Okla.
Glenn McGuckin, Tonkawa, Okla.
W. H. Corbett, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
Ralph A. Croft, Tracy, Minn.
Lucian F. Weed, Niles, Mich.
W. F. Kremin, St. Louis, Mo.
Isidor B. Cugar, St. Louis, Mo.
I. E. Johnson, Melrose, Mass.
Chas. W. Adams, Onset, Mass.
B. L. Hannant, Wilson, N. C.
J. A. Brundage, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joseph Foner, Bronx, N. Y.
Adolph Specht, New York City
Leonard J. L. Rich, New York City
Angel S. San Antonio, New York City
Chas. G. Dugha, Troy, N. Y.
B. G. Jacobs, Syracuse, N. Y.
Lawrence Wm. Cieply, Herkimer, N. Y.
W. H. Langheim, Greycourt, N. Y.
Harry M. Clark, Greenwich, N. Y.
Fred F. Franklin, Ft. Ann, N. Y.
Edward Schneider, Corona, L. I.
F. E. Carthay, Babylon, N. Y.
S. B. Roberts, Plainfield, N. J.
Ben. T. Givandan, Jersey City, N. J.
M. F. L. Hooven, Jersey City, N. J.
Chester T. Sanderson, E. Orange, N. J.
William S. Struble, Bloomfield, N. J.
Ralph H. Sanborn, Raymond, N. H.
G. E. Grahn, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Hugh R. Skinner, Portland, Ind.
Bernard Schobeld, Palos Park, Ill.
A. W. Rathe, La Grange, Ill.
Aubrey D. Sawyer, Jacksonville, Fla.
Jesse E. Potter, Washington, D. C.
Mamie Lawrence Curtiss, Norfolk, Conn.
W. H. Dean, Hartford, Conn.
H. Sturcke, Jr., Vallejo, Calif.
H. C. Pease, San Bernardino, Calif.
F. J. Grew, Oakland, Calif.
Victor F. Phillips, Los Angeles, Calif.
E. F. Ervin, Cashier, Danbury, Neb.

"Dealers' Window Display" Contest

FIRST PRIZE—$725.00 Kennedy Radio Set

LOUIS D. RUBIN ELECTRIC CO.
345 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

SECOND PRIZE—$408.50 Westinghouse Radio Set

GEO. A. MYERS & CO., INC.
61 and 63 Washington Street, Paterson, N. J.

THIRD PRIZE—$256.50 Grebe Radio Set

This prize awarded to each of two tying contestants

BUSCH HDWE. CO., 5745 W. Division St., Chicago, Ill.
H. L. MILLER CO., Pasadena, Cal.

Prizes of Manhattan Radio Headsets were awarded to:

The Leonard Bros. Garage, Inc.
Willimantic, Conn.
H. P. Black, Owner, The Electric Shop,
W. Palm Beach, Fla.
Arthur H. Stuart-Radio Dept., c/o Pettis
Dry Goods Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Case Rubber Company, Hartford, Conn.
John Nesbit, c/o Johnstown Auto Co.,
Johnstown, Penn.
McCracken Mitchel Hardware Co.,
Okmulgee, Oklahoma
M. H. Herzog, Kingston, N. Y.
Babcock, Hinds & Underwood Co. Inc.,
Binghamton, N. Y.
Stimmel Electric Co., San Francisco, Cal.
C. C. Miller Co., Oregon City, Oregon
M. Steuel, General Hdw., Glen Cove, N. Y.
James P. Laursen, Goodyear Service Station,
San Diego, Cal.
Automotive Equipment Co. Inc., Newark, N. J.
Sell-Atkins Mercantile Company, Furniture
& Hardware, Pittsburg, Kansas
Post & Lester Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
W. E. Neyland & Sons, Hdw., Colmd, Tex.
McCausland Hardware Co., Duncan, Okla.
A. C. Lake, Hardware, Tools & Cutlery,
Chicago, Illinois
Vaught Auto Company, Indianapolis, Indiana
Conklin, Tubb & Conklin, Roslyn, L. I.
J. M. Stuart & Co., Hardware, Indiana, Pa.
Evinrude Electric Co., Portland, Ore.
Jordan Electric Co., Ashland, Oregon
J. L. Vaughan, Pendleton, Oregon
Tri City Electric Co., Davenport, Iowa
Max Freedman, Buffalo, N. Y.
G. H. Roberts, Jr., Rahway, N. J.
Simon's Garage, Jefferson City, Mo.
Eynon Bros., Scranton, Pa.
Delaney Electric Supply Corp., N. Y. City
Chadick Motor Supply Co., Richmond, Va.
Alston Electric Shop, Alston, Mass.
Boyle Brothers, Woodward, Oklahoma
Louis Knowiser, Hardware, Newark, N. J.
Bonow's Auto Supplies, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Strong Hardware Co., New Brunswick, N. J.
Beatty Hardware Co., Greenfield, Iowa
L. F. Woodhead, Roswell, N. M.
Poling Electric Co., Albia, Iowa
Chas. P. Batz, Indianapolis, Ind.
Victory Electrical Supply Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
S. Rosenfeld & Son, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Electric Company, Peoria, Illinois
The Sanborn Electric Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Adolph Gold & Son, Southampton, N. Y.
Farrell Auto Supply Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
W. B. Jenkins Motor Co., Fredericksburg, Va.
Way Bros., Easton, Penn.
Newbery Electric Corporation,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Berry-Potmar Co., Caruthersville, Mo.

Over $5,000.00 in Prizes

53 Radio prizes were offered for the best answers in ten words or less for finishing the sentence: The Red Seal Battery is best (1) Because it is the "All-Purpose" battery and (2) because.....

Duplicates of these 53 prizes were given to the 53 dealers whose windows, decorated with Red Seal Battery Contest material, were adjudged the best.

The remarkable popularity of Red Seal Dry Batteries with both the public and the trade was overwhelmingly indicated by the thousands upon thousands of answers from every state in the Union.

To all winners we extend our heartiest congratulations and to all who submitted answers our sincere appreciation of the time and effort expended.

All radio sets awarded as prizes will be installed FREE in the homes of the winners, ready to "listen in"

30 Years' Experience Back of the Red Seal

Greatest care in manufacture, the use of highest quality materials and 30 years' experience in manufacturing dry batteries enable us to build into the Red Seal Dry Battery unusually long life and service. Known and used all over the world for operating bells, buzzers, fire alarms, telephone and burglar alarm systems, electrical toys, etc., as well as for ignition in automobiles, farm engines, tractors, stationary engines, motor boats, blasting, farm and house lighting outfits, etc. Red Seal is truly the "All-Purpose" dry battery.

The New Red Seal Radio Sparkers

A better way to operate W D-11 vacuum tubes. Require no care or servicing. A complete unit of 2, 6 or 8 special radio cells designed to give longer life and service than can be obtained from single cells. For example, the two-cell Radio Sparker No. 221 will last not merely twice as long but 2½ to 3 times as long as a single cell. Diagrams of "hook-up" and complete instructions on label.

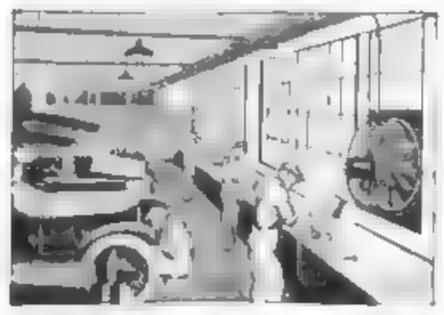
MANHATTAN
ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO., INC.

Makers of the famous Red Seal Dry Batteries, Radio Sparkers and Manhattan Radio Products

New York **Chicago** **St. Louis** **San Francisco**

Fresh Air—the Amazing Antidote For "Afternoon Fatigue"

It is Now Easy to Expel the Stuffy Atmosphere Which Slows Up Work and Interferes With Progress



Why must so many otherwise energetic office organizations go to pieces in the early hours of the afternoon, with no apparent cause?

Is there any real reason why so many alert and ambitious office workers who set out in the morning to make the day count for themselves must surrender to *drowsiness* soon after noon and do indifferent work *in spite of themselves?*

Improper Ventilation Causes "Afternoon Fatigue"

"Afternoon Fatigue"—a common ailment in many offices—is largely due to improper ventilation. It is caused by that close, stuffy atmosphere you so quickly sense when you walk into some offices from the outside air. To the management this is a vital problem because it naturally results in less accomplishment and less profit but it is equally important to the members of every office staff. Poor ventilation inevitably stagnates their natural mental powers and impedes their progress.

Keep the Office Atmosphere Fresh and Invigorating Throughout the Year

It is now so easy to change this condition that in many organizations "afternoon fatigue" is a thing of the past. Already thousands of modern offices are exhausting the poisonous, stagnant air and bringing in a continuous supply of fresh, invigorating outdoor atmosphere by means of a quickly installed American Blower Ventilating Fan.

With air changed frequently, without draft (winter as well as summer) workers in any office will produce more and make fewer mistakes. They will exert their full ability as they will no longer suffer from the drowsiness and mental lassitude.

Your Local Electrical Dealer Can Give You Complete Information

There is an American Blower Fan for the ventilating of all business places, including offices, restaurants, stores, factories, laundries and theaters.

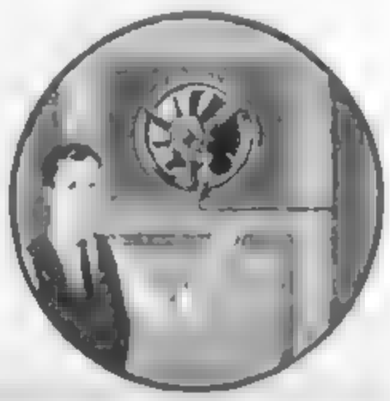
Write for the names of the American Blower dealers in your city who will gladly furnish you with complete information and explain how economically you can have the benefit of correct ventilation in your place of business.

AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY, DETROIT

Branch Offices in all Principal Cities FOUNDED 1881 *Canadian Sirocco Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.* (158)

American Blower

"Sirocco" VENTILATING FANS



(Continued from Page 142)

of the property. Their reports showed enough to bring me in the offer I got. I kept several thousand shares of the stock for investment. I believe in it.

"I still have it, though the price is below what it was when I sold my options, and below what my seven thousand shares averaged me; that is, below 85. The stock should be selling today for 125. The fact that it doesn't may mean that the controlling interests are desirous of accumulating more stock as cheaply as possible. I do not know what the outcome will be; but there have been times when bargain-hunting insiders in their efforts to buy cheap have succeeded in reducing their holdings instead of increasing them. Only the other day efforts by an inside clique to depress a certain stock failed. Every time they tried to sell it down they lost stock. Somebody who evidently knew as much as they did about the real value of the stock promptly took all their misguided offerings. The price didn't go down over three points and they lost a lot of stock."

The Disagreement With Prentiss

"There wasn't anything about my manipulation of Imperial Steel that wasn't normal and sound. As long as the price went up on my buying I knew I was O.K. The stock never got waterlogged, as a stock sometimes does. When you find that it fails to respond adequately to your buying you don't need any better tip to sell. You know that if there is any value to a stock and general market conditions are right you can always nurse it back after a decline, no matter if it's twenty points. But I never had to do anything like that in Imperial Steel.

"In my manipulation of stocks I never lose sight of basic trading principles. Perhaps you wonder why I repeat this—or keep on harping on the fact that I never argue with the tape or lose my temper at the market because of its behavior. You would think—wouldn't you?—that shrewd men who have made millions in their own business and in addition have successfully operated in Wall Street at times would realize the wisdom of playing the game dispassionately. Well, you would be surprised at the frequency with which some of our most successful promoters behave like peevish women because the market does not act the way they wish it to act. They seem to take it as a personal slight, and they proceed to lose money by first losing their temper.

"You once spoke to me about some gossip you had heard of a disagreement between John Prentiss and myself. I suppose you were led to expect a dramatic narrative of a stock-market deal that went wrong or some double-crossing that cost me—or him—millions; or something of that sort. Well, it wasn't. I'll tell you about it; but only because it bears on the subject of manipulation.

"Prentiss and I had been friendly for years. He had given me at various times information that I was able to utilize profitably, and I had given him advice which he may or may not have followed. If he did he saved money.

"He was largely instrumental in the organization and promotion of the Petroleum Products Company. After a more or less successful market début general conditions changed for the worse and the new stock did not fare as well as Prentiss and his associates had hoped. When basic conditions took a turn for the better Prentiss formed a pool and began operations in Pete Products.

"I cannot tell you anything about his technic. He didn't tell me how he worked and I didn't ask him. But it was plain that notwithstanding his Wall Street experience and his undoubted cleverness, whatever it was he did proved of little value and it didn't take the pool long to find out that they couldn't get rid of much stock. He must have tried everything he knew, because a pool manager does not ask to be superseded by an outsider unless he feels unequal to the task, and that is the last thing the average man likes to admit. At all events he came to me and after some friendly preliminaries he said he wanted me to take charge of the market for Pete Prods and dispose of the pool's holdings, which amounted to a little over one hundred thousand shares. The stock was selling at 102 to 103.

"The thing looked dubious to me and I declined his proposition with thanks. But he insisted that I accept. He put it on personal grounds, so that in the end I consented. I constitutionally dislike to identify myself with enterprises in the success of which I cannot feel confidence, but I also think a man owes something to his friends and acquaintances. I said I would do my best, but I told him I did not feel very cocky about it and I enumerated the adverse factors that I would have to contend with. But all Prentiss said to that was that he wasn't asking me to guarantee millions in profits to the pool. He was sure that if I took hold I'd make out well enough to satisfy any reasonable being.

"Well, there I was, engaged in doing something against my own judgment. I found, as I feared, a pretty tough state of affairs, due in great measure to Prentiss' own mistakes while he was manipulating the stock for account of the pool. But the chief factor against me was time. I was convinced that we were rapidly approaching the end of a bull swing and therefore that the improvement in the market, which had so encouraged Prentiss, would prove to be merely a short-lived rally. I feared that the market would turn definitely bearish before I could accomplish much with Pete Products. However, I had given my promise and I decided to work as hard as I knew how.

"I started to put up the price. I had moderate success. I think I ran it up to 107 or thereabouts, which was pretty fair, and I was even able to sell a little stock on balance. It wasn't much, but I was glad not to have increased the pool's holdings. There were a lot of people not in the pool who were just waiting for a small rise to dump their stock, and I was a godsend to them. Had general conditions been better I also would have done better. It was too bad that I wasn't called in earlier. All I could do now, I felt, was to get out with as little loss as possible to the pool."

Bucking the Market Trend

"I sent for Prentiss and told him my views. But he started to object. I then explained to him why I took the position I did. I said: 'Prentiss, I can feel the pulse of the market. There is no follow-up in your stock. It is no trick to see just what the public's reaction is to my manipulation. Listen: When Pete Prod is made as attractive to traders as possible and you give it all the support needed at all times, and notwithstanding all that you find that the public leaves it alone, you may be sure that there is something wrong, not with the stock but with the market. There is absolutely no use in trying to force matters. You are bound to lose if you do. A pool manager should be willing to buy his own stock when he has company. But when he is the only buyer in the market he'd be an ass to buy it. For every five thousand shares I buy the public ought to be willing or able to buy five thousand more. But I certainly am not going to do all the buying. If I did, all I would succeed in doing would be to get soaked with a lot of long stock that I don't want. There is only one thing to do, and that is to sell. And the only way to sell is to sell.'

"'You mean, sell for what you can get?' asked Prentiss.

"'Right!' I said. I could see he was getting ready to object. 'If I am to sell the pool's stock at all you can make up your mind that the price is going to break through par and ——'

"'Oh, no! Never!' he yelled. You'd have imagined I was asking him to join a suicide club.

"'Prentiss,' I said to him, 'it is a cardinal principle of stock manipulation to put up a stock in order to sell it. But you don't sell in bulk on the advance. You can't. The big selling is done on the way down from the top. I cannot put up your stock to 125 or 130. I'd like to, but it can't be done. So you will have to begin your selling from this level. In my opinion all stocks are going down, and Petroleum Products isn't going to be the one exception. It is better for it to go down now on the pool's selling than for it to break next month on selling by someone else. It will go down anyhow.'

"I can't see that I said anything harrowing, but you could have heard his howls in China. He simply wouldn't listen to such a thing. It would never do. It would play the dickens with the stock's record, to say nothing of inconvenient possibilities at the banks where the stock was held as collateral on loans

"I told him again that in my judgment nothing in the world could prevent Pete Products from breaking fifteen or twenty points, because the entire market was headed that way, and I once more said it was absurd to expect his stock to be a dazzling exception. But again my talk went for nothing. He insisted that I support the stock.

"Here was a shrewd business man, one of the most successful promoters of the day, who had made millions in Wall Street deals and knew much more than the average man about the game of speculation, actually insisting on supporting a stock in an incipient bear market. It was his stock, to be sure, but it was nevertheless bad business. So much so that it went against the grain and I again began to argue with him. But it was no use. He insisted on putting in supporting orders.

"Of course when the general market got weak and the decline began in earnest Pete Products went with the rest. Instead of selling I actually bought stock for the insiders' pool—by Prentiss' orders.

"The only explanation is that Prentiss did not believe the bear market was right on top of us. I myself was confident that the bull market was over. I had verified my first surmise by tests not alone in Pete Products but in other stocks as well. I didn't wait for the bear market to announce its safe arrival before I started selling. Of course I didn't sell a share of Pete Products, though I was short of other stocks.

"The Pete Products pool, as I expected, was hung up with all they held to begin with and with all they had to take in their futile effort to hold up the price. In the end they did liquidate; but at much lower figures than they would have got if Prentiss had let me sell when and as I wished. It could not be otherwise. But Prentiss still thinks he was right—or says he does. I understand he says the reason I gave him the advice I did was that I was short of other stocks and the general market was going up. It implies, of course, that the break in Pete Products that would have resulted from selling out the pool's holdings at any price would have helped my bear position in other stocks."

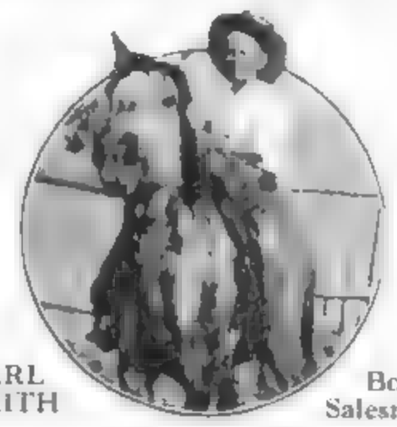
The Manipulator's Limitations

"That is all tommyrot. I was not bearish because I was short of stocks. I was bearish because that was the way I sized up the situation, and I sold stocks short only after I turned bearish. There never is much money in doing things wrong end to; not in the stock market. My plan for selling the pool's stock was based on what the experience of twenty years told me alone was feasible and therefore wise. Prentiss ought to have been enough of a trader to see it as plainly as I did. It was too late to try to do anything else.

"I suppose Prentiss shares the delusion of thousands of outsiders who think a manipulator can do anything. He can't. The biggest thing Keene did was his manipulation of U. S. Steel common and preferred in the spring of 1901. He succeeded, not because he was clever and resourceful and not because he had a syndicate of the richest men in the country back of him. He succeeded partly because of those reasons, but chiefly because the general market was right and the public's state of mind was right.

"It isn't good business for a man to act against the teachings of experience and against common sense. But the suckers in Wall Street are not outsiders. Prentiss' grievance against me is what I have just told you. He feels sore because I did my manipulation not as I wanted to but as he asked me to. And Joshua Wolf and his friends are sore because in their case I did not manipulate a certain stock the way he wished me to manipulate it. Do you want to hear about it? Very well, I'll tell you the next time."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.



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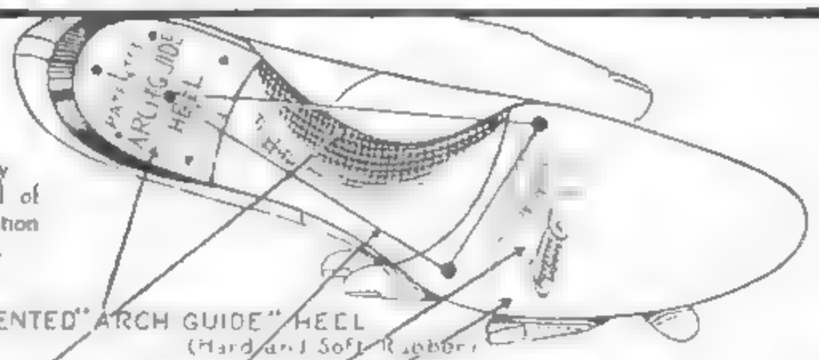

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THE CRIME WAVE AND HOW TO DEAL WITH IT

(Continued from Page 9)

when there ceases to be public confidence in the administration of the criminal law.

We are driven to look for something in the American method of dealing with the criminal for the real cause of this sinister increase in criminality. It is an axiom in criminology that savage punishments inflicted upon a few have little influence upon the mass; that milder punishments inflicted without fail upon all wrongdoers are deterrent. In other words, it does not very much matter what penalty is exacted for an offense, provided that it is awarded remorselessly to every wrongdoer. Any schoolmaster will bear this out. You can afford to be lenient, without detriment to the discipline of the school, if the discipline is such that every lawless scholar is brought to book. There is much of the schoolboy in all of us.

To put the matter in another way, the statistics of the railway accidents to travelers do not deter us from traveling by the railroad; but if we knew that every journey would cost 80 per cent of us a broken tooth no one would travel. It is precisely this consideration which sways the minds of potential criminals. The more successful the police and the more certain the punishment the less crime there is. That is a point on which there can be no two opinions, even among laymen; the police and the lawyers have known it all along.

Do the criminal law and the criminal procedure in the United States fulfill these conditions? According to the findings of the committee of the American Bar Association, they fail very lamentably, and they differ so remarkably from the law of procedure in Great Britain that it is worth while to contrast the two in some detail. Before the labors of Romilly had put an end to the savage penal code of the eighteenth century men and women were hanged in England for stealing property valued at more than ten dollars. Through the earlier years of the nineteenth century humanitarian spirit was awakening, and there was a kind of humane conspiracy between the judge, the counsel, the jury and the prosecutor to find some technical ground for sparing a human life. Sometimes it was by quashing the indictment; sometimes by playing tricks with the personnel of the jury. There is actually on record at the Old Bailey a case in which a man was charged with stealing a pair of boots, and his counsel saved his neck from the gallows by showing that it was not a pair that he had stolen, but two boots for the right foot, and thus the indictment was quashed.

Survivals From Other Days

I suggest that certain technicalities in the American criminal procedure are survivals from the English lawyers who came over in Colonial days and were trained in this school. The English lawyers fought hard to retain a procedure which was at once a field for ingenuity and a gold mine of profit; but as soon as the criminal law was humanized all reasons for retaining those technical ingenuities, which wasted the time of the court, disappeared, and criminal procedure was simplified in every direction. It became possible even for the prosecution to amend an indictment, with due notice to the defendant. The grand jury, shorn of its real powers, became a mere picturesque survival. The judges themselves allowed no waste of the public time by the counsel of either side.

For many years there was no court of criminal appeal, and when this was instituted less than thirty years ago there were provisions in the statute which limited the number of appeals automatically. For example, a person convicted of a serious offense was not liberated on bail during his appeal. He had to file his appeal within ten days of his conviction, and from that moment his sentence was suspended. He stayed in prison as a lodger, but every day spent in this way had to be served at the end of his sentence if his appeal failed. There is therefore no congestion in the criminal appeal court, and in the case of capital sentences the execution is delayed only for a few days; and so it cannot be said that criminal appeals delay the march of criminal justice.

It may be asked why the abuses, if they are abuses, in the American criminal procedure have been allowed to persist so long. The answer is that the law has always been a museum of antiquated custom, and nothing short of a drastic surgical operation performed by the legislature will remove the survivals that cluster around law courts. To this day in the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey, though the sessions have been removed to a brand-new courthouse, you will find herbs scattered about the seats and the floor, and posies of flowers set before the judge and the sheriffs as a prophylactic against jail fever, which was typhus, although everyone concerned in this meaningless survival knows that there is no longer any danger of typhus, and that if there were, nosegays and herbs would be no protection against it.

It may to some extent be so with the legal profession in this country. A lawyer's training and his practice have grown up under the system which allows him to delay proceedings against his client and to give him almost infinite avenues of appeal, and he would be reluctant to see the whole fabric which has been so painfully reared swept away ruthlessly by the reforming hand of the layman; and there is the further complication, I suppose, of the Federal and state legislatures in that reformers might appeal to one state and be rejected by another, and that Federal legislation might leave the procedure unaffected.

English Procedure

In England the criminal procedure may be briefly described as follows: The crime is first reported by the officer of police of the locality. If it is a minor crime he is left to investigate it, and to take the necessary steps for arresting the suspect and bringing him before the court on the following morning. In the case of a major crime an officer of superior rank may be sent down to take charge of the case. In the case of a felony he may arrest a suspected person without a warrant, or he may, if he pleases, apply for a warrant; but as a rule, before this is done, the police lay the statements before the director of public prosecutions, a legal functionary working under the attorney-general. If he decides to undertake the case the police officers concerned in it are put temporarily at his disposal, though they report every action they take to their superiors. When the case is complete the suspected person is arrested.

English criminal practice forbids the police to ask him any question. If he elects to make a statement it is taken down in writing and he is warned that it will be used against him. Within twenty-four hours of his arrest he is brought before a stipendiary magistrate or a bench of unpaid magistrates, who hear all the witnesses and record their evidence in the form of sworn depositions, thus fulfilling the functions of the American grand jury. On these depositions the indictment is framed and it is printed in the calendar of the Court of Assize, which sits at least every three months. Actually, the indictment and the depositions go before the grand jury on the very morning of the assize, and while the judge is trying one case the grand jury files into the gallery with their true bills in the other cases on the calendar, the whole proceeding taking perhaps less than two hours.

If the criminal procedure in grave crimes strikes the foreigner as cumbrous, it is not so with the police courts, which, in New York, are admirably conducted -indeed, they might well serve as a model for other countries.

The jury system is one of those democratic institutions to which we pin our faith, though too many of us know how often it works injustice and how systematically it may be abused. In the preliminary hearing, for example, it cannot be said that a grand jury is better than a stipendiary magistrate, trained in the law. It is alleged that the grand jury in America tends to become a part of the machinery of the prosecution. At any rate, it is a cumbrous machine for bringing a prisoner to trial. In some states the defense can use it as a means of delaying proceedings by applying for time to inspect the minutes of the grand jury. (Continued on Page 149)

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"We formerly thought our mark-up of 26% was sufficient. The new system your man installed showed our cost of doing business to be 19½%. The difference seemed adequate.

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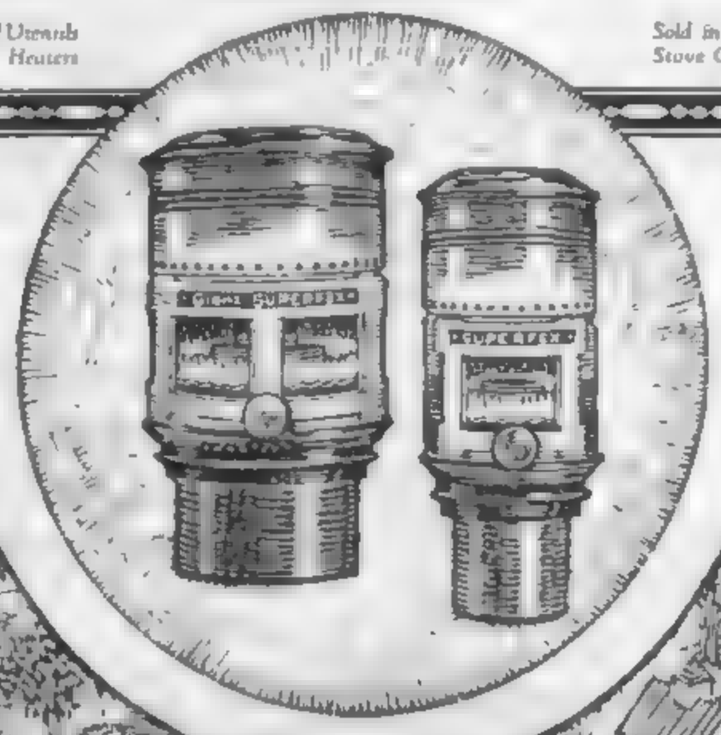

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(Continued from Page 146)

There is, in all cases, a disinclination to serve upon the grand jury, and therefore it may be assumed that the state does not always succeed in obtaining the services of the best jurors. There is a declaration in the Constitution that every citizen in the United States shall enjoy the right to a speedy trial. It is not the kind of right which a British criminal appears to enjoy; and if the American criminal does enjoy it he has a curious way of showing his satisfaction, for when it comes to the trial itself the defending counsel has an almost infinite range of expedients for delay. He may challenge the jurymen for hours and even days; he may assail the indictment in the full knowledge that if his objection is sustained by the court the trial cannot go on. If, at the last, he has to submit to an adverse verdict and his client is sentenced, that is by no means the end of the business, supposing that his client has money for appeal. In fact the game has only begun.

Let us now take a sample case from the English criminal records of last year. Two Irish assassins waited outside the house of the late Field Marshal, Sir Henry Wilson, in a residential street in the West End of London, and shot him dead on his own doorstep at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Assassination of this kind is not popular in London. The men were pursued by civilians in every grade of life. The assassins ran into the next street, firing at their pursuers, and were there brought to bay and arrested after wounding one or two persons. They appeared before the magistrate next morning and were committed for trial at the next session of the Old Bailey.

Their trial occupied less than a morning; the speech of the attorney-general for the prosecution lasted about twelve minutes; the accused handed in a long rhetorical statement on the wrongs of Ireland. The judge would not allow this to be read on the ground that it was a political speech and not a defense to the charge of murder. He allowed the men to make extempore statements and the jury retired to consider the verdict. In five minutes they were back again with a verdict of guilty, and sentence was passed.

In such trials there is usually an appeal, but this does not actually delay the execution of the law. In three weeks from the pronouncement of the sentence, or at the most five weeks, the men have paid the penalty of their crime.

The Committee's Suggestions

Or take the case of a man like Mr. Bottomley, who was not unknown by reputation in this country. For long years Mr. Bottomley had been engaged in a system of fraud. More than once he had been arraigned, but he conducted his defense with so much skill that no jury would convict him. Indeed, it used to be common talk in London that if he had chosen the bar for his profession and had conducted himself with restraint he would have risen to be Lord Chancellor. As the conductor of John Bull, a newspaper very much read by the British troops during the war, he proved himself to be an editor of genius. As a member of the House of Commons he could not be ignored, and yet many people knew that he conducted a fraudulent business in the sale of Victory Bonds and was preying upon poor people. His trial occupied several days, because there was a mass of ledgers and accounts to be gone through; but when the jury pronounced him guilty that was practically the end of the case. He appealed, of course; but the court of criminal appeal gave him no opportunity for fireworks. He went into penal servitude with the certainty that he would have to serve at least five years and three months in prison, and so far as I know not a voice has been raised in protest.

I do not know whether this would have been the case in the United States with a person of his eminence and notoriety, but I imagine that his friends would have found many strings to pull and that Bottomley would not have regarded his visit to the penitentiary as more than a passing experience. It is the feeling of finality about a sentence, however light it may be, that produces a moral effect upon the potential wrongdoer.

The committee of the American Bar Association makes ten recommendations, and these are specially interesting to an English reader because, with the exception of one or two, they are provided for in England. First comes the statement that the parole and probation laws, as they are now administered, very generally fail to accomplish the purposes for which the laws were designed, and weaken the administration of criminal justice. I may remark in passing that when I quoted this statement in Cincinnati in a public lecture I caused much heartburning among a certain woman's organization, which would extend rather than diminish the operation of these laws.

The committee recommends that first offenders only should be eligible to probation. This is understood in England, and I was surprised to find that old offenders are ever admitted to probation in this country. The committee points out that parole boards make a practice of releasing a prisoner at the end of the minimum sentence, overlooking "the purposes of punishment as a deterrent, disregarding utterly the safety of the public and defeating the very purpose of the law." The committee recommends that the indeterminate sentence should apply to first offenders only, and that neither probation nor parole should be applicable to persons guilty of homicide, burglary, rape or highway robbery. That recommendation also is carried out in England.

Other Recommendations

The second recommendation states that 90 per cent of the murders in America are committed by the use of pistols, and there is the appropriate recommendation. This, as I have mentioned earlier in this article, is already applied in Great Britain.

The third recommendation deals with the dilatory process of law. The committee thinks that the state should be given the right of appeal now enjoyed by the defendant except from a verdict of not guilty, and that the rights of a defending lawyer to delay proceedings should be very much curtailed. In England, though the prosecution does not appeal, it is open to the Criminal Appeal Court to increase the sentence; and that is occasionally done, with the result that it has put a marked restraint upon vexatious appeals. The further recommendation that the state be given the right to amend an indictment has already been carried out in the old country. The committee further recommends legislation limiting the time during which the courts may entertain dilatory motions in criminal trials, and that at the expiration of such time the motion shall be held to have been denied.

The fourth recommendation deals with a matter that was new to me. It would appear that a principle has been introduced in some of the state legislatures making the jury the final judge both of the law and of the facts. According to the English Common Law, on which American law is founded, the judge is the authority upon the law and the jury upon the facts, and in states where such legislation is in force the committee is not saying too much when it writes that it is "clearly within the power of jurors absolutely to nullify the laws of a sovereign state." The government, it appears, has no right of appeal in such a case. Can you imagine how direfully such a provision would work out in times of civil commotion, when the jury would be drawn from a class temporarily unbalanced by passion and class hatred? It would be quite subversive of the orderly and calm discharge of legal proceedings.

The fifth recommendation discloses what must strike a foreigner as a strange state of things. The committee recommends that the whole question of bail should be overhauled. Apparently there are glaring abuses both in the amount imposed and in the sufficiency of the security accepted. Now in England bail is not often granted in the case of serious crime; or if it should be granted, both the amount and the security are especially fixed to insure that the defendant shall not abscond.

The sixth recommendation is that further legislation be enacted to punish lynching and mob violence. Lynching and mob violence are already punishable by the ordinary criminal law. It is to be observed that both these offenses exist only in communities which are dissatisfied with the administration of their criminal law. Let the criminal law be adequate and impartially applied, and no private person or body of private persons will want to take the law into its own hands.

The seventh recommendation, on the control of immigration, has, of course, no application in the United Kingdom, where there is already an adequate law, which was

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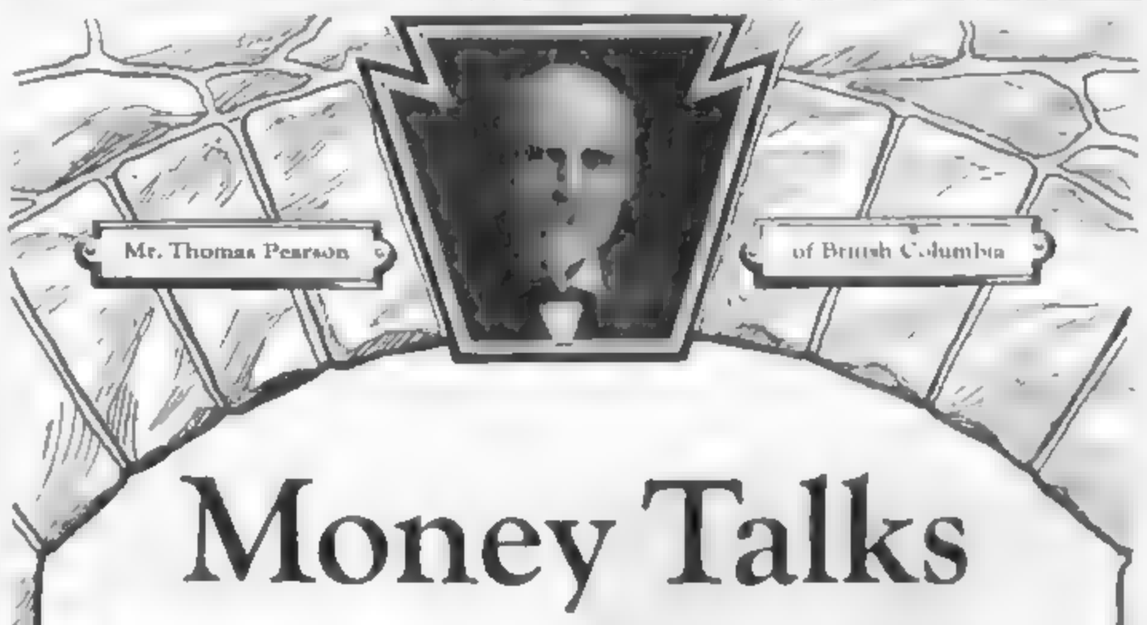

Money Talks

AT 64, Mr. Thomas Pearson of British Columbia retired from active business—but his income did not retire with him. He arranged with us to represent locally *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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bitterly opposed by the Labor Party at the time of its enactment, but which works very well. The control of immigration is now placed in the hands of the Home Secretary, whose decision is final.

In the eighth recommendation the committee also suggests that a bill increasing the number of Federal judges and conferring powers upon the Chief Justice and senior circuit judges to supervise the work of the courts should be enacted. That has no application in England.

The ninth recommendation, or rather the causes that have led up to it, surprise me a good deal. It is that no meritorious case, whether civil or criminal, ought to be denied "the services of an able, courageous and loyal advocate." In England we do not provide counsel for civil cases, but in every criminal case a defendant is entitled to a counsel at the cost of the state, and long before there was a legal provision for this it was the practice for the judge to assign a counsel to every person accused of murder. In fact it was the chance given an able and unknown young barrister to distinguish himself.

The tenth and last recommendation—namely, that first offenders should be segregated from veteran criminals—is also surprising. The committee declares that the jails throughout the country today are breeding places for crime. Now, this has not been the case in England for a century, though a good many well-meaning prison reformers are constantly urging the breakdown of the system of segregation. Absolute segregation was part of the theory of John Howard, the pioneer of prison reforms; but his system was tried and found wanting, and it has given way to a modified system under which the young are segregated from the old, and first offenders from recidivists throughout the sentence.

I believe that it is the fashion among present reformers in the United States to regard the English prison system as behind the times and its defenders as rather stupid reactionaries. I can assure them that they are neither stupid nor reactionary, but that on the contrary they are eager to adopt any practical reform from any country which will tend to the reduction of the criminal residuum. The late chairman of the prison commission in England, Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, is president of the International Penitentiary Commission, and the chairman of the Scottish Prisons, Lord Polwarth, also is a member. Every reform introduced in the American penitentiaries is reported to and examined by these persons, and certain of them have been adopted in a modified form. In the Borstal institutions, which are reformatories for young criminals under the age of twenty-one, the honor system, as instituted at Sing Sing, is practically in use; but the difference between the English and the American prison reform seems to be that in England they never lose sight of the fact that prisons are a necessary evil and that their maintenance depends upon the existence of a criminal class; that their first concern must be the reduction of crime, and that if you eliminate from them every element of deterrence you are running a risk which would be unfair to the nation. In fact prison reformers appear to be more enthusiastic than reflective. They do not feel the same responsibility towards society as a whole. Their concern is to humanize, and it must be admitted that they ride their hobby pretty hard.

It is a very difficult question and one which will continue to be dealt with in the different countries. Perhaps, as indicated by the committee of the American Bar Association, the American prison reform has gone too far in its pursuit of humanizing influences; perhaps we in England are too conservative. Probably prison reform will be determined not by a small band of prison reformers, seeking to impose their theories upon the community, but by the hard test of the criminal statistics. There will be waves of opinion, and counterwaves, and this is really the only healthful way in which modern society can advance.

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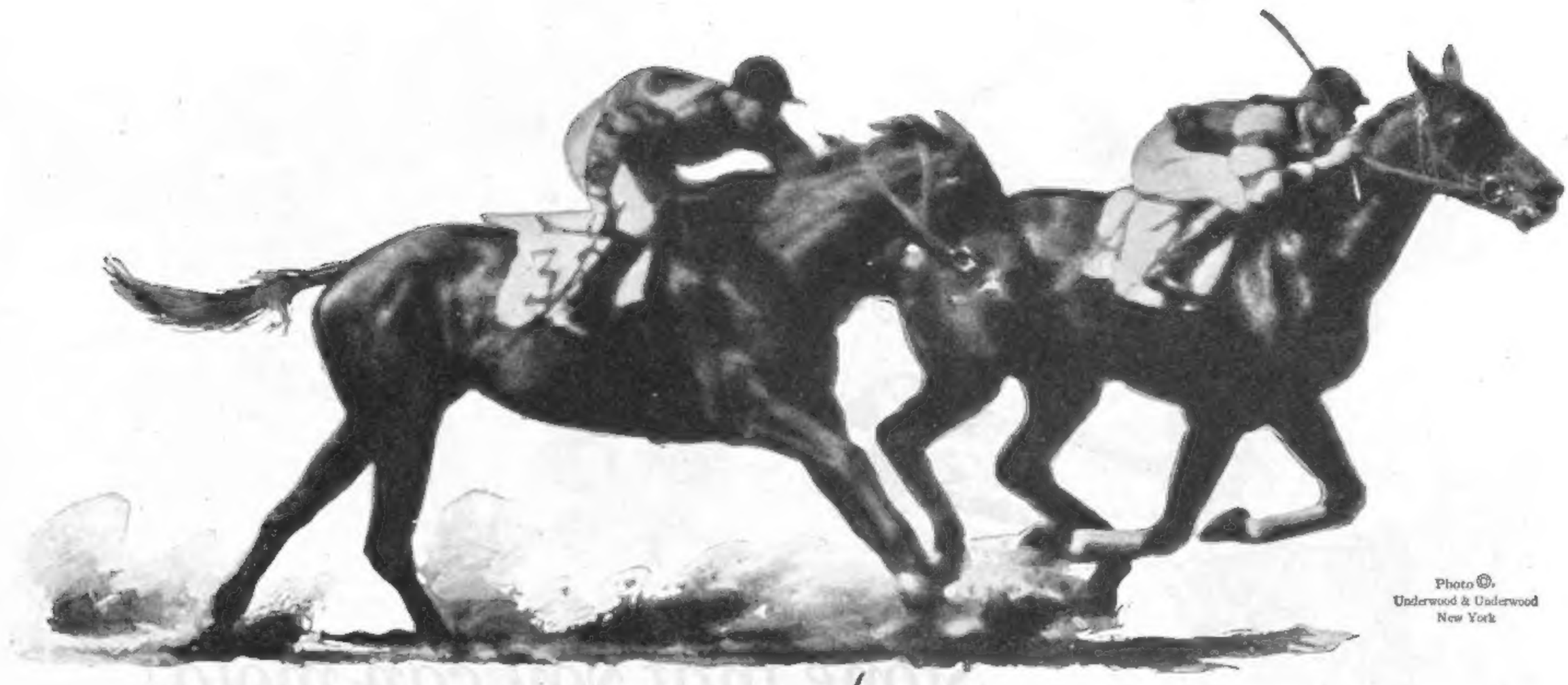

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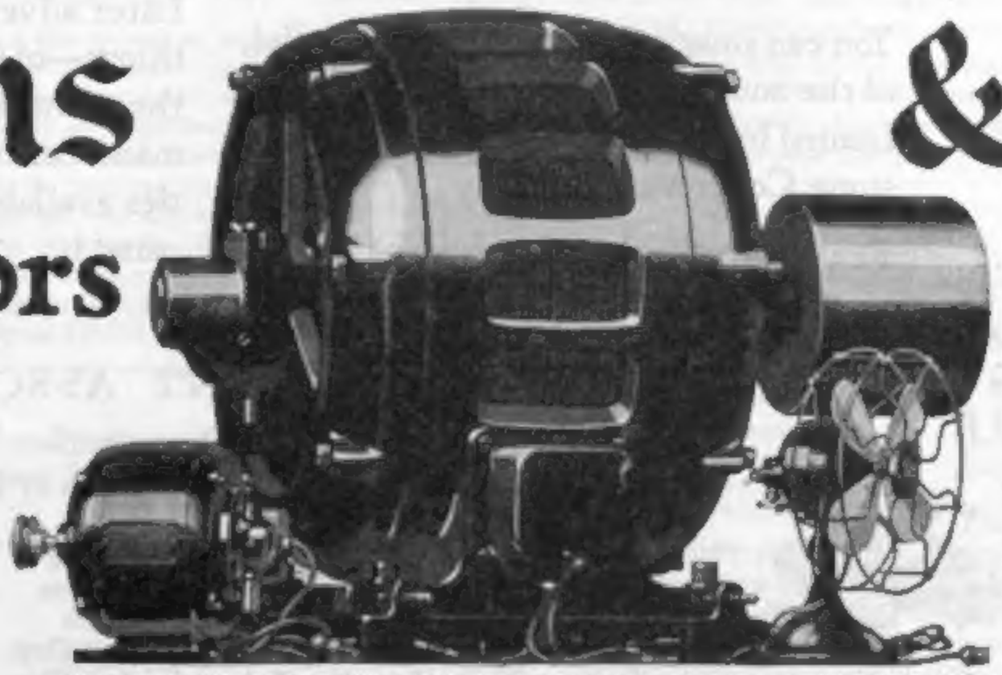

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